

JAN 14 1955
B 514014
**modern
screen**

B. 20c

**HOW
BRANDO
PROPOSED**

the winners
you picked for
modern screen's
**silver cup
awards**

Liz Taylor

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S

COLD

CREAM

NOW IN

CAMAY



"Such wonderfully
luxurious complexion care!"

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"



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TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry *or* oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll enjoy Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap made!

NOW MORE THAN EVER ... THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

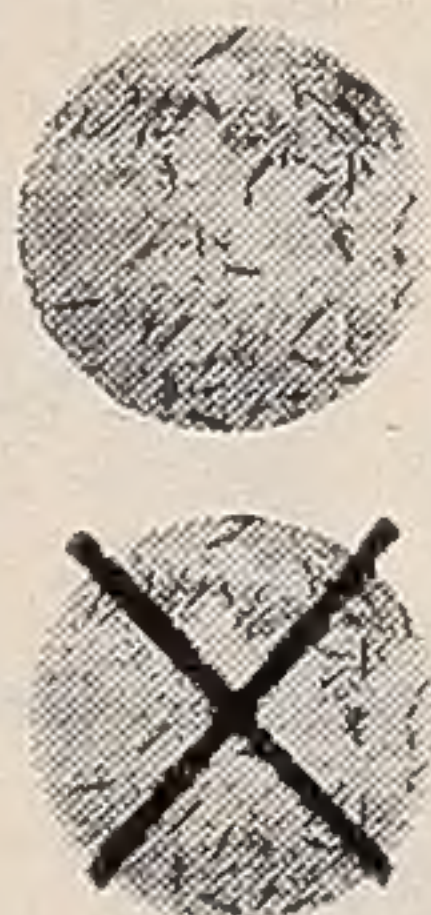
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Wonder-ingredient WD-9 in new-formula Ipana Tooth Paste is so effective that it destroys most mouth bacteria with every single brushing. Your family's teeth get the decay-fighting protection they need.



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(Offer good only in continental U.S.A.
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New-Formula **IPANA**®

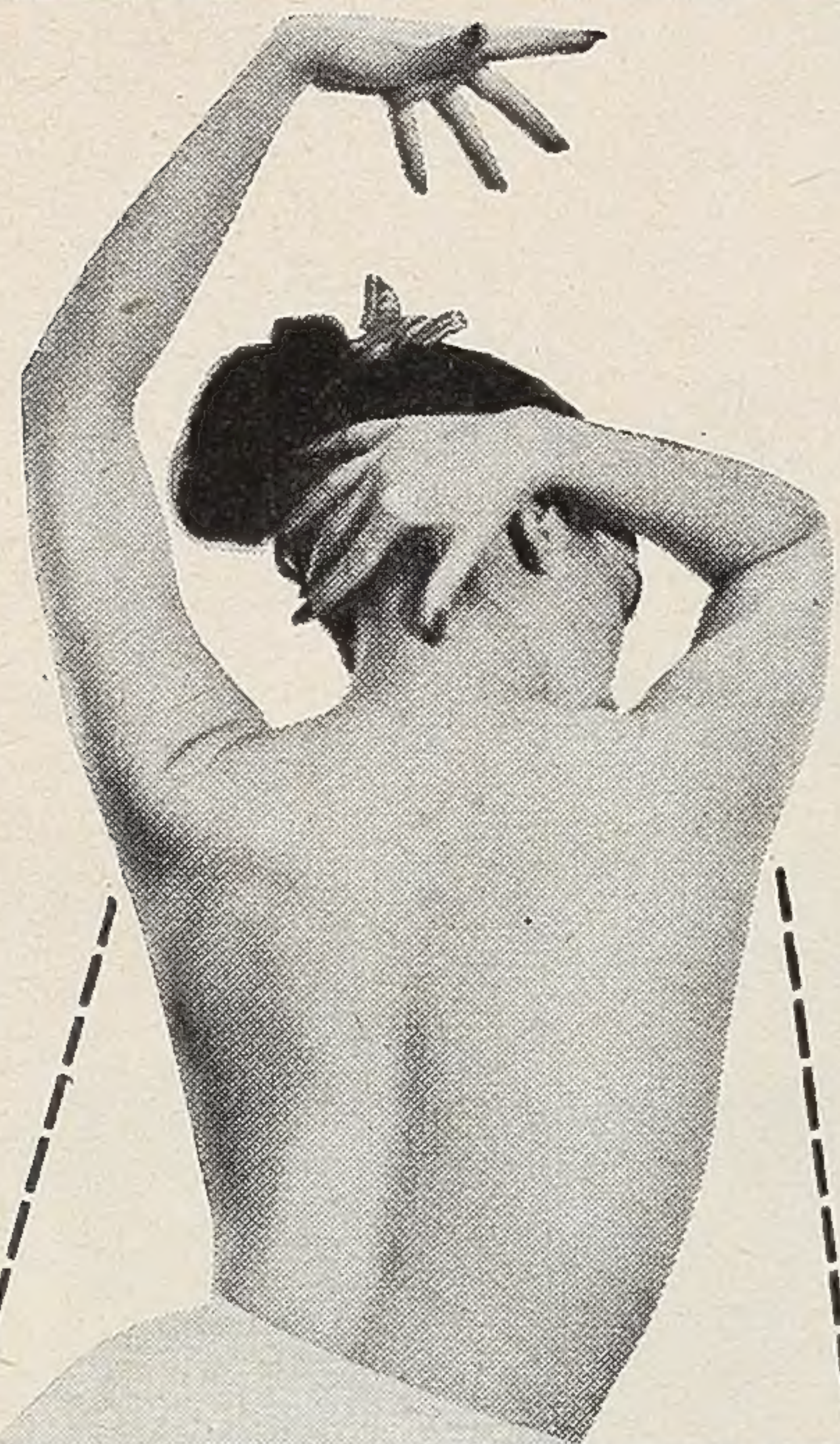
WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9



Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate).

NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

**SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!**



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

**New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics**

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
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5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

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cream deodorant
with long-
lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

FEBRUARY, 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN'S 8-page gossip extra

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*On the cover: color photograph of Liz Taylor by John Engstead. Miss Taylor can now be seen in MGM'S *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. Other photo credits on page 87.

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*THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT STAR...
THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS OF MANY HITS,
NOW IN HER MOST EXCITING PERFORMANCE
IN A NEW ROMANTIC ADVENTURE!*

STEWART
GRANGER

GRACE
KELLY

PAUL
DOUGLAS

IN
M-G-M's ACTION-HIT FILMED
IN SOUTH AMERICAN WILDS
IN **COLOR** AND

CINEMASCOPE

**GREEN
FIRE**



AN M-G-M PICTURE
CO-STARRING

JOHN
ERICSON

WITH

MURVYN VYE

WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY

IVAN GOFF

AND

BEN ROBERTS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN

EASTMAN COLOR

DIRECTED BY

ANDREW MARTON

PRODUCED BY

ARMAND DEUTSCH



BLONDES have a magic . . .

Poets through the ages have sung of blonde beauty. With Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, you can be a devastating golden-top — safely, easily, right at home. If time has darkened your hair, lighten just a little or go honey bright. Brunettes can add sunny highlights or a glow of bronze. Golden Hair Wash is the all-in-one package, safe home hair lightener preferred for 50 years. Ideal for lightening arm and leg hair, too.



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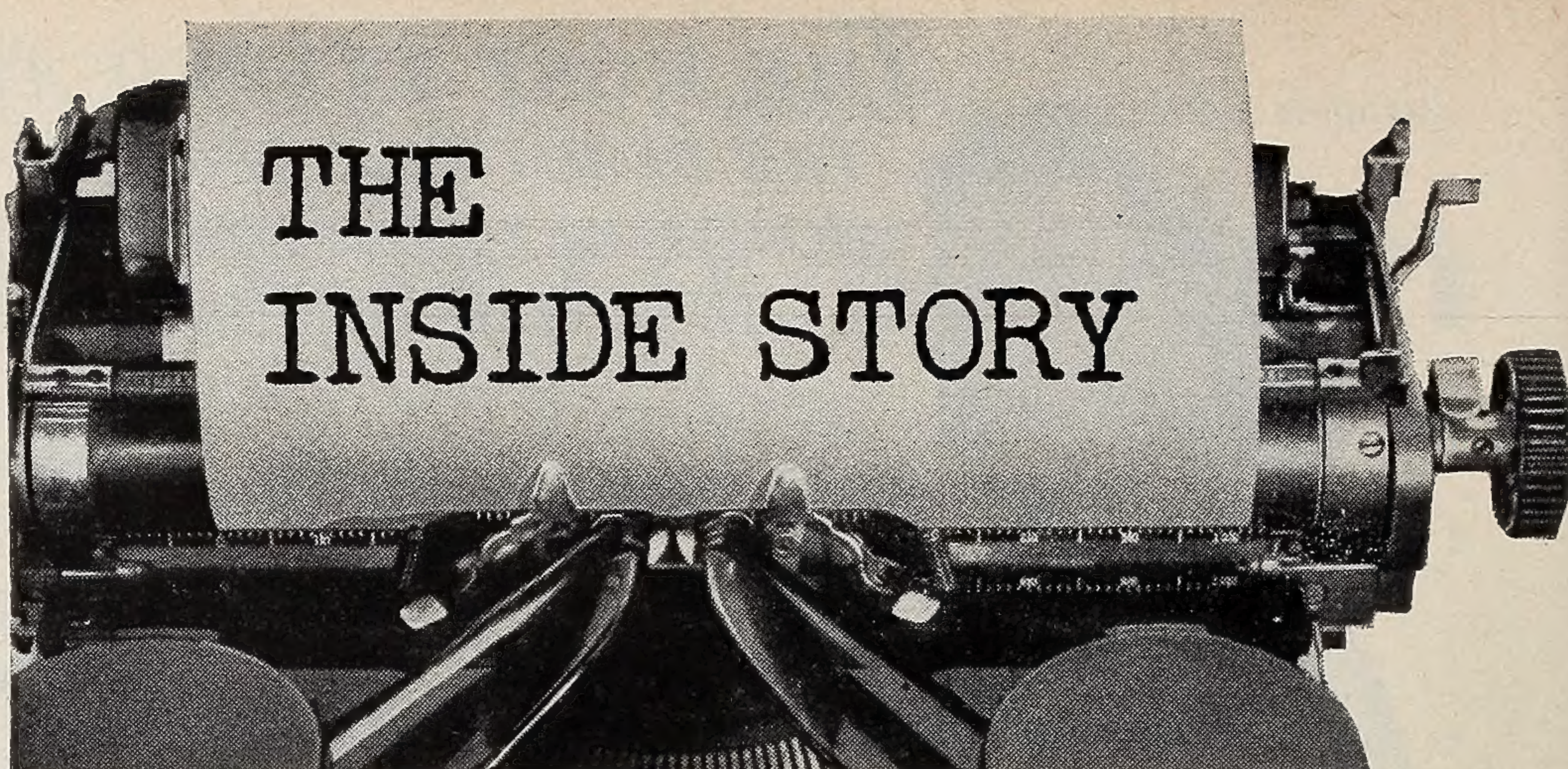


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famous
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If going lighter is not your choice . . .

There's a Marchand's Rinse to brighten your *natural* hair color, add shining lights. Special shades blend in gray streaks. 12 smart shades, Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. At all fine drug and variety stores.

6 Rinses 25c, 2 Rinses 10c



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that James Mason is quitting pictures? Is he really buying a hotel in Las Vegas? —H.T., LONDON, ENG.

A. In the future Mason will make only those movies he likes. He is interested in real estate financing.

Q. What is the status of the Dan Dailey-Gwen O'Connor romance? —B.E., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

A. Here again, gone again.

Q. I have it on good authority that not too long ago the Beverly Hills police were called to the home of Mario Lanza. What happened? —T.D., PHILA., PA.

A. A domestic quarrel.

Q. Is it true that Jeff Chandler wishes he hadn't become a movie star? —H.R., KANSAS CITY, MO.

A. He'd rather have become a songwriter.

Q. Isn't there a good deal of jealousy between Bob Wagner and Dale Robertson? —S.L., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A. None whatever.

Q. How many letters does Marilyn Monroe receive a week? Is it true that she volunteered to give up her career for Joe? What made Joe refuse to speak to her for long periods of time? —B.T., IRON MOUNTAIN, MICH.

A. Marilyn receives on the average 15,000 letters a week. She testified in court that she offered to give up her work for Joe, but Joe has refused to discuss the cause of his marital moodiness.

Q. What happened to Tony Dexter, who played Valentino? —G.W.N., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A. Dexter is touring the country with Mae West as one of the principals in her personal appearance act.

Q. Hasn't Mamie Van Doren been married secretly three times? —E.U., NEWARK, N. J.

A. Miss Van Doren has been married once. She was sixteen at the time.

Q. Is it true that Jack Webb is disliked by people who started out in show business with him years ago? —B.Y., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A. Like most successful men, Webb has alienated some friends on his way up.

Q. Why was the recent Keenan Wynn automobile accident in Palm Springs hushed up? Who was in the car with Wynn? —E.E., INDIO, CAL.

A. The accident wasn't hushed up. Wynn turned his Porsche over while rounding a turn. He was alone in the car.

Q. Is it true about Jeff Hunter and Debra Paget? —F.E., SEATTLE, WASH.

A. They are good friends.

Q. Isn't there a big producer in Hollywood determined to make Marla English a big star? —E.S., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

A. Yes.

Q. Hasn't Debbie Reynolds been taking instruction in the Jewish faith so that she can convert when she marries Eddie Fisher? —G.J., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. Debbie wants to learn about Judaism, has no intention of converting.

Q. When Ava Gardner and Marilyn Monroe sing in pictures, are their own voices used? —S.L., HANFORD, WASH.

A. Ava's is not. Marilyn's is.

Q. What is the general opinion in Hollywood of Edmund Purdom? —E.R., CULLENDALE, ARK.

A. Unnecessarily temperamental.

Q. Could you please give me an advance word on Tyrone Power in *The Long Gray Line*? I've heard conflicting opinions. —H.E., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

A. The consensus is that it's the best picture Ty Power ever made.

Q. Will Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald ever again make movies together? —V.W., PHILA., PA.

A. Probably not.

Q. I heard that Janet Leigh eloped to Reno when she was 15. Is this true? —J.B., COHASSET, MASS.

A. Yes.

Q. What in heaven's name ever happened to Farley Granger? —K.R., DELMAR, N. Y.

A. Went to Europe, returned to Hollywood, now trying out in a film for MGM.



Tomorrow, the deadliest mission ... tonight, the greatest love!

Two of today's most exciting stars teamed in a love story you'll remember forever!

William Holden
as Lt. Brubaker, who'd
done more than
his share!



Fredric March
as the Admiral, big
brass ... with a heart
of gold!



THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI

A Perlberg-Seaton production
in color by
TECHNICOLOR

The mighty love and adventure drama from the novel
that millions thrilled to in LIFE magazine by
James A. Michener, Pulitzer Prize winning
author of "South Pacific"!

starring

WILLIAM HOLDEN
GRACE KELLY
FREDRIC MARCH
MICKEY ROONEY

Grace Kelly
as Nancy, who
followed her man
to the ends of the earth!



Mickey Rooney
as Mike, the 'copter
pilot, all fun—
and fearlessness!

With ROBERT STRAUSS • CHARLES MCGRAW • KEIKO AWAJI
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG and GEORGE SEATON • Directed by MARK ROBSON
Screenplay by VALENTINE DAVIES • From the Novel by James A. Michener • A Paramount Picture

WORLD PREMIERE AT NEW YORK'S RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
AND SOON IN LEADING THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!

modern screen's top ten award winners

1. ANN BLYTH*
2. LIZ TAYLOR
3. JUNE ALLYSON
4. DEBBIE REYNOLDS
5. JANET LEIGH
6. MARILYN MONROE
7. DORIS DAY**
7. SUSAN HAYWARD**
8. BARBARA STANWYCK
9. AUDREY HEPBURN
10. LANA TURNER

1. ROCK HUDSON*
2. TONY CURTIS
3. JEFF CHANDLER
4. WILLIAM HOLDEN
5. JOHN WAYNE
6. ALAN LADD
7. ROBERT WAGNER
8. MONTY CLIFT
9. CHARLTON HESTON
10. MARLON BRANDO

stars of stars award winners

BARBARA STANWYCK*
ALAN LADD*

TV award winners

ANN SOTHERN*
GEORGE GOBEL*

newcomer award winners

GRACE KELLY*
ROBERT FRANCIS*

hollywood starmaker award winners

CECIL B. DeMILLE
JOHN HUSTON
HENRY KING
STANLEY KRAMER
HARRIET PARSONS
DICK POWELL
OTTO PREMINGER
GEORGE SIDNEY
NORMAN TAUROG
HAL B. WALLIS



modern screen's silver cup award winners for 1954

Here they are, the stars you elected to the charmed circle as this year's award winners. Your ballots poured in to us by the thousands daily, and when the final votes were counted, we found that you had given us the closest race for top honors in the long history of MODERN SCREEN's famous popularity awards.

You selected Ann Blyth and Rock Hudson (both first-time winners) as the most popular stars of 1954. To Ann and Rock and the entire distinguished roster of Top-Ten stars we extend our warmest congratulations. These awards, representing the affection and respect of over 5,000,000 readers of MODERN SCREEN, are the true measure of their achievement.

You may not have realized it, but over the years you also prepared another award, one we were very proud to give—that of Star Of Stars. It went to Barbara Stanwyck and Alan Ladd, consistently among the most popular in ten years of MODERN SCREEN polls.

For the first time this year, awards were given to your favorite new tv personalities of the year. They went to newcomer George Gobel and all-time favorite Ann Sothern, top comedians both.

And to Grace Kelly and Robert Francis, whom you selected as the most popular new movie stars of 1954, we offer a special welcome.

This year, too, we introduced the Starmaker Awards. These went to ten of Hollywood's greatest producer-directors, the men and women who work behind the scenes to plan a movie, put it together and bring it to you. They don't always get the publicity they deserve but they merit our grateful recognition. The citations presented to them read: "For inspired leadership and guidance, for proving, through personal achievement, that movies are better than ever . . ." We are proud to congratulate these great Hollywood showmen.

The cups and citations were presented at a gala MODERN SCREEN party in Hollywood. The hostess was our own gracious Louella Parsons, who has the complete story and pictures in her exclusive gossip section starting on page 9 of this issue.

The editors want to thank you all for your ballots, for your enthusiastic help that made these awards possible. We are proud to present them in your name.

*Silver Cup Winners
**Tied for seventh place



"I bid you seek the lost silver Cup—
for Sin is rising like the swollen rivers..."



**WARNER BROS. PRESENT THE MIGHTIEST STORY OF GOOD AND EVIL
EVER TOLD, EVER LIVED, EVER MADE INTO A MOTION PICTURE!
FROM THE RECORD-SETTING BEST-SELLER—READ BY OVER
TWENTY-FIVE MILLION PEOPLE TO DATE AND STILL GOING STRONG!**

THOMAS B. COSTAIN'S **THE
SILVER CHALICE**

A VICTOR SAVILLE PRODUCTION IN **CINEMASCOPE** WARNERCOLOR • STEREOPHONIC SOUND



as **HELENA, the Seductress**

as **DEBORRA, the Innocent**

as **SIMON, the Magician**

as **BASIL, the Defender**

VIRGINIA MAYO • PIER ANGELI • JACK PALANCE AND INTRODUCING **PAUL NEWMAN**

WITH **WALTER HAMPDEN**

WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY LESSER SAMUELS ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

MUSIC COMPOSED AND
CONDUCTED BY FRANZ WAXMAN

DIRECTED BY **VICTOR SAVILLE** • PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

9500 Skin Tests Prove

Palmolive Soap Is Mildest! Better for Complexion Care!

BETTER THAN ANY LEADING TOILET SOAP...
FLOATING SOAP... EVEN COLD CREAM



**Palmolive's gentle complexion care
cleans thoroughly without irritation!**

There's nothing women envy more . . . or men admire so much . . . as that lovely "schoolgirl complexion look." And you too, can have a younger looking, far lovelier complexion just by changing to proper care with gentle Palmolive. It does so much to help you have a cleaner, fresher skin — leaves it so wonderfully soft!

Skin specialists agree that a really mild soap means less irritation, more gentle cleansing. Milder Palmolive brings you these benefits—so important for a softer, smoother, brighter skin. You'll find no other leading soap gets skin thoroughly clean as gently as Palmolive Soap. Yes, Palmolive is mildest of them all!

Skin Specialists Say: "MILDER CLEANSING IS BETTER FOR YOUR COMPLEXION!"



Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Any Other Leading
Beauty Soap or Castile Soap!



Palmolive Is Proved
Milder than Leading White
Floating Soaps or Deodorant Soaps!



Palmolive Is Proved
Even Milder than America's Leading
Cold Creams!



PALMOLIVE SOAP HELPS YOU GUARD THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION LOOK!

Liberace sat quietly at a table with his "best girl," his mother, and pointed out the movie stars to her. She was as excited and interested as any fan would be.

Jeff Chandler arrived with a pretty blonde, but I never did get her name.

Dick Powell arrived an hour before June Allyson did "because she had to go to the beauty parlor and I didn't," laughed Dick. "That's where men have the best of it at these parties."

When June came in (she is the winner of three former polls) she rushed up immediately to Ann Blyth and congratulated her. "If I couldn't win it, I'd rather you won it than anyone," June said, giving Ann a big hug.

You'll just have to pardon me when I say that the happiest moment of the evening came when George Delacorte honored my daughter Harriet on the fine production job she did on her charming and money-making movie, *Susan Slept Here*. I'm so proud of her, proudest of all to be known as her mother.

Other producers and directors honored were Stanley Kramer, George Sidney, Henry King, C. B. DeMille, Hal Wallis, John Huston, Dick Powell and Norman Taurog.

All in all, it was a delightful party, really the best of many months.

I'M ON MY SOAPBOX about the astounding bad manners of certain actors who have been loudly proclaiming, "I have no intention of marrying Miss So-And-So"—whoever the lady happens to be.

Haven't these ungallant gents ever read an etiquette book? Or hasn't anyone, even a press agent, ever told them that it is the lady who does the denying or confirming of approaching nuptials?

After Marlon Brando announced his engagement to Josane Mariani-Berenger, he must have given Emily Post a terrible turn when he told reporters, "I don't put much stock in engagements." This takes the prize as the year's low in taste, sir.

Even my old friend, Clark Gable, was quoted from Hong Kong as saying, "I have no intention of marrying Kay Spreckels or any other girl." Knowing Clark, I'm sure he didn't mean this as bluntly as it read in print.

One of the silliest denials of intended matrimony came from Texas millionaire Sid Richardson, of Fort Worth, who was quoted in a magazine article as saying that he "warn't gonna marry Joan Crawford."

Who ever said he was? Certainly not Joan who has never thought of Richardson, with all his zillions, as anything but a good friend with whom she dines in Texas.

From Europe, Rock Hudson "firmly denied" that he is marrying his constant companion, script girl Betty Abbott. Was this necessary, Rock—when there are a lot of people who believe you will marry Betty?

EDDIE FISHER TOLD ME over the telephone from New York, "Don't you believe all those rumors that Debbie and I will be married in January, Louella.

"I wish it could be that soon, but because of our contracts we can't be free to take a honeymoon for two months before

"Fight" of the year: Lewis vs. Marciano —for the Muscular Dystrophy Drive.



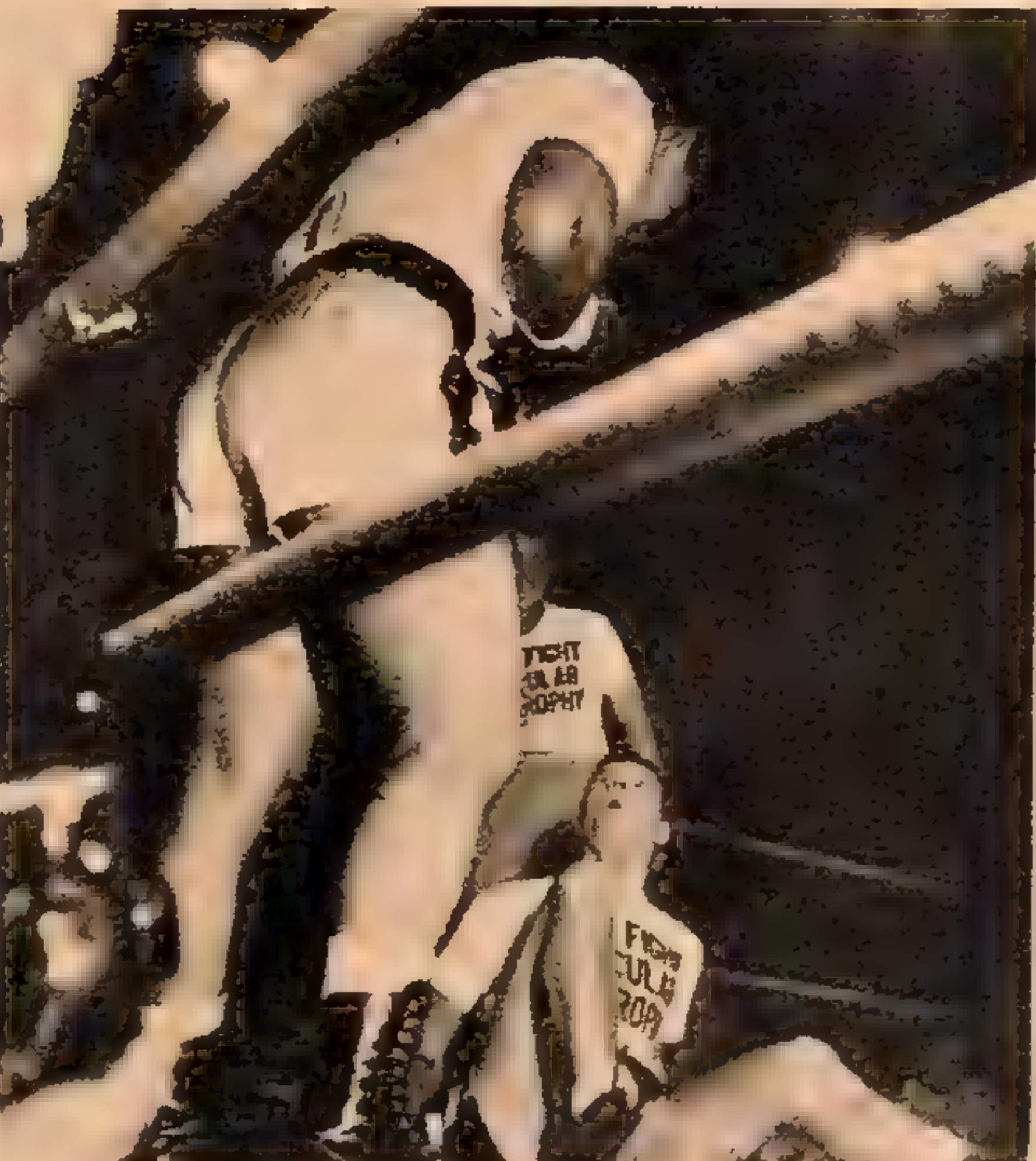
This is Dean and Jerry's pet charity—and they really do a great job for the fund, too. They've done benefits and telethons—and now Jerry actually consented to get into the ring with World's Champion Rocky. Dean got in, too—as referee.



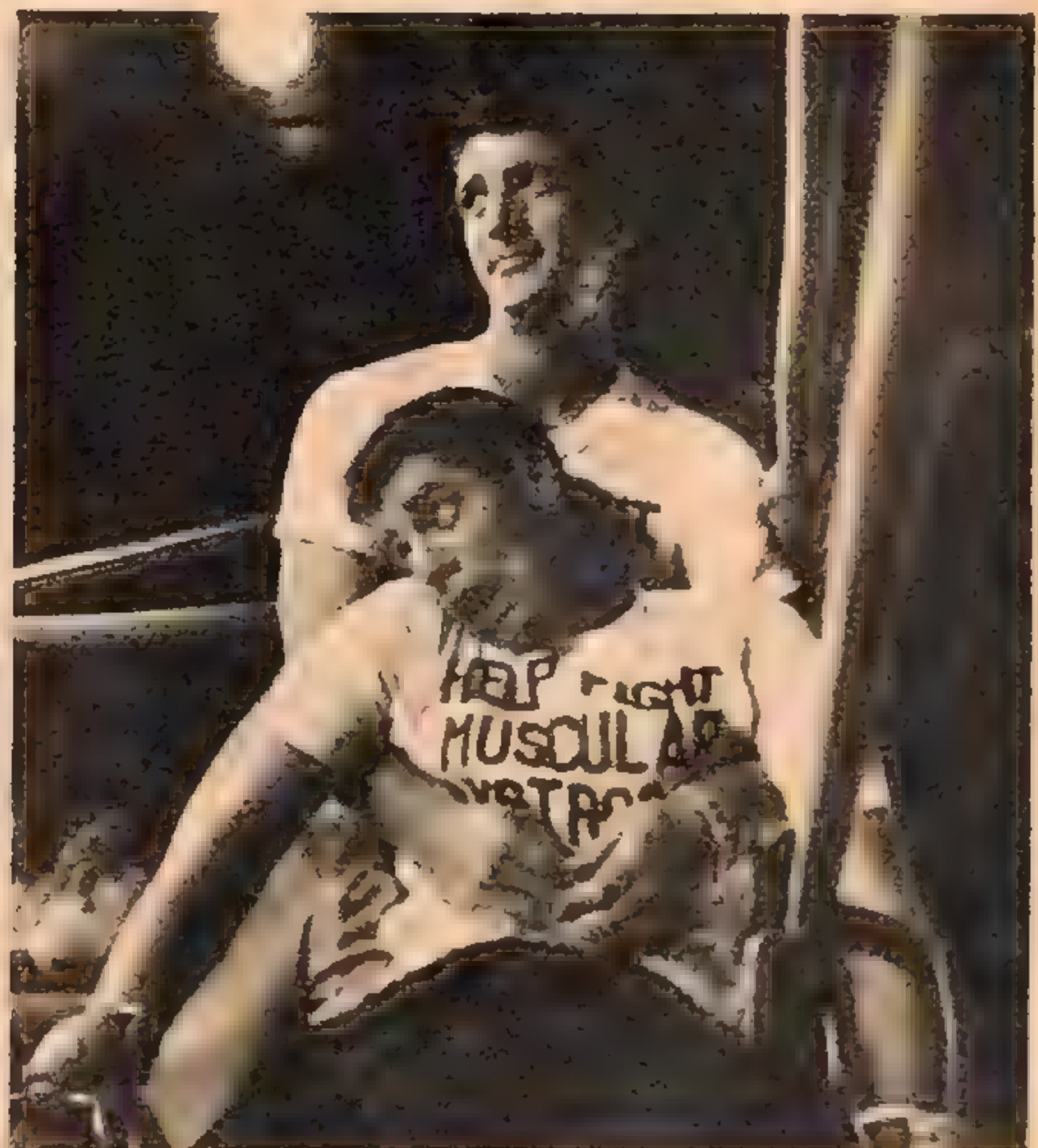
"Punchy" Lewis said, "I'll finish him early. He's a sucker for a right kick to the shins . . ." and fainted (almost).



Dean announced, "I expect a good, clean fight. Anyone want Lewis? I'm taking Rocky and giving 50 to 1."



Lewis (who weighed in at 92 pounds) went down. "I must get my manager to a psychiatrist," Rocky remarked.



The bout (which ended as expected) was held at Paramount Studios. Nearly 300 M.D. patients attended the event.



June. June it's going to be, and not before."
That's what the man says.

With so many Hollywood stars being married within weeks, days and hours of one another, it is understandable that the laugh of the month comes from a Gander newspaper which published the picture of a pair of Hollywood newlyweds with the following caption:

VERA-ELLEN, POPULAR MUSICAL STAR, ON HONEYMOON WITH PAT NERNEY, STOPS BRIEFLY IN GANDER.

Bet it wasn't brief enough for Jane Powell! Girls, if you have any hope of becoming Mrs. Liberace (and apparently a lot of women would like to) don't ever write a series of articles about the piano-playing idol!

Joanne Rio did—and it was a fatal error. Lee was dating her and seemed to like her better than any girl he had yet met. They were seen everywhere together and some gossips predicted the romance might lead to matrimony. Then, Lee left town—and Joanne gave out that interview telling what it was like to date him and to kiss him!

Wowie! That did it!

I ran into Lee at a party soon after he returned to Hollywood. Always the gentleman, he didn't mention Joanne's name. But he said with a good deal of force:

"Before I get married, I want to be the aggressor and do the courting myself—in private!" He emphasized that last word.

I really stepped on the loud pedal when I asked, out of the blue, "Have you seen Joanne Rio lately?"

The look he gave me spoke volumes—but what he said was, "I've been very busy lately with my concerts and recordings and reading the script of my first picture which I'll make for Warners. I'm really quite, quite busy."

And that was that.

PETER LAWFORD RECEIVED THE NEWS over the long distance telephone that he would be a father in April! No, it wasn't the stork on the other end of the line!

It was his wife Pat calling from New York where she had gone to visit her parents, former Ambassador Joseph Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy.

Pat had reason to believe a little stranger might be on the way before she left Pete in Californid—but she didn't get the official word until she visited the Kennedy family doctor in New York.

The happy Lawfords celebrated by taking a trip to Honolulu when Pat returned.

News of a different nature reached another Hollywood man via telephone this month. I mean Dr. Lew Morrill who didn't know (until I telephoned to get a statement from him) that his wife, Rhonda Fleming, is divorcing him in Switzerland.

Lew was plenty unhappy when I reached him.

"I didn't know a thing about this," he said. "When I left Rhonda in Italy everything was fine between (Continued on page 16)

Pier Angeli said "I do" to Vic Damone . . .

and everybody cried
except the bride. What
a beautiful wedding
Pier had . . . and what
a stunning bride she
was in white lace with
appliquéd pearls.



"I'm so happy, hon," said Debbie Reynolds—who taught Pier her first slang!



Jack Benny wished them success, too; he has a great deal of real affection for Pier.

Mitzi Gaynor and Jack Bean were married . . .

and the ceremony was
done twice because Mitzi
didn't give Jack his
ring the first time. Her
friends gave Mitzi a
wonderful shower shortly
before the wedding.



Mala Powers and Yvonne Ruby were the hostesses; the shower was at Mala's house.



Later, when she spotted Jack at the door, Mitzi simply bubbled over with happiness.



Then came Ann Blyth. I hope Pier and Vic are as happy as Ann and her Dr. Jim.



Dean Martin, one of the ushers, kissed not only the bride but the groom as well!



Their wedding cake was huge, decorated with roses, doves and musical notes!



Marisa Pavan, Pier's sister, was maid-of-honor and Bo Roos, Jr., was best man.

It was a breathless moment of sheer spiritual beauty when Pier carried her bridal bouquet of lilies of the valley and white satin ribbons to the niche of Our Lady, and kneeling, left the flowers at the foot of the shrine.

Her MGM boss, that sentimental Irishman Eddie Mannix, had tears in his eyes when he walked down the aisle with Pier. But her eyes were shining as she looked only at Vic, waiting for her at the altar rail.

Marisa Pavan, sister of Pier and maid-of-honor, seemed to me to be still breathless from her rush back from location at Key West. The wedding was a Wednesday and Marisa got back to Hollywood Monday night.

To her bridesmaids, Taina Elg, Elaine and Sandra Farinola (Vic's sisters) and Lupita Kohner, the bride gave charming gold bracelets. Vic gave his ushers, Joe Pasternak, Tony Martin, Dean Martin and Robert Sterling and his best man, Bo Roos, Jr., the most stunning cuff links—gold squares set with star sapphires.

Six hundred guests filled St. Timothy's Church in West Los Angeles and witnessed the beautiful double-ring ceremony. Two hundred and fifty were invited to the wedding breakfast at the Bel Air Hotel.

Among the happy faces at both events, I saw bride-to-be Debbie Reynolds and lovely Mrs. James McNulty, who must have been thinking of her own lovely wedding when she was Ann Blyth—her smile was so sweet.



"I'm thrilled!" Mitzi kept saying. She received stocking bags, towels, everything!



Mitzi and Jack had taken out their license in Santa Monica just the day before this.

Before Mitzi Gaynor married Jack Bean, Mala Powers and Yvonne Ruby gave her a lovely bridal shower at Mala's house. Both Mitzi and Yvonne were pupils of Mala's mother, the dramatics coach.

Incidentally, all three of the newlywed couples—Mitzi and Jack, Pier Angeli and Vic Damone, Vera-Ellen and Victor Rothschild—got their licenses on the same day—November 17—in Santa Monica.

Certainly Mitzi and Jack had the most unusual wedding! The judge had just finished the marriage ceremony at the home of the William Frenches in San Francisco, and stood beaming at the young couple.

But, instead of turning to her bridegroom for the traditional kiss, Mitzi stood staring at the judge.

"What's the matter?" the jurist whispered, leaning toward Mitzi.

She gulped and extended her hand. In it was a gold wedding band.

"I guess you didn't know I had a ring for Jack, too," she said nervously. "I didn't get a chance to put it on!"

The judge could barely keep his face straight, but he made a gallant effort.

"All right, Mitzi," he chuckled. "We'll do the ceremony all over again."

And that's how it happened that the sprightly Miss Gaynor and her public relations bridegroom went through two marriage ceremonies before they were pronounced man and wife.



Anne Francis and Mala were especially pleased that no one had warned Mitzi.



Finally Jack took her home. A few days later they were married in San Francisco.



the letter box

ERMA MCCULLUM, IDAHO FALLS, is heartsick about the Edmund Purdoms: "He has been my favorite actor ever since I saw *The Egyptian*. I was so thrilled about the way he and his wonderful wife Tita had struggled through so much together before sudden fame came to him. Better they were back in that one room over a garage, and together, than for him to be famous and adrift from his family." You're so right, Erma.

EVELYN WISTER, DETROIT, writes: "Stars who do not have sufficient appreciation to answer their fan mail shouldn't have fans." Let me tell you the truth about answering fan mail, Evelyn. If stars attempted to answer every letter written to them they would have time for nothing else. What happens is, in most cases, their secretaries read the mail, answer most of it, with the exception of letters which are so outstanding they are brought to the players' attention. These they often answer themselves.

MRS. R. S. GETCHELL, FORT BRAGG, N. C., believes, "There should be a big reward for anyone who can produce a photograph of Marilyn Monroe, with her mouth closed!" No comment.

From OSAKA, JAPAN, AKIKO NAKASU writes that *The Letter Box* is her favorite department because, "It expresses so many foreign views from fans of which I am one. Be pleased to know that *Rhapsody* is the biggest hit of the year in Japan and was much applauded. I shall never forget good music and fine Elizabeth Taylor. Also like Audrey Hepburn. With her, what's new?" Audrey's a bride, Akiko. That's the latest in her private life and *Sabrina* is her latest picture.

DAISY McDERMOTT, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, nominates Roy Rogers and Dale Evans as the "outstanding Hollywood couple of the year. These fine people have won the admiration of the world by opening their home and giving so much love and devotion to adopted children." I second everything you say, Daisy.

The most absurd publicity stunt of the month: the wire service which released a photograph of Marilyn Monroe dancing with Clark Gable and captioned it:

THE NEW, BIG ROMANCE OF HOLLYWOOD. Clark was seated at her table at a party and invited Marilyn to twirl around the floor with him, the one and only meeting they ever had.



us. I can hardly believe this is true—or that she didn't tell me herself."

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM: Pier Angeli (Mrs. Vic Damone) who never has looked so beautiful in her career as she does in color in *The Silver Chalice* and who never has performed with such maturity.

Now, if Pier had been married to Vic at the time she made the Warner picture, it might be thought that love and marriage had made the big change in her.

She was in love, all right, but with James Dean, the brilliant young actor from Broadway who was on the same lot starring in *East Of Eden*.

Cupid plays some strange tricks when one is twenty-one—and Eros never played a more startlingly sudden one than when the Italian beauty was dating Dean up until two weeks before she announced her engagement to popular singer Vic Damone!

Less than a year ago, everyone thought the Latin charmer with the enormous black eyes might become Mrs. Kirk Douglas.

Despite all these romances in her young life, no girl in Hollywood has been more carefully chaperoned than Pier whose mother, Signora Pierangeli (Pier's real name is Anna Pierangeli) seldom let her out of her sight until Vic came along.

Mama is very happy about Vic. She nods her head happily when she says, "They are both good Italians, good Catholics and good children."

And I predict that the newly matured Pier will soon be one of our best young actresses.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED what the conversation might be if you ever had the chance to indulge in a little informal chat with Royalty? No matter what your imaginings might be, I'm sure it couldn't be more unusual than my chat with His Royal Highness Prince Axel of Denmark at the dinner honoring the charming visitor at the Statler

Hotel. The Prince had flown over on the initial flight of the Scandinavian Airlines over the North Pole and naturally his arrival was quite an event.

I might add, it turned into quite an event for me. I had no more than been presented to the handsome Prince than I was nearly rocked back on my heels. He said, smiling cordially:

"How old do you think I am?"

Now, I ask you—what would you answer?

I gulped and said, "Thirty-five?"

"Wrong," he replied. "I'm sixty-five."

If a Prince could ask such a question I decided I could, too. "How old do you think I am?" I asked.

"Oh, you—you're just a baby," answered His Majesty. "A man who can say that to a woman my age is wonderful in my book, whether he is prince or peasant," I managed. Is this your idea of a small chat with a Prince?

PERSONAL OPINIONS Unless somebody stops Debra Paget from performing that vulgar dance of hers in nightclubs (I saw it when she was part of the stage show at the San Francisco premiere of *Désirée*) she's going to ruin her career. It's nonsense for her to think she has to cavort in such a manner to attract attention—all bad, I might add.

Without a doubt, the happiest man in Hollywood is Robert Taylor, who becomes a father for the first time next spring when he and Ursula Thiess welcome the stork. Says Bob, "I'll be a perfect idiot over the baby."

I'm still wondering why Eleanor Parker denied right up to the last minute that she was marrying artist Paul Clemens—and then married him on Thanksgiving Day.

Susan Hayward never looked so cute in her life as she did with the short-hair wig she tried on before consenting to have her own shoulder-length tresses cut for *A Soldier Of Fortune*.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH

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Now, with one wonderful new cream ... you have a lubricating night cream, a deep-action cleansing cream, AND a rich foundation cream.

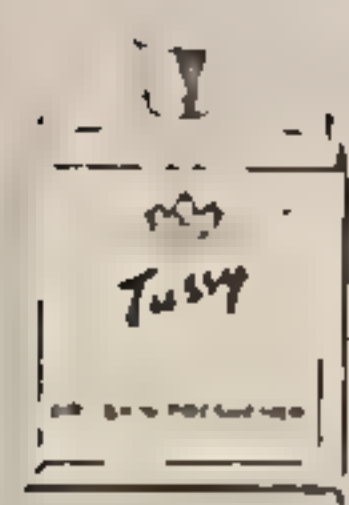
Follow the arrows for quick, deep cleansing. Stroke Tussy All-Purpose Cream from throat to forehead, always moving *up and out*.

Circle it gently around your eyes.

It cleanses better than *any* soap; better than many a cream! Why? Because it actually gets down *under* "Make-up Clog" and dirt, and clears them out!

As a foundation base for make-up, you just dab a mere *dot* of Tussy All-Purpose Cream on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and neck. Blend it into your skin. A special Tussy moisturizing ingredient in the cream, helps give your skin a flower-like beauty all day long.

At bedtime, use it freely to soften skin through the night. Tussy gives you so much *more*... 6 full ounces for only \$1.

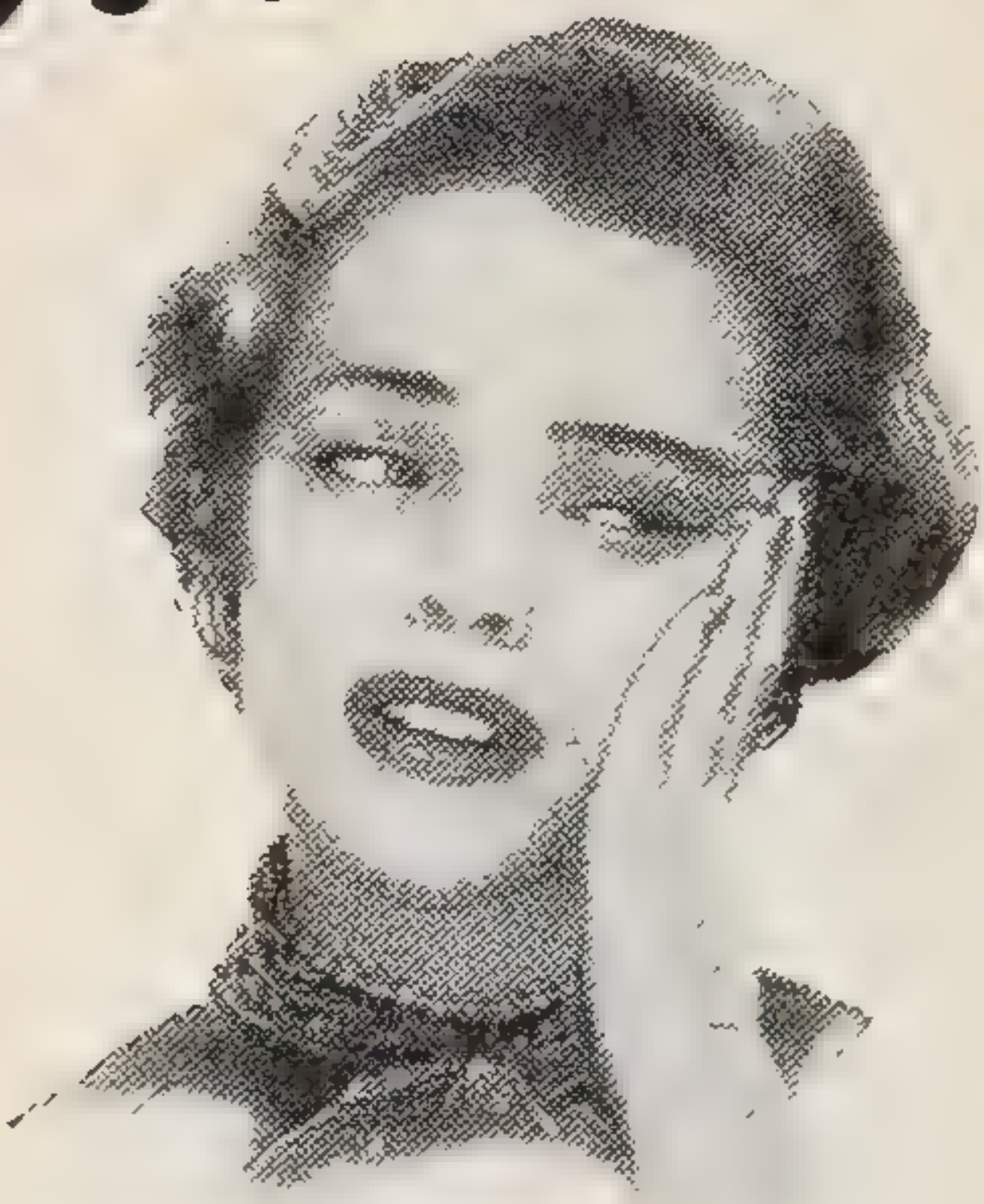


Use Tussy Dry Skin Freshener after cleansing, to remove every trace of cream and grime. Pat it on; it helps reduce the look of large pores. 8 oz. bottle, only \$1.

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Mary's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL



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FALSE START

*Pity poor Miss Allyson,
all dressed up with nowhere to go—
and all those people giggling!*



■ June Allyson can paint some of her most heartbreaking experiences with the lightest of brushes, and she does it so artfully that the worst of them become hilariously funny in the telling.

One of the most embarrassing moments she ever lived through was her first night on the Broadway stage. The beginning of her career was the result of the dare of one of her classmates. A devoted fan of Astaire and Rogers, June had boasted that she could dance as well as they, and one plump-faced adolescent finally revolted. “Yah!” she said. “If you’re so good, go get a job on the stage!” So June had gone to an audition where she was hardly visible among the tall, willowy veterans of the chorus line. For some reason beyond her ken, she was hired to fill in. The show was *Sing Out The News*, and for long weeks June rehearsed, or perhaps we should say “trained” with the chorus, for she had had only two dancing lessons in her life. The family was excited, of course. No less hysterical than June, her mother scraped the sugar bowl to buy a seat for herself (front balcony). In addition, she badgered all their friends into being present on the magic night when June made her Broadway debut.

It was bad enough, being opening night. The jitters were prevalent backstage. June stood in a corner, going over the routine in her mind and hearing, as if from a distance, the persistent knocking of her knees. When the curtain went up the chorus line bounced front and center and began the intricate drill that opened the show. Once she got used to the lights, June happily realized the dance had been going on for two full

minutes and she was not only still upright, but was actually in step.

Then the music crescendoed for the finish. The line came together in the middle of the stage, advanced, then retreated. All but June. Missing her cue, she danced forward. And the curtain came down behind her. The dumbfounded orchestra leader signaled his men to begin the music again, and June desperately summed up her situation. It meant a solo—that much was certain—but it had to be a solo that would get her off the accursed stage. She cast a frantic look behind her and confirmed the suspicion that the separation in the curtain was invisible. She couldn’t back off, so she figured a trip to the left might do it. The buck-and-wing was the only step she had really mastered, so hopefully she bucked and winged to the left. The curtain was the foremost one of the stage, and she couldn’t get through. So she bucked and winged all the way to the right and found herself in the same predicament.

Out front, the audience at first was hushed. Then as it began to realize something was wrong, a few titters turned into a roar. June’s mother, surrounded by her friends in the balcony, was the shade of an overripe plum. And June, bucking and winging like a mighty mite, finally backed gratefully through the curtain as it mercifully parted to swallow her.

Why she wasn’t fired then and there, no one will ever know. Perhaps the director suspected that this diminutive bit of comedy relief had the makings of a star.



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TV TALK

Sid Caesar's new wife . . . Steve Allen acts, too . . . the latest word on Arthur Godfrey

Sid Caesar has known for months that he might use **Nanette Fabray** on his show every week. He didn't tell anyone—even denied it vehemently—because he didn't want anyone to say that Nanette wasn't as good as Imogene Coca. He figured if he waited for a while before he had another "wife" on the show that people might forget just a little how wonderful Imogene used to be in the part. They say, by the way, that Sid makes a lot of decisions on the advice of his psychiatrist. The doctor doesn't sit down and plan the shows with Sid, of course, but it was apparently he who encouraged Sid to produce his own program. Here's hoping that what's good for the psyche is good for the ratings! . . . Nanette is thrilled with her new job. She hasn't had a good part on Broadway for too long. The little pert-nosed redhead is still seen around with her ex-husband, who now works for **Max Liebman**, who used to be Sid's boss! . . . **Sheldon Reynolds**, who produces *Foreign Intrigue* in Europe, is just as glamorous-looking as any of the actors who play in it. Really more so. He's kind of a cross between Frank Sinatra and Louis Jourdan! Beat that! . . . **Mike Wallace** is doing very well playing the romantic lead in *Reclining Figure*, the play that Arlene Francis's husband, Martin Gabel, produced. You should have seen Mike's wife, **Buffie Cobb**, opening night. She sat in the front row and never took her eyes off Mike when he was on stage. **Steve Allen** was offered the part, you know, but Steve is much too busy these days to do anything extra. He has been asked to go back on *What's My Line?* but he won't even do that. It takes hardly any time at all, but Steve figures he can't spare even another two or three hours a week away from home. His advisers also figure he doesn't need *What's My Line?* any more. When he was on it before, it was his only network show. Now that he's on the network so often, he can do without the panel. He doesn't need the money. That's for sure! People who didn't see him in his one stage appearance two years ago (there aren't many who did; it lasted only three or four nights!) don't realize that Steve is one of the better young actors around these days . . .

You'd hardly recognize **Georganne Johnson** in *Reclining Figure*. Her part is not at all like her Marge Weskit on *Mr. Peepers* . . . Now it's **Besty Palmer** whose acting style is reminiscent of **Kim Stanley's**—that same smacking of the lips. Notice it next time . . . Speaking of Kim Stanley, she is not at all at ease when she has to appear on an ad-lib television show. Kim needs a script. The critics said that she didn't get enough of one in *Traveling Lady*, the **Horton Foote** play that made her a star before its early closing. But Horton can still go to other authors' plays and enjoy them. Many writers who've been panned are likely to sulk. Not Horton. He is convinced that he, too, will write a hit. In the meantime, he and his family are living quite well on his television money . . . They say that **Jayne Meadows**, being older than **Audrey**, has a lot of influence over her little sister. Yet Audrey's career is in much better shape than Jayne's. When Jayne recently did get a chance to do something besides panel-sitting on *I've Got A Secret*, she muffed it. She was well into rehearsals for a play that might have revived her career, but then she got sick. It *wasn't* pneumonia as the newspapers said, however; it was mostly disappointment that her part wasn't bigger. Yet Jayne, who made her acting start on Broadway, is dying to do more than guess secrets . . . People who have met Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows and the Meadows' parents say that the girls' father, a minister, is very much like Steve—really quiet. Their mother, on the other hand, is very chatty, just like Jayne . . . The latest rumor on **Arthur Godfrey** is that CBS doesn't much care if he quits. At one time they would almost have gone bankrupt if he had left. But now that the sponsors are screaming to get on the air, CBS figures it could easily sell his time . . . **Lee Grant** has been taking intensive speech lessons so that she can lose her New York accent and get to play more parts. Expect to see her more and more . . . Don't let *Person To Person* fool you. Usually, days before the show, **Ed Murrow** has lunch with the people who are going to be interviewed—those who live in and near New York anyway. He and an



Eva Marie Saint of *Waterfront* and her husband, Jeffrey Hayden, came to a gala preem.



Martha Raye and Ed Begley prefer Connecticut living, rarely tog out for formal appearances.

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assistant interview them and get a pretty good idea of the questions and answers that will be on the show. They always eat at a swank restaurant just a half block from CBS at Ed's favorite table. He doesn't eat much. Ed never has been interested in food, and he doesn't even seem to notice what he has on his plate . . . **Mary Livingstone Benny** really is afraid of live television, but not so much because she doesn't think she can act. She's more afraid of how she looks. The funny part is that she looks wonderful. And she's almost as old as her "thirty-nine-year-old" husband! . . . No one who saw **Peter Lawford** on Steve Allen's show last year was at all surprised when he turned out to be one of the hits of the season on *Dear Phoebe*. Peter may not always have had luck with his parts in MGM movies, but he did a sketch with Steve that proved he was a very talented comedian. Here's betting his movie career starts all over again . . . **Frank Sinatra** isn't the happy-go-lucky character he seems to be. He is carving out his newly-rejuvenated career very carefully. He is determined to do all sorts of different roles, one after another, and to make variety the spice of his professional life. He wants to play a part in the movie version of *Foreign Intrigue*, and if Sheldon Reynolds can manage to write one in for him, he will . . . Another girl who can't just get up and sing impromptu in front of a television camera is **Dorothy Dandridge**. She must have her own accompanist, special setting, and lots of rehearsal. If not, she just doesn't perform with that impact you see in *Carmen Jones* . . . You know the favorite television star of lots of Hollywood stars? **Dr. Frank Baxter**, the erudite scholar on CBS Sunday afternoons. They call him up and write him letters—and even ask for his advice on their acting! And he's just like a kid about it—just as thrilled as you or I would be if the phone rang and a movie star were on the other end . . . It's funny what television cameras do to girls' figures. **Pat Marshall**, who sings on *Tonight* on **Edye Gorme's** days off, looks like an ordinary-sized girl but she could compete with Jane Russell—and maybe win! . . . Don't believe all those silly rumors that **Ed Murrow** is going to pack up and go over to NBC. He has no intention of leaving CBS. *See It Now* and *Person To Person* will continue at their old stands, and, what's more, Ed will do a show for children. He is one of the most devoted fathers anywhere, and his interest in his son Casey's upbringing makes him a natural for a kids' show.



Milton Berle and his wife, Ruth Cosgrove, enjoyed being interviewed by George Jessel.

From the Sensational *Collier's* Magazine Story
"THEY STOLE \$2,500,000 AND GOT AWAY WITH IT!"



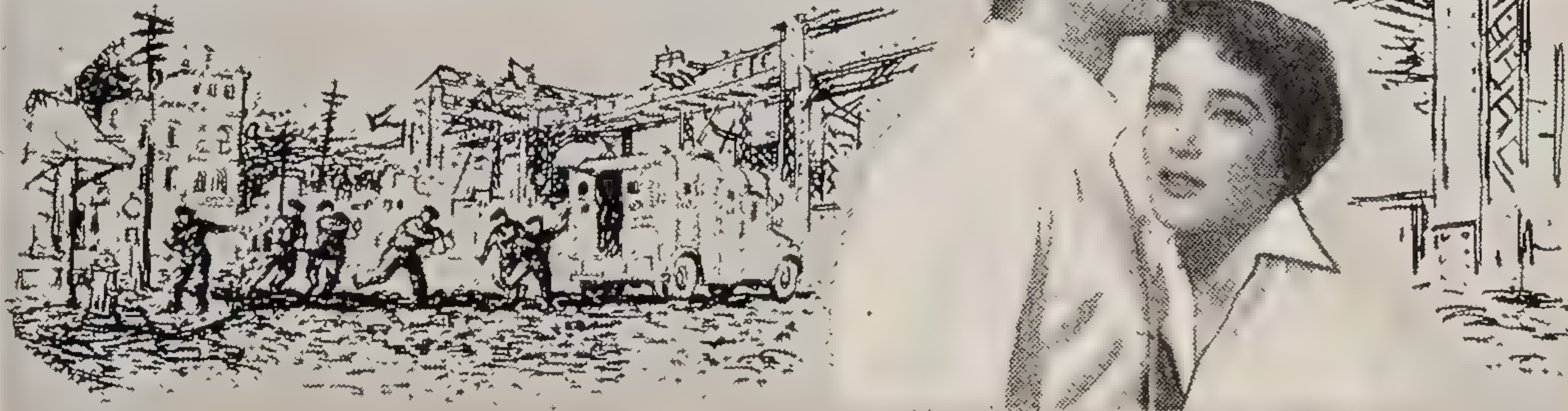
Universal-International presents

TONY CURTIS
JULIE ADAMS
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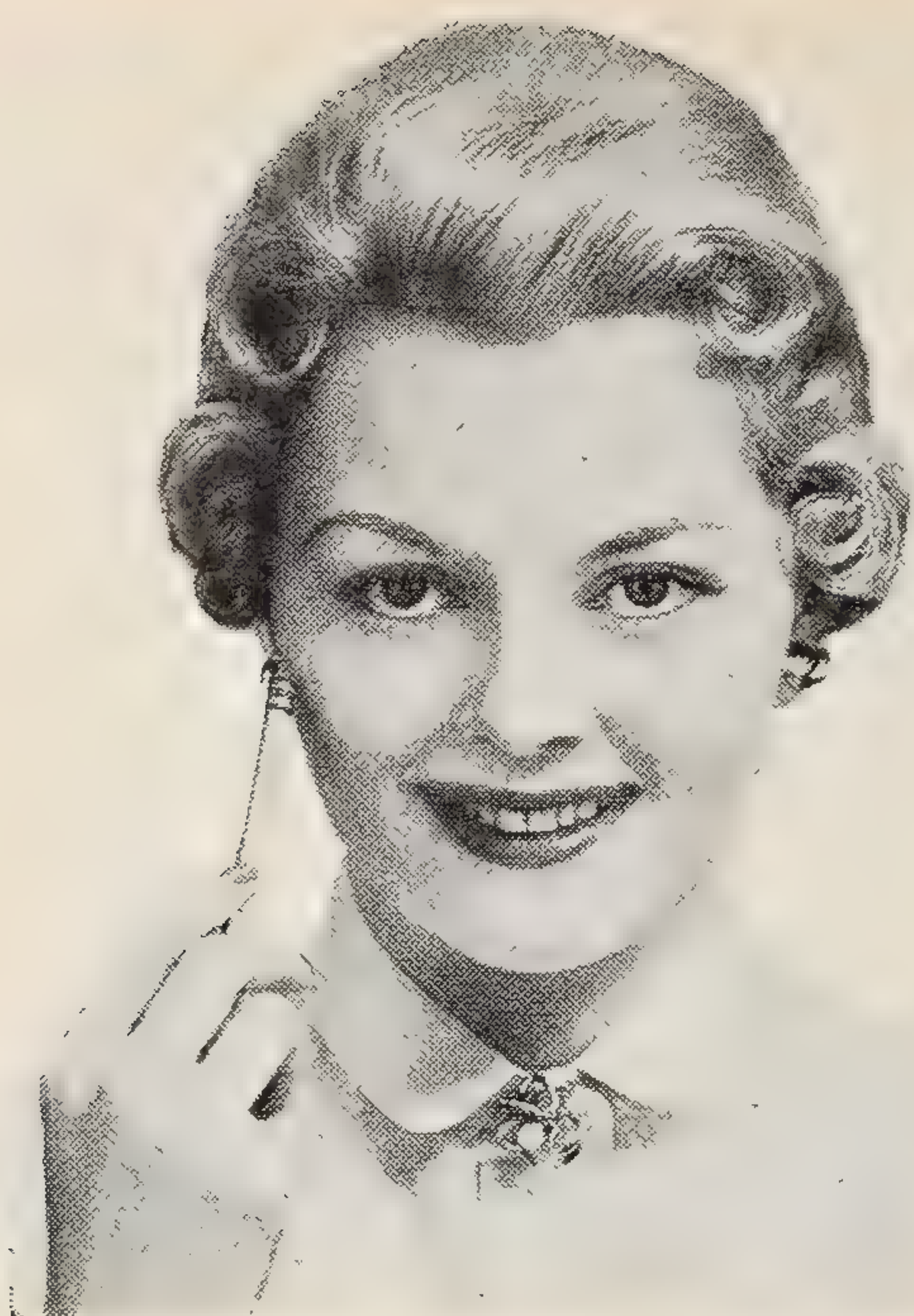
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Directed by **JOSEPH PEVNEY** • Screenplay by **SIDNEY BOEHM** • Produced by **AARON ROSENBERG**



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NEW MOVIES

by Florence Epstein



Picture of the Month: ATHENA

■ There's a place near Hollywood called Muscle Beach where young men stand in the sun all day flexing biceps. In Hollywood is every kind of cult and vegetable juice known to man. MGM has dipped into all this and come up with a gay Technicolor musical about wacky people. Jane Powell (*Athena*) has six sisters with names like Minerva (Debbie Reynolds), Niobe, Calliope, etc. And she has a grandpa (Louis Calhern) who builds Bodies out of even the most depressing raw material. He himself is seventy-eight but can still flip in the air like a pancake. And she has a grandma (Evelyn Varden) who is given to trances on the lawn which result in messages from friendly constellations. They (Jane and family) live in the hills, but down below in unsuspecting smog are lawyer Edmund Purdom and tv singer Vic Damone. Edmund is a very stuffy fellow engaged to Linda Christian. Jane assures him that *that* marriage isn't in the stars. In no time he has lost all hope for a normal, miserable existence. (At one stage in his bewilderment he finds himself being televised with Mr. Universe.) Vic Damone takes a little easier to Jane's family. Especially to Debbie. To win her he just has to part with flabby muscles and give up meat. It's very light and fantastic and funny, and of course the songs are cute and catchy and the production numbers lots of fun.



THE FAR COUNTRY I liked this western—probably because it's a northwestern having to do with gold. This fellow James Stewart cares for no man except old Walter Brennan. They're headed for Skagway to trade a load of cattle for a ranch in Wyoming. But Stewart is wanted for murder and in Skagway he upsets a hanging, giving John McIntyre, who runs Skagway, a chance to confiscate the cattle. This leaves Stewart even more bitter and defiant. Ruth Roman, tough as nails but *rich*, hires him to take her up to Dawson where she'll build a gambling house and corrupt the population, which is busy gathering gold. People up there are happy until Ruth arrives and McIntyre arrives—then there's murder all over the place with Stewart lifting not a finger to defend the oppressed. But a young girl (Corinne Calvet) has been working on his conscience and you can tell he always had a heart. It was just iced over. Technicolor—U.I.



SIGN OF THE PAGAN Fifteen hundred years ago there was Attila the Hun, a ferocious Mongol conqueror who swept across Europe and sat under the gates of Rome wondering whether he dared to go in. Not that he was afraid of any living man. He was terrified only of the Christian God. Jack Palance plays Attila and he's the epitome of a bloodcurdling barbarian who is still oddly moving and human. Jeff Chandler is the one Roman who doesn't rattle in his armor before him, and Rita Gam is Attila's wildcat daughter who eventually defies him. Eduard Franz, Attila's soothsayer, keeps muttering doom into his ear and finally scares the daylights out of him. It's a big, spectacular film (in CinemaScope) with a new slant on the far-reaching effect of early Christianity. Everybody is wrapped in furs and horns and superstition. And it's fun to see a movie about a relatively untapped era. With Ludmilla Tcherina—U.I.



DÉSIRÉE The trouble is, Marlon Brando looks like Napoleon and acts like Napoleon but you never get the feeling he *is* Napoleon. Maybe because it isn't Napoleon's story after all. It's Jean Simmons' story. She's Desirée, daughter of a well-to-do silk merchant (now dead). Desirée fell for Nap when he was just a general and was jilted by him when he met Josephine (Merle Oberon), a worldly, influential lady. Well, if Napoleon won't have Desirée, General Bernadotte (Michael Rennie) will. And there's nothing wrong with *him*. He becomes King of Sweden. Napoleon starts conquering the world but never once does he forget Desirée or stop wanting her. Out of focus as it may be, the movie is still vastly entertaining. The acting is fine, the sets and costumes are extremely expensive and you're given a boudoir view of some very important people. With Cameron Mitchell, Elizabeth Sellars. CinemaScope—20th-Fox



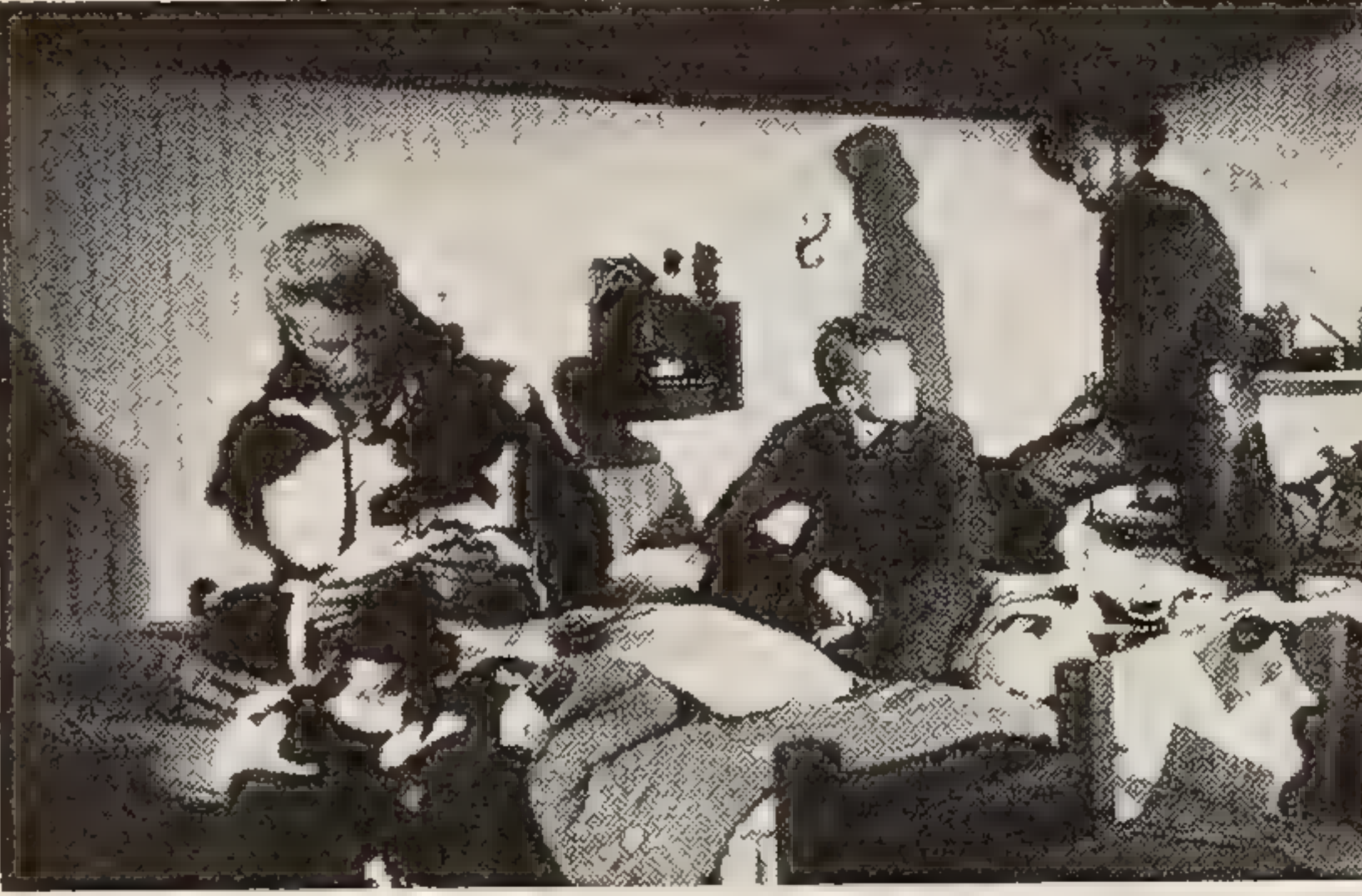
THE VIOLENT MAN Edward G. Robinson is back and he can still scare me. Only this time he's crippled and with all his bluster is obviously not in control of the situation. Wife Barbara Stanwyck is in control. And she wants him to make her a present of the whole valley. He's trying, and with his sadistic henchmen riding wild there isn't a rancher who doesn't sell out dirt cheap—or die protesting. Even Glenn Ford wants to sell. He's no coward; his fiancée May Wynn is pushing him to go east. You can push a man like Glenn too far—which is exactly what Robinson and May do, in different ways. So Glenn sets about restoring a little dignity and equality in that valley. Robinson's daughter (Diane Foster) sees through Mom, realizes she's carrying on with her brother-in-law (Brian Keith) who's running the ranch. But Stanwyck is capable of more than that. She's capable of murder. CinemaScope—Col.



GREEN FIRE Naturally, Grace Kelly is cool and beautiful (but smoldering underneath) and Stewart Granger is reckless, irresistible. Throw them together—fireworks! He's a kind of adventurer, looking for emeralds in a South American mine not far from Grace's coffee plantation. Money's scarce in both places so Grace resents it when her brother John Ericson throws his last *sou* into Granger's risky project. Also, Granger lures away all of her plantation workers, and with his fancy blasting sends the river coursing into her yard. Paul Douglas, Granger's buddy, gets fed up with being same. He's sweet on Grace, too—and begs her to let him dynamite Granger's mountain so that the river will run in a whole different direction. It's at this point that Granger finds emeralds. Well, the mountain's all set to blow—will Grace go through with it, will Granger let her, or does he care for emeralds more? Technicolor—MGM



THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS If there was ever a dream of a writer his name was F. Scott Fitzgerald and here's one of his stories—almost unrecognizable but still terribly romantic and touching. It's about a struggling writer (Van Johnson) and his beautiful, undisciplined, vivacious wife (Elizabeth Taylor) who loved in Paris with the spirit of the Twenties, although unfortunately, it's the Fifties. Johnson loses faith in himself, starts drinking heavily and playing around with divorcée Eva Gabor. Elizabeth becomes suddenly serious, wants to go home. They have a little daughter (Sandy Descher) whom both adore. One night, a pie-eyed Johnson locks Elizabeth out and she catches pneumonia. Her sister (Donna Reed), who once loved Johnson, takes care of the girl. When he comes to claim her a couple of years later, Donna is too bitter to turn her over. I cried all the way through. With Walter Pidgeon. Technicolor—MGM



TRACK OF THE CAT Sometimes a movie gets so symbolic you wonder what it's about. *Track Of The Cat* looks awful pretty—the color's vivid, the photography's artistic, the scenes fall into dramatic tableaux. But what goes? Here's this big brother Bob Mitchum out hunting a mountain lion (his other brother was killed trying) that's been bothering cattle on his ranch. And on the ranch are the weirdest people I've ever seen. A hundred-year-old Indian giving everyone the creeps; a selfish, domineering mother (Beulah Bondi); a hard-drinking father (Philip Tonge) who rants in his cups; an old maid sister (Teresa Wright) getting more and more bitter; a younger, unassertive brother (Tab Hunter) planning to marry Diana Lynn who is silly enough to hang around. Everybody talks, but not really to each other. And Mitchum is out there in the snow hunting, hunting. Why, I ask you, why? CinemaScope—Warners



THE PURPLE PLAIN Gregory Peck is a lone wolf gone "round the bend" (that means *loco*) in his associates' opinion. Reason is his bride was killed right before his eyes in a London air raid. Now he's an RAF pilot in Burma and since he has nothing to live for he takes his crew through hell trying to get himself bumped off. This is pretty wearing on everyone. Finally, unit doctor Bernard Lee introduces him to a beautiful Burmese girl (Win Min Than) who works with missionary Brenda De Banzie. One-two-three and Peck's back from around that bend. But next flight out his plane crashes into enemy territory. His navigator's legs are burned, his passenger is so sure he's finished he shoots himself and there is Gregory. Trapped, you say? Now that he has something to live for you couldn't kill him with a bomb! So unreal and romantic I loved every minute. Technicolor—U.A. **MORE—>**

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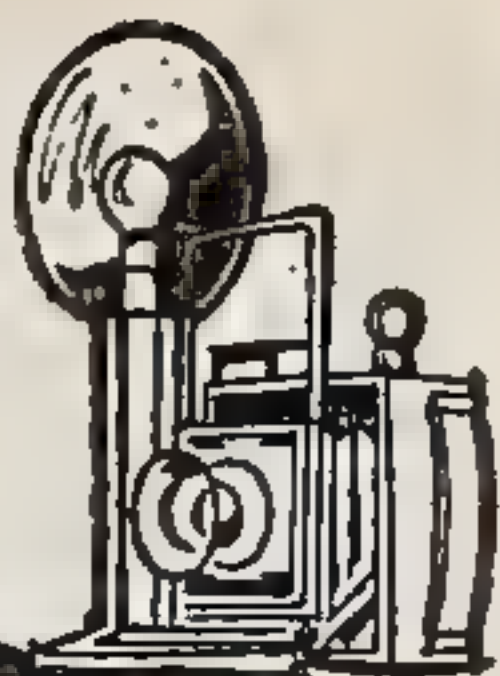
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—says Chicago model on Arizona vacation. "Greyhound puts together special winter 'package vacations' that a girl can afford — and thoroughly enjoy without the slightest danger of running short of fun or funds!"



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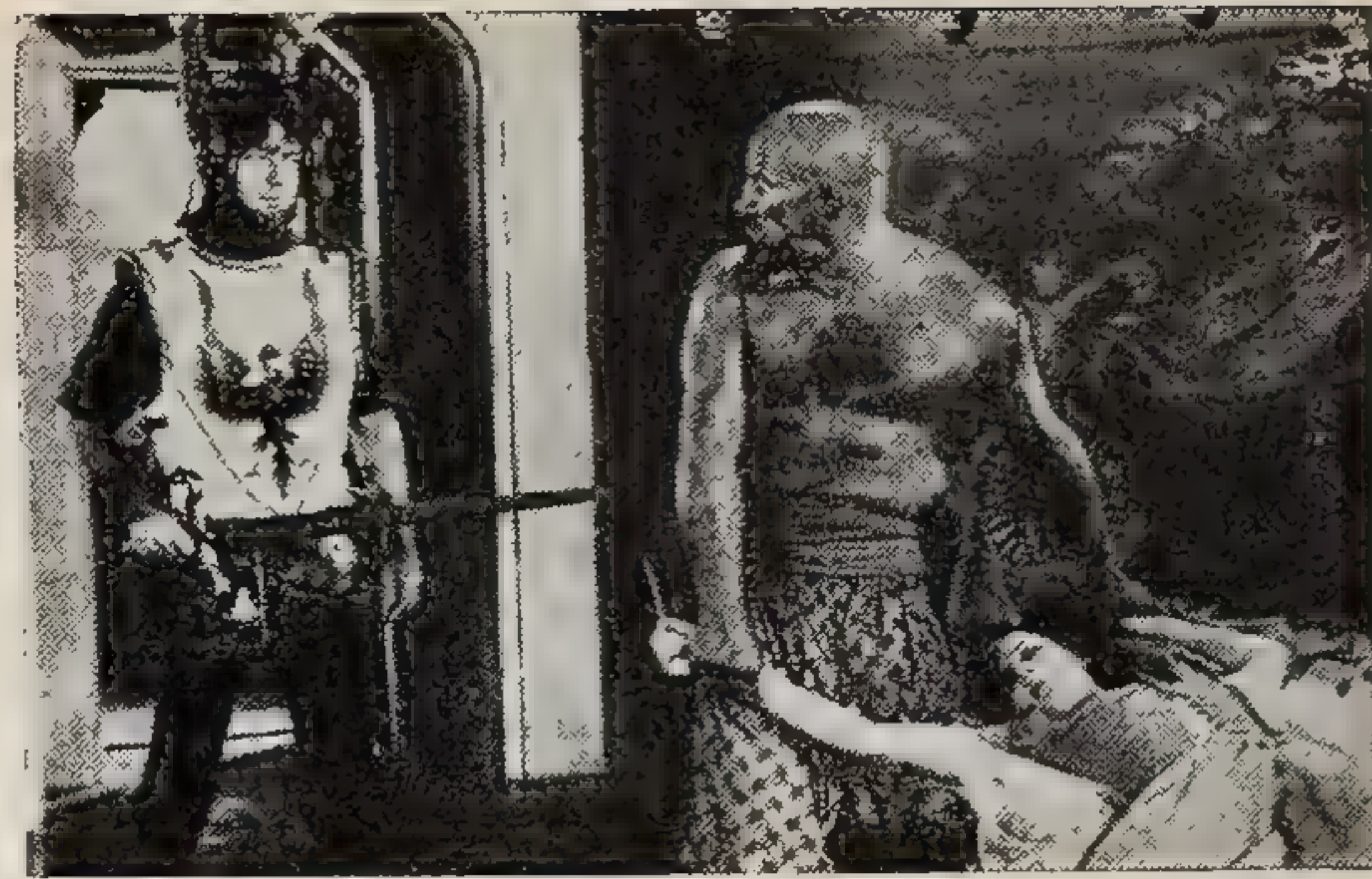
CREST OF THE WAVE The British Navy is hard at work on a little island off Scotland. That is, they were hard at work perfecting an underwater missile when the perfecter himself exploded testing the tricky thing. American scientist Gene Kelly arrives with helpmates Jeff Richards and Fred Wayne. These two bunk with a crew of British seamen and have their own little dramas involving international amity, plain amity and the meaning of heroism. Kelly's British assistant, John Justin, resents him. He figures the missile was just about perfect and now Kelly is going to walk away with all the glory. Kelly is more anxious to walk away alive which is why he displays such thoroughness and starts his experiments from scratch. Even so, the first trial run ends in disaster. Looks like the jig is up until Justin gets an inspiration and everybody feels brotherly love. With Bernard Lee, Sidney James—MGM



"SO THIS IS PARIS" If this is Paris, I'm Helen of Troy, but I'll go along with a gag. Sailors Tony Curtis, Gene Nelson and Paul Gilbert looking for romance find Gloria De Haven, Corinne Calvet and Mara Corday. Not all at once, but the idea's the same. Tony thinks Gloria is a sophisticated French singer since she's singing in a French cafe. Turns out she's a Jackson Heights, New York, American with five kids. This gives Tony pause, till he's assured they're orphans. He likes Gloria but Corinne Calvet, who is loaded with French money, flips for him. Gloria is furious; Gene Nelson is jealous (Corinne was his discovery) and the guy who has been paying for the orphans dies. Tony arranges a big charity bazaar at Corinne's place when Corinne isn't home. Because if Corinne were home she would call the police. But she does come home. Fate, you know. Plenty of songs and dances. Technicolor—U.I.



DRUMBEAT All of a sudden Alan Ladd, who has shot more Indians than anyone, is appointed Peace Commissioner by President Grant. He's got to talk sense to those scalp-happy Modocs who are piling up trophies along the California-Oregon border. Ladd will talk but Captain Jack (Charles Bronson) won't listen. Me big man, he grunts, thumping his chest. All the Modocs aren't naughty. Marisa Pavan and her brother Tony Caruso are reservation types. They ride with Ladd into hostile Modoc territory, eyes peering at them from every rock and root. Ladd talks to Bronson. No soap. Next thing you know there's a massacre. Ladd is itching to pull that trigger because the Army can't fight Indians worth a dime. Finally Ladd, a general (Warner Anderson) and some other earnest characters arrange a peace parley. Disaster. Go get him, boy, the President tells Ladd and Ladd nabs that monster Modoc in no time. With Audrey Dalton. CinemaScope—Warners



THE BLACK KNIGHT From Castles Usk to Yoenil to Camelot; from dungeon to tower to Patricia Medina runs Alan Ladd. And who is there to stop him? Well, there are some crazy knights. Ontlake, for one. Wait a minute! Ontlake is his *only* friend. Ontlake (Andre Morell) gives him a horse; King Arthur (Anthony Bushell) gives him leave and Ladd gets ready to avenge the burning of his master's castle. (Patricia is master's daughter.) Okay. So King Arthur is having his own troubles. Sir Palamides, his Saracens dressed like Vikings, and King Mark want to overthrow him and Christianity. Not that Arthur believes it. He tosses Alan into a dungeon, thinks he's the traitor. Wait till you see all those pagans whooping it up at the Druid's Temple with poor old Pat writhing on the Sacrificial Stone. Wait till you see those Saracens storming Camelot. Guess who gets knighted after the battle. Technicolor—Col.



THE GOOD DIE YOUNG The title of this movie stumps me. Don't see much good about three men who can't find anything better to do than sit in a pub drinking beer and falling into trouble. Weak, maybe. Confused, maybe. John Ireland has this bit player (Gloria Grahame) for a wife but she has ambition. Every time he's on leave from the Air Force she's on the town with a movie star. Richard Basehart is in England to carry home his war bride (Joan Collins) but all he has to do is lift a valise and his mother-in-law (Freda Jackson) takes an overdose of sleeping pills. And Stanley Baker—he's a boxer who has finally saved enough money to quit the ring but is too beat up for normal employment. All of them fall under the spell of Laurence Harvey, a playboy supported by his wife (Margaret Leighton). He talks them into robbery No violence, says he. My, what a liar!—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

A STAR IS BORN (Warners): Judy Garland and James Mason in the story of a girl who became a star with the help of a man who couldn't help himself. The acting is fine, the musical numbers wonderful. No one should miss it. Technicolor and CinemaScope.

THE COUNTRY GIRL (Para.): Bing Crosby delivers a superb performance in a tense, beautifully acted version of Odets' hit play about a has-been actor, his wife (Grace Kelly) and director (William Holden).

CARMEN JONES (20th-Fox): Dorothy Dandridge is probably the sexiest Carmen ever seen on the screen. Harry Belafonte as Joe is fine, Pearl Bailey great, the singing excellent, Hammerstein's lyrics ring remarkably true—and the music was good to begin with. CinemaScope.

PHFFFT! (Col.): Judy Holliday and Jack Lemmon, teamed this time in the bright and clever story of a just-divorced couple. Light-weight but very funny. With Jack Carson.

UNCHAINED (Hall Bartlett): An exciting, off-beat prison story about an off-beat prison. Elroy Hirsch, Barbara Hale.

THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA (U.A.): An amazing mixture of love, sex, satire, tragedy and Technicolor that will keep you fascinated, if slightly confused. Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart, Edmond O'Brien and others turn in topnotch performances in this complex Cinderella-like tale.

THE CHALLENGER

Up till now, no one has tamed Shelley. Up till now, she hadn't met Sernas!



■ A handsome and athletic young Frenchman is pairing off with Shelley Winters these days, and people in Hollywood are laying odds that he'll be the first of her sparring partners to be on his feet at the final bell. They're even betting that Jacques Sernas will be able to tame the sometimes hot-tempered Miss Winters.

Jacques has yet to be seen by an American audience, but his 165 muscular pounds will be all over the neighborhood screens, when Warner Brothers' *Helen Of Troy* is released. In it, Jacques stars as Paris, the man who tamed the most beautiful woman in all the world.

He's in Hollywood now for *Jump Into Hell*. Cynics say that's an apt role for anyone who gets into the same ring with the fiery Shelley.

When warned of this, Jacques shrugged. "I do not expect to get my fingers burned," he said. "Miss Winters is a beautiful and delightful woman. But I have encountered harder things than women."

In 1940, when Jacques was fifteen, Germany conquered France. Too young to join the Army, Jacques joined the French underground. For over a year he carried messages through the streets of Paris, hid forbidden pamphlets under his shirt. One night he was stopped by two German officers. The pamphlets were found, and Jacques was sent to a concentration camp for a year and a half.

"Ah, he is a brave one, that Jacques," says one of his friends. "This Miss Winters, she had better watch out. Or soon she will be the tame one, purring like a cat."



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Doris Day. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



Doris Day

co-starring in "YOUNG AT HEART" An Arwin Production
in WarnerColor. Presented by Warner Bros.



This is an actual photograph of a woman's hands after taking the detergent test. The right hand was given Jergens Lotion care — the left wasn't. Even scientists were amazed at the difference. *This photograph is unretouched.*

Proof: You can stop "Detergent Hands"

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Do you wish your hardworking hands were as pretty as your neighbor's? They can be. Read this story of a dramatic experiment.

Recently, 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in detergents three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to the right hand. The left hand was untreated.

In 3 or 4 days these women saw an amazing change! Untreated hands were

roughened and reddened. Hands treated with Jergens remained soft, smooth, *without a trace* of detergent damage!

No other lotion tested proved as effective as Jergens. The women were delighted with this significant discovery.

Jergens Lotion has been steadily improved for 50 years. Use it daily and your hands will be pretty despite wind, weather and housework. Never sticky or greasy, Jergens takes just seconds to apply!

Get a bottle today, and notice how much richer and creamier the Jergens formula is now. It has a lovely new fragrance, too, yet still costs only 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.



*NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

**THEY'RE YOUNG
AND IN LOVE,
NEWLY-MARRIED,
FULL OF HOPE.
THEY'RE MR. AND
MRS. GUY MADISON!**



they say it's wonderful

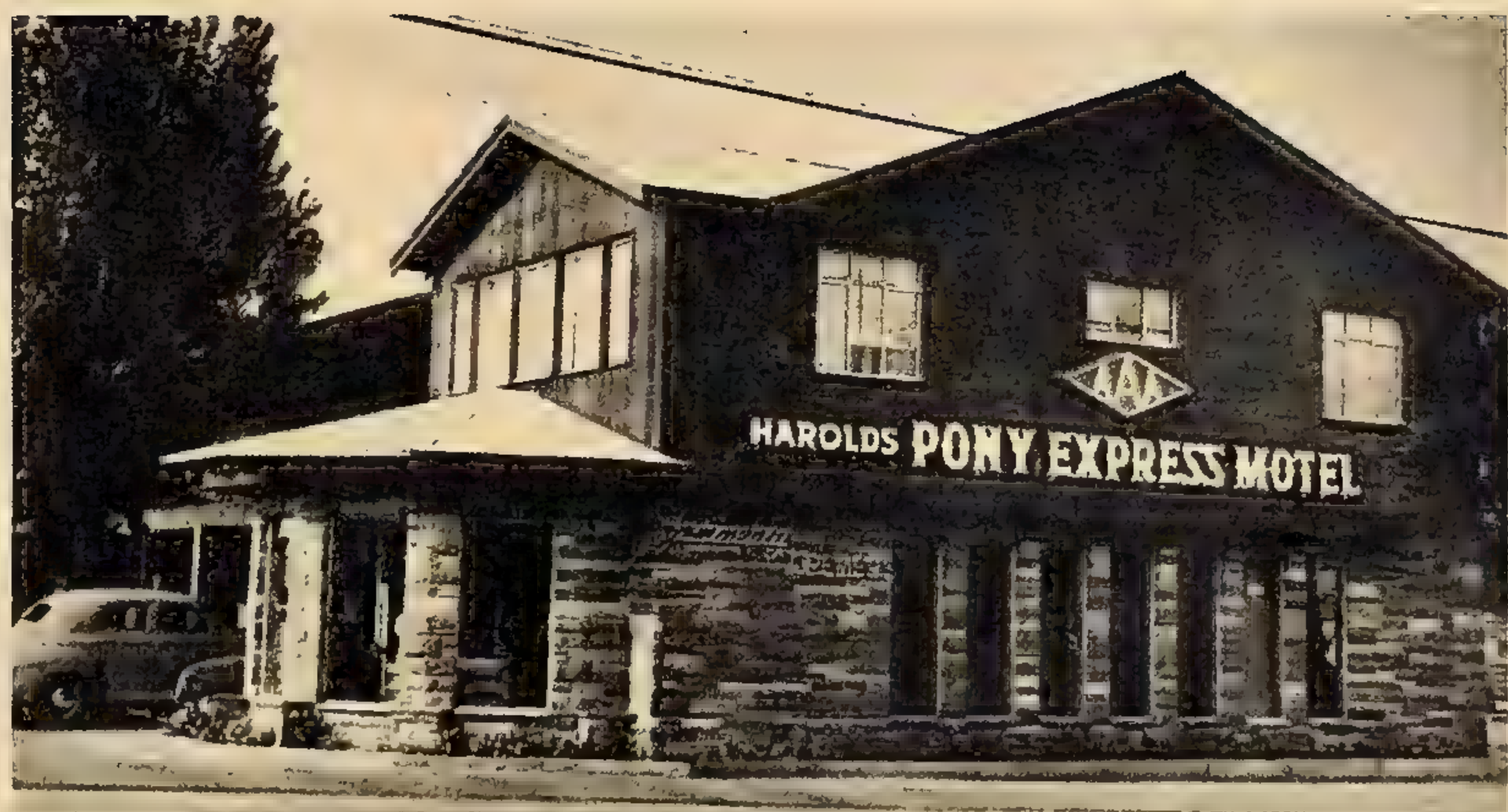
by William Barbour

■ Last fall Guy Madison kissed Eva Gabor and Virginia Grey goodbye and crossed them off his list. He began to concentrate on Sheila Connolly, a size-nine beauty from County Kildare. This brown-eyed, twenty-four-year-old daughter of a well-known Irish jockey had been a model in New York.

Except for three people—Guy, Sheila and Guy's business manager, Charley Trezona—no one expected the sudden marriage.

After all, Guy was involved in a full-blown divorce problem with Gail Russell.

Gail, nervous and sick, teetering perilously close to a complete breakdown, had filed for divorce in April. Guy had followed with a cross-complaint. Both petitions had been (*Continued on page 74*)



The honeymoon was spent in a motel in Reno, where Guy was on location. Sheila, who plans to stick close to her man, has given up just-starting career for marriage, even turned down offer to co-star with Guy.



JANE AND PAT

HONEYMOON REPORT FROM EUROPE

Paris

Mr. Charles D. Saxon
Editor,
MODERN SCREEN

Dear Chuck,

Well, here's the complete story of Jane Powell's honeymoon. I may as well say right at the beginning that, like most honeymooners, she and Pat Nerney did their darndest to dodge anyone who tried to muscle in—definitely including the press—but, like most celebrities, they were pretty easy to trace. Especially as they spent so much time gazing into each other's eyes that they hardly ever noticed the little men in trench coats sneaking up on them with pencil and paper, until it was too late.

Their first stop was Paris. This is a great city for the young-and-in-love; wind and weather permitting, you can spot couples kissing on almost every street corner—and sometimes (when the weather is *very* good) right smack in the middle of the street. Jane and Pat did a lot of window shopping and made a few buys, too, though Janie brought a perfectly stunning wardrobe with her (including her wedding dress, a gorgeous affair I'll describe in a minute). She wore a tailored topcoat, appropriate for trudging these somewhat windy streets, and Pat never took his glasses off—which may account for the fact that almost no one recognized them, although everyone knew they were here. The French papers, in fact, made quite a to-do about their arrival, which shows how popular Janie (and her romance) is around here, where celebrities are a dime a dozen. *Voici* a few samples from the Paris journals:

"The young Hollywood star Jane Powell arrived in Paris today for her second honeymoon. (Note: all the papers mentioned the fact that this is the second for both—but none of them explained why they bothered to stress it!) She is a singer-dancer-comedienne and in Rich, Young And Pretty she played Danielle Darrieux's daughter. She has just married the young industrialist, Pat Newney ("Feature that spelling!" Nerney howled) and her latest picture is Seven Brides For Seven Brothers, which, coincidentally, happens (Continued on page 88)



At the conclusion of their small, beautiful wedding, Pat was solemn, Jane radiant.



Although he's rumored to be an arch-conservative in his infrequent public appearances, Dick drives a sleek foreign sports car—and is likely to drive it to Alaska or anywhere else on a moment's notice.



College-educated, he is an avid reader and a good conversationalist on the most serious topics. But those who say he has no sense of humor just haven't been listening—or watching his soft-shoe routine!

Sometimes the most hated man on the screen, Dick is nonetheless peaceful by nature, has shown no tendency to beat Jean or his daughter.



Confusing Mr. Widmark has been called everything from Dick The Fiend to Richard The Hermit. He's variously known as bashful, bloodthirsty, terrible and terrified. But his wife has another name for Dick—and another story to tell!

BY JACK WADE

"Nutsy Fagan" at home

■ Every so often a select set of sophisticated Manhattan writers and critics strike it rich for a day. This windfall occurs when their old pal, Richard Widmark of Hollywood, blows into town, gives them a jingle and suggests a noontime get-together. These ink-stained scribblers desert the modest coffee houses where they customarily huddle and march hungrily uptown toward swank and expensive 21 Club to meet Santa Claus.

After an orgy of fine food and drink they push the astronomical tabs cavalierly toward Dick's plate. Then they set to work ruthlessly whittling down the big movie star they knew when.

On one such occasion, John McCarten, the caustic movie critic of the *New Yorker*, loosed a wicked barb. He noted their dimlit, inconspicuous table by the kitchen door and serving tables where dishes clattered and soup sprayed in passing.

"Dick," he remarked anxiously, "I'm worried about you. Obviously you don't rate with important people like the captains at 21. I can only conclude from this scornful treatment that as a Hollywood celebrity, Widmark, you're through!"

Dick grinned. He'd far rather be roasted by those witty ones than be kissed by a lovely fan. He's a modest and retiring man, but common sense tells him he's about as "through" in Hollywood as a newborn babe. Since he walked confidently away last year from a cozy Twentieth Century-Fox contract paying him \$3000 a week, Dick Widmark's career has shot ahead. At that luncheon, he was hustling back to Hollywood from starring in *Prize Of Gold* abroad to make *The Cobweb* at MGM. After that he was set to scoot over to Africa for *Safari*. Awaiting his return will be a queue of Hollywood producers as long and hopeful as Errol Flynn's string of bill-collectors.

As for his celebrity—Dick Widmark had just collected ample evidence that nobody's forgetting him since he checked off Darryl Zanuck's payroll—although the tributes to his fame remain a little back-handed. Only a few nights before, in London's swank *Les Ambassadeurs* cafe, a tipsy American had weaved up to him, grabbed his paws enthusiastically and held them in a vise-like grip. When Dick, who doesn't like to be touched, tugged away, the drunk flared, "Whassamatta—doncha wanna be friendly? Big Hollywood star—hey? Won't shake my hand!"

"I can't," Dick pointed out. "You're holding mine."

"Yeah—but if I let go, you'll sock me!" cried the fuddled fan.

Incidents like that no longer surprise or dismay Dick Widmark. After all, when an actor starts his screen career gleefully pushing a crippled old lady downstairs as Dick did in *Kiss Of Death*, and as (Continued on page 68)





With brother Howard,
her first dance.



With Marshall Thompson, her first date.



With King Charles,
her first hit.

Elizabeth Remembers

This is a woman
with A Past. It certainly
isn't Wicked and
it isn't even Secret
—but it sheds
some interesting light
on things to come
to Liz!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ In the corner of the white couch, Liz sat remembering through the not-yet twenty-three years of her young life. She wore black slacks, an olive green velvet blouse and looked the way Elizabeth Taylor looks since she tacked Wilding onto her name, loveliness deepened by a new serenity. At intervals she dipped into a plate of what she called garbage—*hors d'oeuvres* to you—or mildly asked a poodle to stop cavorting, which request the poodle failed to take seriously. At intervals two gentlemen wandered through, the elder pausing every now and then to drop a comment into her stream of reminiscence. Him she addressed as Nostril, a recent modification of Nose. The younger answered amiably to Jughead or Sport, though most of the time he didn't answer at all, being intent on business of his own. Pursuing these affairs, he took a spill. Before the lip had time for more than a quiver, he had been scooped up and was riding high on his father's shoulders, small hands and feet secure in his father's grasp while the warm voice crooned comfort: "What a terrible, terrible experience!"

Elizabeth smiled up at them, and turned thoughtful as Michael bore his now gurgling child from the room. "This is the kind of moment you remember. This is an image that will always come back to me—my son laughing down from my husband's shoulders. It's nothing but everything, because it holds happiness like a cup. Except for here and there, my whole life has been a happy one. But with a difference. I'm aware of it now. I'll never take it for granted. Jan Struther, who wrote *Mrs. Miniver*, wrote a little verse which says so exactly what I feel that I learned it by heart. It's called *Biography* and it goes like this:

*One day my life will end; and lest
Some whim should prompt you to review it,
Let her who knows the subject best*

Continued on next page

Elizabeth Remembers

continued

With Glenn Davis, her first "phase."



With Bill Pawley, her first engagement.



With Nicky Hilton, her first marriage.

With Monty Clift, her first "real" acting.



With Britches Jughead Sport, her first baby.



Tell you the shortest way to do it.
Then say, "Here lies one doubly blest."
Say, "She was happy." Say, "She knew it."
"I know it. That's the difference between before and after Michael."

Her earliest memories focus on the countryside of Kent, sixty miles from London. There Victor Cazelet, the godfather she adored, bought an estate. There he turned over to the Taylors an old brick house, set in a meadow of buttercups against an ancient forest. To Elizabeth, Kent was enchanted ground, where you hunted mushrooms in secret places, picked the first primrose, found an iridescent dove's feather on some woodland path. Where your heart could embrace not only cats and dogs, but turtles, lambs and guinea pigs and, dearest of all, the mare Betty, a gift from Victor. Thinking of the dream days in Kent, she sees a child riding her horse around the lake, and tries not to dwell on the sequel. In 1947 she revisited *Little Swallows*, neglected and overgrown since Victor died in a wartime air crash. "I picked a rose for memory, and I should have let it go at that. But no, I had to find out what became of Betty. They wouldn't say in so many words. From what they did say, I gathered that horse meat was her end. And learned that some questions are better left unasked."

At seven she broke with her past and cried and cried. They were all desolate at the thought of leaving England, but the others understood. Even Howard, nearing ten, understood some of it and tried to explain to his sister. "Daddy and Victor think there might be a war, so they're sending us to America to be safe." Elizabeth went on crying. She was no stranger to America, having been taken back and forth to see her grandparents. But England was home. All across the Atlantic and out to Pasadena, where Granddaddy lived, she wept and refused to be comforted. "Darling, the trouble will be over soon and then we'll go back." Mrs. Taylor believed it. Her daughter apparently didn't. In any event, soon wasn't soon enough.

At length the tears had to dry up. Yet through the eight years that followed, through the excitements of growth and career, nostalgia never died. Listening to symphonies, which she loved, the stir of emotion would draw her back to the lovely, green, clean-smelling countryside where she'd sunk her first roots, and leave her aching for England. "Even now, when America is my home, I'd still be heartsick without the feeling that I could go back at least once a year. At seven it was like a wound. Not until I went back the first time did it heal entirely."

After Daddy joined them to open his art gallery in Hollywood, they moved to the Pacific Palisades. At school she developed a mad crush on a gorgeous-looking boy. One day he was gracious enough (Continued on page 77)



The days just aren't long enough for Chandler, Hollywood's busiest guy.

The
TALL ONE

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

■ On a certain day in his second bachelorhood Jeff Chandler awoke quite early to hear a slight thump on the floor, and to experience, somehow, a vague feeling of sadness. The noise had nothing to do with the sadness, but it took a moment of letting the sleep drain out of his mind before he realized this. Then he remembered that he had taken a book and read himself drowsy when he went to bed the night before. Just now the book must have (*Continued on page 62*)

YOU ASKED ME— SO I'M TELLING YOU

UNACCUSTOMED AS HE IS TO WRITING OPEN
LETTERS, TONY CURTIS HAS WRITTEN THIS ONE—IN ANSWER
TO THE LETTERS YOU'VE BEEN SENDING HIM!



In the early days of their marriage Tony and Janet insisted on sharing each other's hobbies—even if it killed them. Now, more sensibly adjusted, Janet admits that she prefers being photographed to becoming a shutterbug herself, admires Tony's art but doesn't reach for duplicate palette and brush. Tony, equally happy, no longer feels obliged to accompany her to tea parties!



Dear People:

I have a knack for putting my foot in my big mouth. I'll never forget how I did it when I met the Queen of England. They told me I was supposed to address her as "Your Royal Highness." It ought to be easy for an actor to remember three words. When my turn came, my mouth opened and I muffed the line. I remember a quick three seconds of agony before I stuck my hand out, shook hands and said, "Hello." Then I wanted the floor to open and swallow me.

Almost as bad, or worse, was the recent occasion on which Edward R. Murrow on his *Person To Person* program honored Janet and me with a visit to our home. When the time came for the program to begin on our interview, we

were ready. The cables weren't. Mr. Murrow couldn't hear me and I couldn't hear him. Suddenly I was aware that around eleven million people had walked into our living-room. I opened my mouth and to this day I can't remember what I said. But I must have done a lot of talking. Janet said I shut up just in time, and then Mr. Murrow came back in with his questions.

Anyway, the result was that we've had more than 3,000 letters a week saying a lot of nice things and asking a lot more questions. I just didn't know how it would be possible to answer them all until Janet suggested that I call up the editors of MODERN SCREEN, who are our buddies. We did. This letter is the result. I am dictating it to a beautiful MODERN SCREEN blonde (*Continued on page 83*)



They say interviewing me is like
getting a clam to talk. So I thought
I'd try to help. Only—where do you start?

I was

I guess I was a fairly average guy...
with distinctly above-average parents.



I started as a muscle man, pure and simple...

born...



And as to the future...no comment right now.

now I hope I'm considered an actor, too.

by Rock Hudson

■ Today I had an interview. In Hollywood an interview consists of three people. (1) the writer, who hopes the actor will have something to say, (2) the actor, who hopes the writer will have something to ask, and (3) the publicist or press agent, who accompanies the actor to make sure the writer doesn't ask any rude questions and that the actor doesn't give any rude answers.

Today's interview was the third this week. It was, approximately, the 450th time a writer has sat opposite me, trying to extract a story that will shake the world. This is very remarkable. The *first* time I was interviewed, the reporter ended the conversation by closing his notebook and leering at me. "At least," he said, "you were born."

I feel for these people, these scribes of Hollywood. Contrary to public opinion, stories about movie stars are not woven out of thin air. They are drained out of human beings who have donated their every experience and thought to a hungry press, and there always comes a time when there is nothing left to (Continued on page 58)

yesterday nowhere —



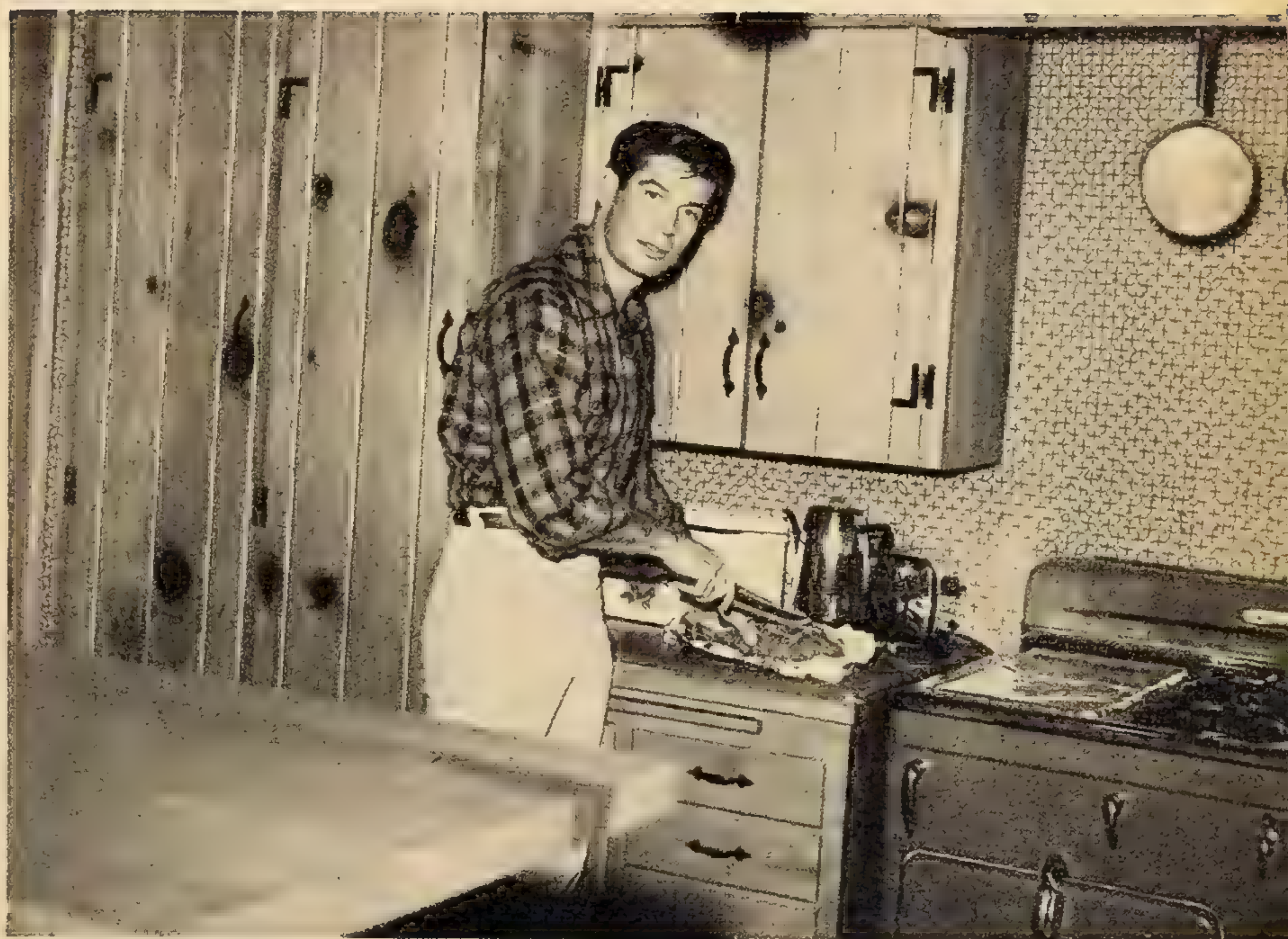
today the most

This is George Nader, the newest,
the nicest—the guy Hollywood's
got a new word for—zoing!

BY TONI NOEL



Though he dresses conservatively for dates, George prefers plaid shirts and levis around the ranch house he shares with two beloved black cats, offspring of pal Rory Calhoun's Siamese.



Even when he doesn't have an early morning studio call, George is up—and eating—by six. Much of his day is spent answering the fast-rising fan mail that helped him get his movie breaks.

■ "A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country. . . ." The fact that these words are to be found in the Good Book didn't make their truth any more palatable to George Nader, Jr. Born and raised in southern California, a stone's throw from the film capital, the tall (six feet, one inch), dark (well, hair and tan, anyway) and handsome (unqualified) George was strictly nowhere in Hollywood until he went abroad to make pictures. Then he was in—like nobody else but Nader.

His is not a particularly unique experience. Shy, soft-spoken Fred Zinneman, whose brilliant *From Here To Eternity* practically walked off with last year's Academy Awards, had this rueful comparison to offer: "I was under contract to one studio for ten years, no better and no worse a director than I am today, and nobody even knew my name. I was so unknown, in fact, that when I came back from Europe after making *The Search*, Hollywood thought I was a foreign import and swamped me with more offers than I could accept!"

And so it was with George, for whom the world of footlights was the only world from the beginning. The son of a prominent oil (Continued on page 86)



Known as a smooth operator with women, George nonetheless considers himself the "close to the soil" type, says there has always been one like him in every generation of the Nader family!



RACE GENTRY:

THE KIDS GO FOR HIM. BUT THE ONE REALLY IN LOVE WITH RACE IS A POWERFUL LADY NAMED LUCK!

by Nate Edwards

■ As the songwriters keep insisting, it is in that part of Italy centering about the Isle of Capri, that some of the world's most handsome human specimens are to be seen. The women are slim and quick-eyed and they laugh when they dance. The men are mostly dark, deep of chest and full of fun and fire. As a matter of fact there is a legend that all babies in Capri are born with smiles on their faces. But twenty years ago that legend was stretched to include the birth of a boy in the city of Los Angeles in California. His name was John Papiro and he must have known his racial heritage traced back to Capri because, as his mother reports, the traditional smile was there. Today John is still smiling. His name has been changed to Race Gentry and he is the newest of Hollywood's younger male candidates for screen stardom. *(Continued on page 72)*

ava gardner: THE GAL THAT GOT AWAY

Once again the girl
who has everything
has lost everything
worth having.

Whose fault is it
that Ava is running
away again?

BY ELLEN JOHNSON

■ Two days before *The Barefoot Contessa* was premièred in Hollywood, Ava Gardner came to town. She came quietly and sedately, driving her Cadillac in from Palm Springs where she had been living in blissful seclusion.

Ava did not want to come to Hollywood. But she had contracted to exploit her latest film, and to the long-lashed brunette, her word is her honor.

Once in town, Ava checked in at a beauty parlor on Wilshire Boulevard where her hair was washed and set for the occasion.

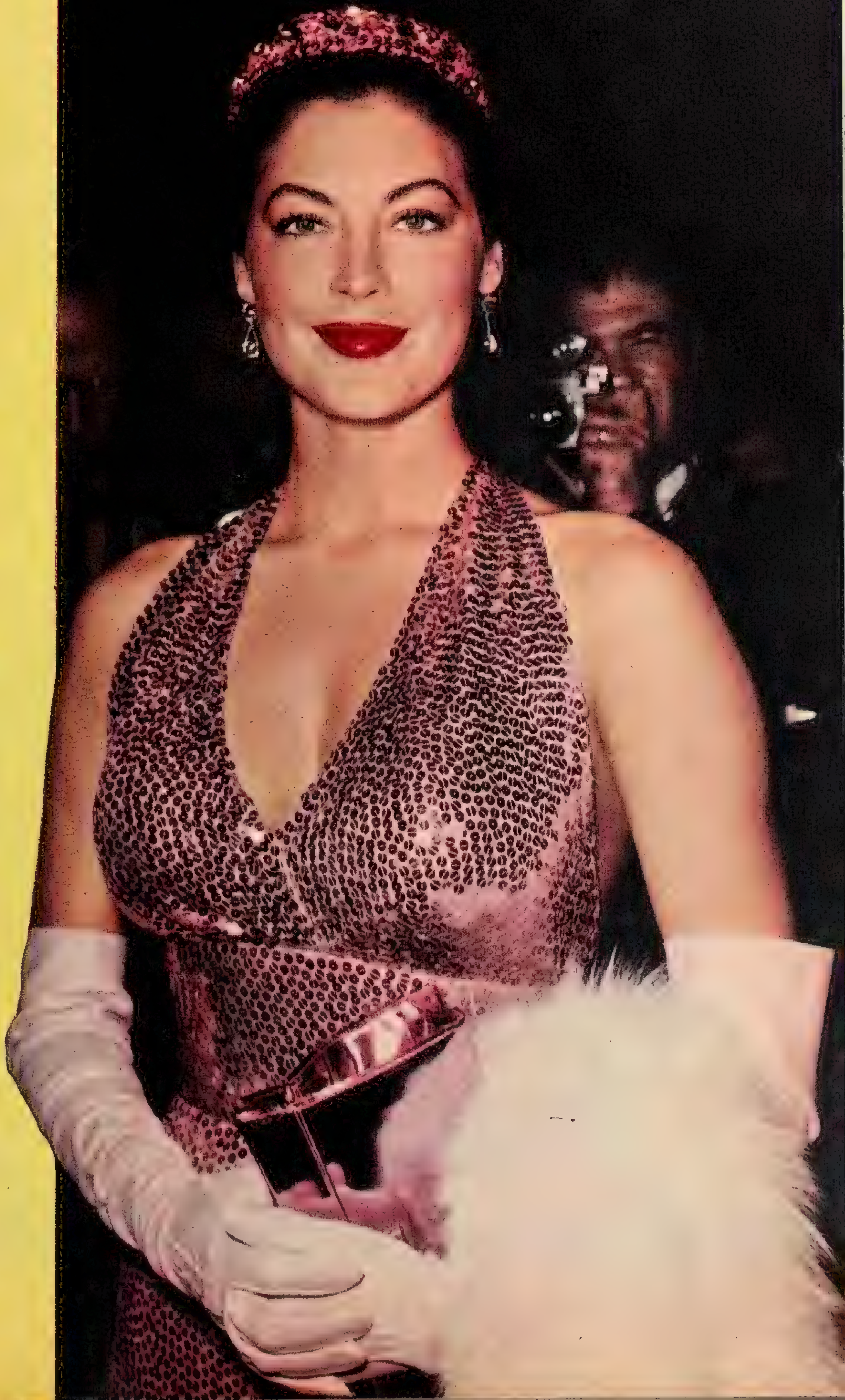
Came the night of the première, and Ava stole the show. She wore a pink sequinned sheath gown with a tiara to match. She set the crowds gasping. There were plenty of other beauty queens making appearances at that première, but no one's glamour could compare with Gardner's.

Ava grows more beautiful with the passing time. And yet there is about her an air of ineffable sadness, of femininity unfulfilled, of moods dark and depressed.

No one in Hollywood understands Ava Gardner—not even her three ex-husbands, all of whom are experienced in love and the pursuit thereof. Collectively, Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw and Frank Sinatra have had twelve wives.

You might think then that one of these three men could find an adequate explanation of Ava and her ways. But no. Ava remains Hollywood's number one mystery, a beautiful, bedeviled, fascinating creature who has found money, fame, success and adoration—and with it all, loneliness and sorrow. (Continued on page 45)

More Pictures on Next Page



ava gardner:
**THE GAL THAT
 GOT AWAY** continued

Since her third marriage ended, Ava has known two more futile



AT THE PREMIÈRE of *The Barefoot Contessa* Ava smiled for newsmen and fans—but for no special man in her life.



DIRECTOR JOE MANKIEWICZ congratulated her on her performance. Ava's stature as an artist has greatly increased in the last few years.



IGNORING the empty seat beside her, cameramen mobbed Ava, who, as usual, is living much of her life in the headlines.



LATER she was joined by more show business friends and admirers . . . but no one to replace Dominguin, one of her two last—but not greatest—loves.

romances. Surrounded by men wherever she goes, she's still the loneliest gal in town.



WELCOMED in most of South America, in Brazil even Ava's dignity as an actress was insulted when she was mobbed, kicked, asked to leave her hotel for a reported fit of temper.

(Continued from page 43)

The fault has not been hers.

By nature she is warmhearted, open-minded, unselfish and considerate. But Ava Gardner is a girl who has lost at love. And love is the keystone of her very life.

Her three unsuccessful marriages were lived in Hollywood, and because Hollywood brings to her mind the memory of these marital failures, she frequently says, "I don't like Hollywood. It's a tough community to work out a marriage in. So much gossip. So much spotlight.

"I don't want to sound ungrateful or anything like that. Heaven knows it's better for me to be an actress than, say, a stenographer. But I'm happier when I'm in Europe."

Ava has stayed away from California for nearly all of the last two years. She roamed Africa, England, Spain, Italy and made three pictures overseas.

In Spain and Italy she also cultivated the friendship of Luis Miguel Dominguin, handsome, wealthy, retired bullfighter. Friends suggest that theirs was more than a friendship. They imply that Ava, seeking companionship, aroused Dominguin's Latin ardor. They point out that in Madrid, the actress and her sister moved into the Commodore Apartment Hotel, close by Dominguin's town house.

Ava is older than the retired matador; at the time of their romance she was thirty-one. Luis was twenty-nine. That was the first time she ever seriously dated a man slightly younger than herself.

When Dominguin came to Hollywood last year, Ava was sitting out her divorce residence requirement on the Nevada shore of Lake Tahoe.

For a short time, the handsome Spaniard became a house guest of writer Peter Viertel in Beverly Hills. There a Spanish-speaking reporter questioned Luis Miguel.

"Of course," he said, "you're going up to Lake Tahoe to see Ava. Tell me, do you plan to marry her? Is it on the level that you're both in love?"

Understandably, Dominguin was taken back a bit by the flurry of questions.

"Ava," he explained diplomatically, "is very good fun. In Spain she and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grant and I (Continued on page 75)



This is a happy story about a happy star—strictly for people who feel like rejoicing with Judy!

Nothing but Blue Skies

by Louella Parsons

■ "With everything else wonderful that has happened to me this year, I get pregnant, too! How lucky can you be?"

This gay, delighted speaker was my girl Judy Garland, so very happy that the words seemed to be tumbling over one another when she called me the minute she got the good news from the doctor that she was on the stork's calling list again.

"I just found out five minutes ago," she laughed. "Now never say I didn't tell you the minute I heard, myself. What do you suppose I've done to deserve having everything good happen to me at once?"

Now, I know some Hollywood actresses who might take a very dim view of being pregnant right after the greatest smash come-back ever achieved by a star who had been away from the screen five years—as Judy had.

There are some super-ambitious belles who would much rather cash in on such a tremendous success by way of Las Vegas or another picture contract than get ready to welcome a third little stranger.

I've said ever since I met this little girl with the big talent that they threw away the pattern when they made her.

I said, "Judy, I want to do a story about this."

"You're on," she agreed. "What shall we call it? How do you like *A Starlet Is Born*? That's a plug, Louella. But, listen. Sid and I are leaving tomorrow for Chicago and New York where I'm really going to plug *A Star Is Born*. We'll be back in two weeks. When will you be here?"

I told her I'd be at her house exactly five minutes after they came back.

Sure enough, just a few hours after the Lufts flew back from the east I was at their old English-style home, next door to Lana Turner's, in Holmby Hills.

Judy has welcomed me to her home many times, usually wearing her favorite matador pants and bright shirts. But now she looked chic, indeed, in a smart black dress with a white ribbon collar.

"The New York influence," she explained. "I got used to dressing up and looking smart and well-dressed at all hours."

As Judy led me into her favorite room, the den (done in light blonde wood and soft beige divans and chairs). I mentioned to her that she looked to me as though she had gained considerable weight.

"I always lose weight the first two months I'm carrying a baby. After that—look out! The pounds start to pile on. When I'm six months pregnant I look like most women do at eight months. I just waddle around, big as a house, and not giving a darn."

"Hey, there, you with the stars in your eyes—you've had quite a problem with weight," I chided. "It would be a shame to pile it on again after what you went through to get your figure ring-weight for *A Star Is Born*."

"Oh, I don't mean I stuff myself," said Judy, who had seated herself on the couch in the window seat and sat like a little girl with her knees pulled up under her chin.

"You see, Louella—the point is I feel so wonderful when I'm pregnant. I don't know the meaning of morning sickness or the other discomforts so many women suffer.

"I'm at my healthiest when I'm carrying a child—and I mean mentally and physically. You know how nervous I sometimes am? Well, all that feeling vanishes when I'm pregnant. Absolutely nothing (Continued on page 81)

Some go steady, some play the field.
Some spend big money, some go for walks
in the rain. One thing movie kids have
in common: they're so normal it's amazing!

BY BETTY MILLER

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG DATING SET



PAUL GILBERT is a one-girl guy, the girl being Barrie Chase, a blonde who doesn't think that being a comedian's steady girl means that she has to giggle at his every remark.

NOT GOING STEADY but definitely concentrating on each other, Tab Hunter and Lori Nelson find daytime dates are a good way to catch up on fun they had to miss while working on pictures.





LANCE FULLER may skip dating entirely for a month or so ("just not in the mood") then, on the spur of the moment, phone a favorite girl like Melinda Markey and make a day of it.

■ Seeing pictures of our young stars, dressed to the teeth for première dates, many people probably think "What a life!" Others might add enviously, "Nothing but cakes and ale!" But would be wrong. For one thing, cakes are fattening, and for another, surprisingly few Hollywood youngsters do enough drinking to mention. And when they're at a première, all gussied up, it's at the express wish of their studios. That isn't dating; that's working.

What they do in their own free time is so average as to be a revelation. The kids have one rule in common: *no* dates while working on a picture. They're all serious about their careers; they realize that they must look and give their best, and during production they have to get up early in the morning. The routine then is usually dinner at home, a couple of hours of studying the next day's lines, and early to bed.



CLEO MOORE usually dates three or four times a week and prefers last-minute plans with a casual lad like Brad Jackson, whose dating philosophy is "Comb your hair—and forget yourself!"

So Hollywood's younger set must make up for lost time between pictures. With them the daytime date has become almost as popular as the conventional evening one. Take a young man like Lance Fuller. He considers himself a cyclic personality. "I'm the moody type," he admits. "I have ups and downs about everything—including my future in pictures. I even date in spurts. Sometimes a whole month will go by without my taking a girl out. Then the urge hits me and I'd like to go out every night. Generally, though, I confine my dating to the week ends."

Lance may not go out often, but when he does he makes a day of it. On this particular Sunday he picked up pert Melinda Markey and drove out to the popular Circle J Ranch at Newhall. First there was a fast game of Ping-pong to warm them up, then a romp in the pool to cool them off. Having (Continued on page 56)

More Pictures on Next Page



LANCE and MELINDA (she's Joan Bennett's daughter) share a love of active, athletic, open-air activities. Lance usually type-casts his girls, invites different ones for different occasions. Ordinarily, he spends about twelve dollars on a date.

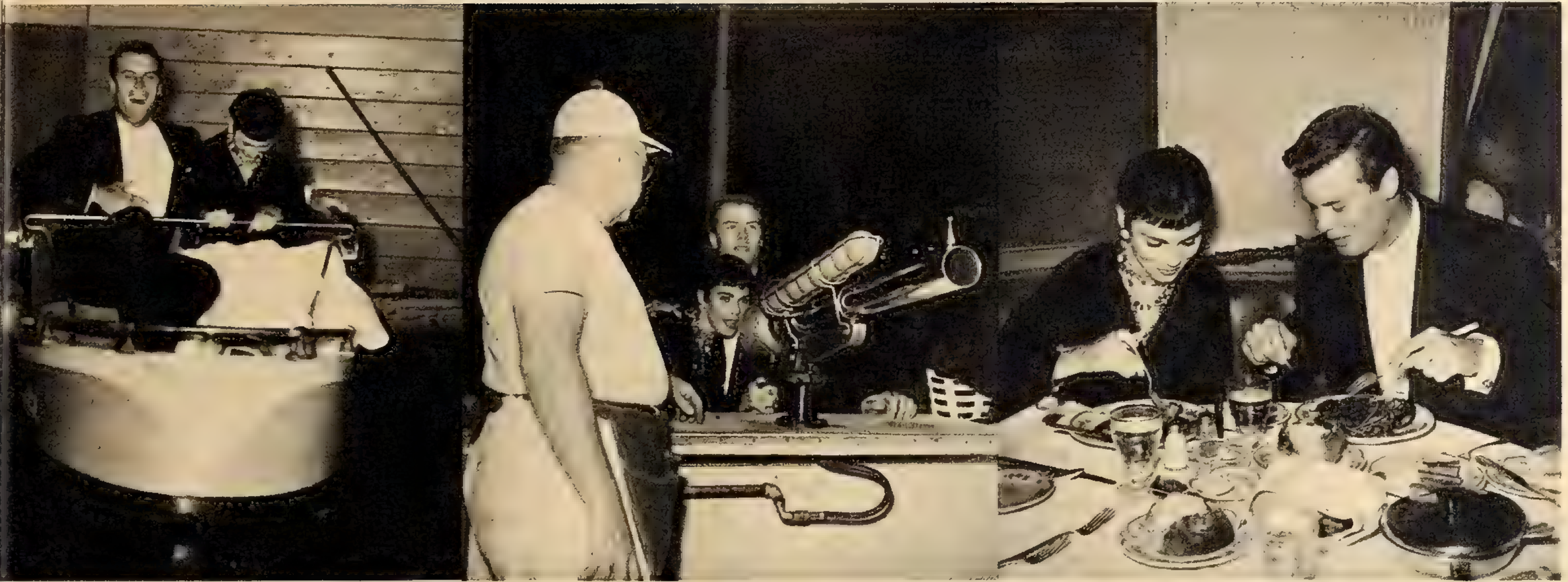


NOT PUBLICITY-SHY, Hugh O'Brian and Eve Miller frankly enjoy being recognized in public and written about in columns. Nonetheless, their dates are usually simple and inexpensive. They can spend hours window-shopping.



PAUL and BARRIE see each other four times a week, frequently for a swim at the pool in Paul's apartment house and a home-made meal—made by Paul! It works out perfectly because Paul loves to cook and Barrie is mad about eating—and both believe that hobbies should be shared whenever possible.

NO LONGER GOING STEADY, Bob Francis is playing the field, enjoys dates with singer Joanne Gilbert. Unlike many of the other youngsters, he believes in spending at least twenty-five dollars on a date—and (possibly as a result) dates less frequently than he might. His favorite evenings are partly planned, partly spur-of-the-moment.



TAB AND LORI go in for what they consider conventional dates; dinner (unless they work late at the studio), theatre (the best seats available), a chat with the cast backstage (Barbara Ruick and Bob Horton this time), a leisurely drive home and a very friendly goodnight.



HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNG DATING SET continued

Once a date with a star meant an evening with a mob, fans and photographers—and who ever heard of fun? Now it means doing the things that everybody does and loves—the things that end with a light-hearted feeling and a happy time to remember!



Saying goodbye to parents, his fiancée, Josane Berenger, flew to America carrying photo of Marlon, which, to his reported annoyance, she cheerfully displayed to cameramen.

■ How does a man like Marlon Brando get to meet a French fisherman's daughter in New York? It's simple—as simple as any boy and girl meeting anywhere who say hello and fall in love at first sight. Because, according to both Marlon and Josane Mariani-Berenger they knew right away.

It was last February, when Brando caused such a hassle by walking out of *The Egyptian*, off the set, off the lot and off to New York for psychiatric treatment.

In the meantime, French Josane had been introduced to a New York psychiatrist by the artist she worked for. She went to New York and lived with Dr. and Mrs. Schneider at first, teaching their children French. One evening she went to a party given by acting teacher Stella Adler. And there she met Marlon Brando.

They say that Hollywood (Continued on page 54)

How Marlon Brando Proposed

Four months ago

we told you that Marlon

had been tamed.

Now it seems the

wild one has been

domesticated as well!

BY STEVE CRONIN

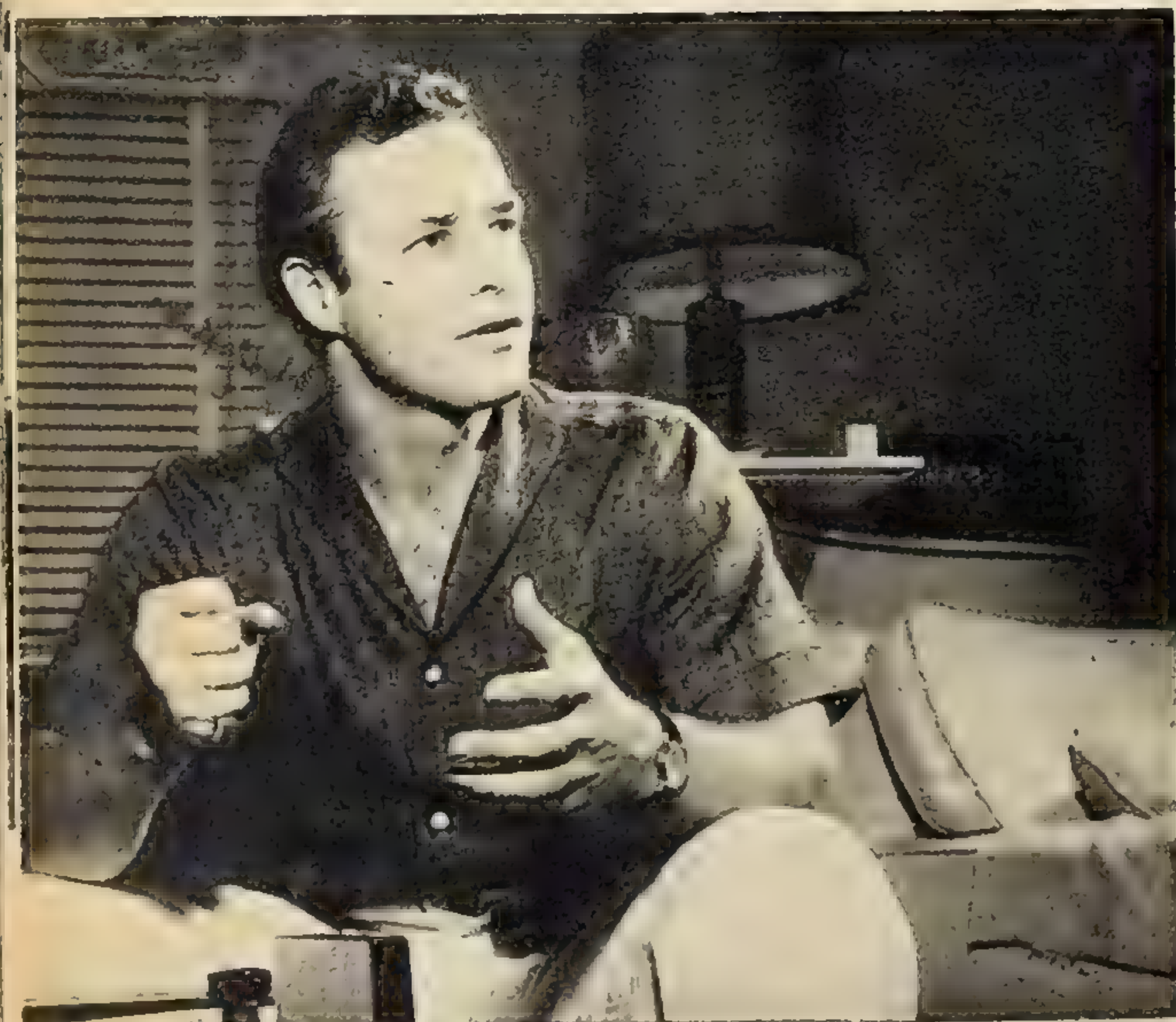




These exclusive pictures are the only ones ever shot of Brando at home!



Marlon's white cat gets less publicity than last pet.



...famous raccoon Russell, once called his great love!

How Marlon Brando Proposed continued

was stunned by the news of Marlon Brando's engagement to Josane Mariani-Berenger, the twenty-year-old stepdaughter of a French fisherman.

Actually, no one in Hollywood was surprised by the announcement except, perhaps, some of the girls who used to go out with Brando.

Rita Moreno, who had dated him before he left for France, said, "When I was out with him, Marlon seemed to feel that he was several years away from marriage. He must have had a change of heart."

Said Movita Castaneda, "It is difficult for me to believe that he plans to marry in the near future. He is such a free soul. He never wanted to be tied down. We shall see. There is a big difference between getting engaged and getting married."

Over at 20th Century-Fox, however, where Brando made *Désirée* last summer, the news of the enigmatic actor and the gamin-like Josane was received with a casual shrug.

"Look," said one publicity man, "a few months ago Josane was here. Did you ever see Brando so solicitous?"

"He brought Josane on the set practically every day. He treated her as if she were a queen. When we asked him if she might be interested in meeting the press, he said, 'Please, she's just here for a vacation. Give her a break.'

"His friend and make-up man, Phil Rhodes, drove Josane all over town. Marlon has a pretty good eye for beauty, you know, but he wouldn't look at another girl.

"It was pretty obvious that he was in love with her, and I don't think he made any effort to hide it. As far back as August he was really gone on her. And I must say he's

picked himself a really nifty little package. This Josane is as sharp as a razor blade. Doesn't miss a trick, and she's really loaded with sex appeal.

"Brando has always gone in for the sultry, brunette type. No, the news didn't come as any surprise to us.

"It probably didn't surprise the readers of MODERN SCREEN, either. Your magazine reported Bud's interest in Josane a couple of months ago. Brando didn't deny it. In fact he was trying to find out how you found out who Josane was. He thought he'd kept it under wraps."

ACTUALLY, while touring the 20th Century lot one day, a reporter saw this tiny, attractive, dark-eyed brunette, accompanied by a chaperone. She was going everywhere with Brando.

The chaperone was asked, "Who's the girl with Brando?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't say anything about her." Asked the same question, Brando admitted forthrightly, "Her name is Josane Mariani. I met her last summer. She's from France."

"Is it a romance?"

Instead of flipping his lid, Brando was polite. "That's part of my private life," he explained. "Nobody's interested in that."

"Are you kidding? *Everyone's* interested in that! Is she an actress?"

"She has acted a little," he admitted.

"Does she live in France?"

"I don't want to be rude," Brando said, "but I just don't want to talk about her."

It looked pretty serious between Bud and Josane. They were inseparable. They were in love, and it was so reported in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

When Josane left for France, Marlon's father arrived in Hollywood to discuss various business affairs with his son.

At the same time it was rumored that Bud was dating Pier Angeli, Rita Moreno and a half dozen other girls. But he was faithful to his Josane. They had come to an understanding, and Bud had promised to meet her, first in Paris, then in Bandol.

In October he journeyed to this Riviera resort (population 3,000) where Josane lived with her mother and stepfather in a tiny three-room house back of the dock.

Bandol is twenty-five miles from Marseilles. Typically, Marlon arrived on a hired scooter. He moved in with his prospective in-laws, and a day later, the following advertisement appeared in the Toulon newspaper, *Le Petit Varois*.

"M. and Mme. Paul Berenger are happy to announce the engagement of their daughter, Josane, to M. Marlon Brando."

BRANDO IS extremely well-known in France. His family is of French origin, the name having once been spelled "Brandeau." You can imagine the eruption that ensued after this announcement appeared.

The townsfolk gathered around the fifty-year-old Berenger house and clamored for the romantic details.

"Is your daughter," one civic leader asked, "engaged to the actor Brando?"

Madame Berenger nodded happily. An hour later everyone in Marseilles had heard the news. Two hours later reporters in Paris began to fly to the south of France to interview Brando.

Bud and Josane were out fishing with her stepfather as the engagement news was broken. When they returned to the house, Marseilles reporters were on hand.

"Are you really engaged?" he was asked.

"Sure, I'm engaged," he said. "What's so mysterious about that?"

Bud was wearing grey flannels and a striped T-shirt. Josane wore blue jeans and a striped T-shirt, too.

"We thought," said one reporter, "that maybe you came down here just for the fishing."

"I'm here," Bud announced, "for three things. I want to get to know my future parents-in-law—very nice people.

"I want to live for a while under this beautiful blue sky—here where my fiancée was born.

"And I want to relax in the sun."

Josane was then asked how and where she had first met her fiancé.

Up until three years ago, she explained, she had stayed at home helping her mother. Then a painter, the late Moise Kisling, a Polish-born artist who had a studio in Bandol, asked her to pose for him.

Later it was determined that Josane had posed in the nude for eight paintings, the best of which is entitled "Young Girl With Lilies." It is owned by a wealthy French planter who lives in Indo-China. Immediately, there was a rumor that Marlon is anxious to buy up all these paintings.

Anyway, Dr. Schneider, a New York psychiatrist, was in Bandol. Moise Kisling introduced him to Josane. The doctor asked Mr. Kisling's model if she would like a job in New York as a governess, reportedly at

doris day and four other
top hollywood stars
demonstrate the amazing
new **modern screen**
five-style haircut in the
march issue . . . with
pert miss d. on the cover.
at your newsstand
february 8.

\$200 a month. Josane says she discussed the offer with her parents, and they gave their consent.

LAST FEBRUARY when Brando walked out of *The Egyptian*, he flew to New York for psychiatric treatment. At a party of Stella Adler's he was introduced to Josane.

"Two hours after we met," Josane says, "he said to me, 'Will you be my wife?'"

"Naturally I was surprised, but later we got to know each other well. Then I visited him last summer when he was working in California."

When asked how Brando liked Bandol, Josane told reporters, "I hope my town will give him the peace of mind and soul he is seeking."

Josane's hope turned out to be short-lived. As more newspapermen arrived in Bandol, Brando grew increasingly angry. "I can't stand this persecution any longer," he shouted. "Isn't there any place we can have a little privacy?"

Because the reporters were harassing him, Bud decided to cut short his idyll with Josane and go to Italy. Before he left, however, he told newsmen, "I consider myself officially engaged to Josane. This is no gag or publicity stunt as some reporters have had the disgustingly bad taste to im-

ply. Josane is the only girl I ever really wanted to marry."

The actor told his sweetheart he would meet her in New York and took off for Cannes, Genoa and Rome, in that order, once more aboard his trusty scooter.

In Rome he held a press conference and reaffirmed his engagement.

THE LITTLE GOVERNESS, left behind in Bandol, but suddenly thrust into the spotlight, handled herself with confidence.

"I love Marlon as a man," she asserted, "and not as an actor. I am proud to be the daughter of a fisherman. I cannot see that Marlon and I are different from any other couple in love."

Sighed Josane's mother, "Up until now my daughter has been interested only in her studies and in posing as a model. Ah! This is her first love affair."

Next day Josane packed her bags, kissed her parents goodbye, and flew to Paris. When her plane landed, fifty-six reporters rushed out to meet her. The model disembarked, carrying herself like a little queen. Her lovely, clear-featured face was perfectly made up. On her eyelids was the slightest covering of blue eyeshadow. She wore a black satin flared ballet skirt and a form-fitting blue jacket.

She seemed to be perfectly at ease, completely in control of herself. As she entered the arrival room, crowds mounted the balcony to look at the future Mrs. Brando. Some called out encouragement.

"Isn't it true," someone asked, "that your parents forced Marlon into the engagement by inserting that advertisement in the Toulon newspaper?"

"Isn't it a fact," another reporter queried, "that your parents were furious when they learned about the holiday you and Marlon had spent in Paris? Isn't that why they put that ad in the paper?"

Instead of waxing indignant, Josane merely smiled. "My parents put that announcement in the paper," she said, "with Marlon's full approval."

"I wonder," she was asked, "if you would care to show us your engagement ring."

"I'm sorry," Josane said. "I am not going to show it. I carry it in my handbag."

"When will you be married?"

"I think we will be married in America. Maybe in June."

"In Rome yesterday, Mademoiselle, your fiancé was quoted as saying that he has to make two films in England before he can go to New York and marry you."

"Nonsense," Josane said. "He doesn't have to make any film in England. I don't know where you heard that."

A BLACK CAR pulled up to the airport exit. Josane got in and drove off. On November 8 she landed in New York, still bewildered at the public's refusal to attribute Brando's betrothal to love.

As you read this, it is probable that Josane and Marlon are in Hollywood where Bud is preparing to star in *Guys And Dolls* for Sam Goldwyn.

The conjecture on the lasting qualities of a Brando-Berenger marriage is endless.

According to one view, largely feminine, Brando will never marry Josane; just before the wedding he will get cold feet.

According to another, the marriage will come to pass but Brando is such an impossible man to live with that after a short while, Josane will divorce him.

Another point of view centers around the belief that Brando will make an exciting but reliable husband and that the marriage will be lasting.

ONE OF BRANDO'S closest friends says wearily, "Granted, Bud is neurotic, high-strung and unpredictable. The fact remains that he has had plenty of experience with girls. If he has decided that 55

Josane is the wife for him, then that's good enough for me.

"Bud has tremendous power of concentration. If he concentrates on making a good marriage, it will be the most wonderful, wholesome marriage you can imagine.

"I know what people are saying about his being a child. I know all about that. They're saying he is using Josane as a mother replacement, that if his mother had lived he never would have become engaged to Josane.

"Maybe there's some truth to that. I just don't believe it. Bud and his mother were very close. The whole Brando family has always been close but he never was what you'd call a 'mama's boy.' No, sir. Ever since he was nineteen, Bud has been on his own, more or less. When he proposed to her last year his mother was still living.

"I'm sure he has every intention of going through with the wedding. What's more, Josane will make him a perfect wife. She's a fine cook, a little heavy on the garlic, but Bud goes in for that, also for her *bouillabaise* and the sauces she makes.

"I'm not sure, but I think she's half-Italian or half Corsican. Certainly, she's devoutly Catholic. When Bud left her to go to Italy, she went to church directly and prayed for his safe trip. She doesn't believe in divorce and I don't think Bud does either.

"He has always been crazy about kids, and if they have children then I'm convinced the marriage will last.

"Between Brando's parents there was a great and memorable love, and he remembers that. Brando is a remarkably sensitive man. Often in his life he has been

lonely; he has tried to seek out the meaning in his existence. He does not find motion picture acting very rewarding. He does it for the money and he's frank about it. Personally, I wouldn't be surprised if he quit the movies tomorrow morning and became a cattle rancher.

"I mention this because Bud has always been searching for an anchor or a guidepost. In Josane, he has someone who will give his life meaning. She views marriage realistically and is quite tolerant. She expects Marlon Brando to be moody, quixotic, unconventional.

"I have never heard of a French woman who undertook marriage as a lark. Josane knows that with Brando she will have her hands full. But in their companionship I predict they will find exultation and rare happiness." **END**

hollywood's young dating set

(Continued from page 49) worked up the appetite of healthy young animals, they stowed away one of those enormous brunches for which the ranch is noted. When a long horseback ride failed to deplete Lance's mischievous energy, Melinda put him to work cleaning the stable. They roughhoused, they clowned and, at sunset, they had a final stroll out on the desert. Result: one long, lovely day as innocent of Hollywood pretense as you could find. The cost to a young actor: twelve dollars.

"Anyone can afford the kind of dates I enjoy," says Lance. "Fortunately, I don't go for the girls who want you to make a big spread." He does go for different kinds of girls for different activities because, as he points out, the one who shares his passion for the Griffith Park Observatory might hate bowling, which he also enjoys, and the one he takes bowling might be bored by a whole day at the beach.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, most young Hollywoodites prefer spur-of-the-moment fun to planned dates. "You can't plan ahead in this business," Columbia's blonde and beautiful Cleo Moore said. "Sure as you work up something elaborate, the studio wants you to do something else—and, after all, our careers come first." Cleo dates three or four times a week when she isn't working, doesn't drink, and goes along with Lance's theory that the type to date depends on what's doing. She likes all sports, both as a participant and a spectator, enjoys floor shows and live theatre, and is m-a-a-a-d for the movies. "That's my idea of the perfect date," she says. "I'm enjoying myself and I'm learning."

Her date for this occasion was Brad Jackson, who might be described as a couth Marlon Brando. He's considerably more conservative in his choice of wearing apparel, but there is the same refreshing forthright quality, the same dedication to acting. "I don't have much time for dating," he says. "I'm a long way from perfecting my technique as an actor, and I attend classes five nights a week. Since I can only date a couple of times a month, I choose the girls I take out pretty carefully. No particular type; it just has to be somebody I already know I like and can relax with. I love sailing and I spend as much time as I can skiing up at Big Bear. If I invite a girl, I'm going to be pretty sure she isn't the clinging-vine type who can't do these things right along with me.

"I can't stand clinging vines and I can't stand barflies—male or female. Maybe I'm a rebel, but the way I figure it, there are acting actors and publicity actors, and I think the emphasis on being seen in those swank spots on the Strip is for nothing. I

don't want people to recognize me because every month they see pictures of me taken at Ciro's or Mocambo. I don't want an agent planting items that I'm testing for a role or I'm romancing some movie queen I haven't even met. If I give a good performance in a picture—okay, write about that. But no phony build-ups.

"That's why I like to date a girl like Cleo; she's real. I called her and said, 'Let's do something together tomorrow.' She didn't make any offended feminine noises about such short notice, and it went without saying that if either of us got a studio call, the date was off. So we had dinner—not on the Strip—played minia-



REAL RIGHT CUSTOMER

I was standing at the sweater counter in Saks, Beverly Hills, waiting for a salesgirl. I heard her customer say: 'I'll take two of these cashmeres and pick one out for yourself because you've been so sweet.' I looked up and discovered that I was standing beside Doris Day!

*Mrs. Lee Bankston
Baytown 'A,' Texas*

ture golf, caught a late movie, and stopped for a malted on the way home. It cost only eight or ten bucks, but we both had fun. That's the important thing. My formula for a successful date: comb your hair, clean your nails—and forget yourself."

ANOTHER YOUNG man with an understandable repugnance for nightclub dates is Paul Gilbert. Having first achieved prominence as a nightclub comedian, still partially earning his living through that medium, the quiet, serious Paul's idea of heaven is to be as far away from night-

clubs as possible when his time is his own. Although he maintains a well-stocked bar for guests, Paul never touches liquor; a one-girl guy, he steady-dates beautiful Barrie Chase. They get together about four times a week, usually, and when Paul is working their dates are likely to be at home. His apartment building features a pool in which they spend considerable time, and after swimming and sunning Paul usually can be found slaving over a hot stove, preparing lunch. It's an ideal arrangement; they both like his cooking.

Paul digs speed boats, sports car racing, and bullfighting the most. "Where we go on a date, what I spend, doesn't matter. The essential thing to me is that my girl share my enthusiasm for whatever we're doing. I'm just not the kind of guy to enjoy having my hobbies while she has hers; I want us to do things together.

"Of course, comedians are kind of difficult to peg as dates. I guess a girl doesn't know what to expect of a professional funnyman. He's liable to get a girl who accepts his invitation because she thinks he's comical, so he has to work all evening entertaining her. Or the other extreme, the girl who doesn't think he's in the least funny but suspects that he's trying to be, so she works all evening, falling out of her chair in appreciation when he says it's a nice evening or taxes are terrible. And you can't blame the girl; there are comedians who are on-stage every minute that they're conscious. How is she supposed to know?"

BOB FRANCIS isn't a steady-date man, but he's a wary one to pin down to a comment. "Well, it figures, doesn't it," he parries, "that if you date one girl more often than the others, it's because you found someone who can do and enjoy the things you like?" He's an exciting combination of the planned-in-advance and spur-of-the-moment type date. Joanne Gilbert knew what to wear, because Bob had mentioned dinner at Jack's at the Beach when he called her, but beyond that nothing of the evening was planned. Spontaneously they agreed after eating that hitting the concessions on the pier would be a ball. If you like carrying home loot, Bob is the ideal companion for an expedition such as this, being a natural athlete who hits bulls-eyes with admirable regularity. He's also the man to give a girl the full treatment, figuring to spend "at least" twenty-five dollars per date—which might be the reason he dates only a couple of times a week!

WITH HUGH O'BRIAN anything might happen. It might be champagne and an opening night on the Sunset Strip or, as on this date with Eve Miller, an invitation to spend some time together with no

specific goal in mind. The couple had lunch at the Town & Country on this first date, then browsed through the many shops there—which is as good a way as any of getting to know each other better.

"Like this jacket?" Hugh asked. Eve did.

"Hugh, look at this stunning bone china!" Eve exclaimed, and Hugh looked.

If at their tender ages their pockets weren't loaded with the wherewithal to buy what they admired, they had high enough spirits and imagination enough to get a bang out of playing-like.

A little later they were recognized by a group of teen-age college students touring Hollywood, and it would be hard to say who enjoyed the encounter more. Eve and Hugh asked the visiting kids almost as many questions as they answered, patiently held still for pictures and took pictures before they departed, leaving behind them a whole busload of new friends and fans. Total cost of date: about five bucks. Five bucks only—but they had a lovely time, holding hands as they window-shopped, talking diffidently of their dreams for the future, having their morale boosted a thousand or so per cent by the fact that they had been recognized.

Hugh is one of Hollywood's hardest working and most serious young actors. He goes out "as often as I can" because, unlike Brad Jackson, he feels that publicity is important. "If you get around often enough, the fans become familiar with your name and your face, they write letters—and studios watch fan mail."

A favorite escort of feminine stars, he may lead his date beautifully through a waltz, but Hugh has also been known to show up in church with a girl who hadn't seen the inside of one in many a moon.

TAB HUNTER, about as eligible as a bachelor can get, expresses a definite preference for the planned date. And a good thing, too, since his Ideal Girl takes a dim view of brash young men who call and say, "I'll be over in five minutes—let's do something." When Tab takes Lori Nelson out, theirs is likely to be the most conventional date in town. For this one, because they are both avid theatre addicts, he had bought tickets for a revue called *That's Life* well in advance. Because of a studio commitment they were unable to have dinner together; Tab picked up Lori and drove directly to the Las Palmas Theatre. Since he is a boy to go to some pains to see that everything about a date is just right, they found themselves in excellent seats behind two other famous first-nighters, Eleanor and Glenn Ford.

After the show they went backstage to congratulate the cast, including talented Barbara Ruick who greeted them with her proud husband, Bob Horton, at her side. Then Lori and Tab wended their leisurely way homeward, talking about the performance they had just seen, stopping on the way for a drink. It was too late for Tab to come in for a visit, so they parked before Lori's house to talk a little longer before ending the evening with a warm good-night kiss. Cost of an average date to Tab: fifteen to twenty dollars.

SPEAKING OF KISSES, these Hollywood kids gave serious attention to a problem that holds the interest of most teenagers—what about that first-date kiss? Is it the right thing to do? Does a boy expect it as his just due, having done his best to show the girl a good time?

The girls formed a solid line of resistance; they were unanimously agin' it. Lori put it this way: "No, not even if you like him. If you don't kiss him on the first date—or the second—he'll look forward to the next date more. He'll think, 'Maybe tonight!'"

And Cleo added, "I've got a seventeen-year-old sister, and I hope I'm getting the same message through her head. I definitely don't think a boy expects it unless the girl gives him some encouragement. How a boy behaves on a date depends entirely on your own conduct. You don't owe him anything. Besides, suppose you go out with a boy for the first time and by the end of the evening you've decided that you can't stand him. Are you going to let him kiss you anyway, just because you always do?"

THE BOYS didn't exactly share these sentiments, but oddly enough there was only one who gave a positive yes to the question. Lance Fuller said, "Naturally I expect to kiss a girl on our first date. If there hadn't been some physical attraction between us, we never would have gone out together in the first place." He didn't say, however, whether he always gets what he expects.

The other handsome young eligibles were hopeful, perhaps, but more inclined to look to the way the ball bounces. Bob Francis said, "I certainly wouldn't consider that a girl owed it to me. If the date went as well as we both hoped, if we had a wonderful time and liked each other as much as we had expected—well, if it happens, it happens. But I wouldn't want to kiss any girl because she thought it was expected of her."

"There isn't any yes-or-no answer," was Brad Jackson's opinion. "It's a matter of instinct. You can usually tell by the way a girl looks at you, by the way she talks and laughs, if she wants you to kiss her. Sometimes you make a mistake and get the slap routine, sure, but not often. By the time you've spent a few hours with a girl, you ought to know whether her mind is on some guy in Korea, or she's so wrapped up in her career that she's afraid of emotional involvements. If I had any rule, it would be, 'Don't force yourself.'"

Brad was even brave enough to look at the other side of the coin, the woman's side. "I guess it's possible, though it never has happened to me. Well, if at the end of the first date the girl would rather be kissed by this guy than eat for the next week, it still depends on her. She doesn't have to make it obvious—but if she wants to be kissed, she'll let him know it."

Tab said, "I can only speak from my own experience, but the first time I dated Lori, I was too interested in finding out what kind of person she was to think about anything like that. She's so quiet and modest, you know, that you really have to work to find out about her. I thought she was beautiful and talented, and I wanted to know more about her. I think I got as far as kissing her on the cheek—that brother routine that I hate—but any time you see me kissing her now, that's the genuine article!"

"As for first dates, generally, I think it's a chemical thing. If you both feel that the way to end the date is with a kiss, you just do it. If it's natural, it's right."

WHICH BRINGS to mind the handsome young Broadway actor who came to Hollywood to make a picture. After a few months here he had an interview with a newspaper columnist who asked, among other things, his opinion on kissing.

He said that he did not kiss girls on first dates. "Nor," he added, "on any consequent dates."

"Never?" asked the incredulous reporter, knowing that he had been escorting some of Hollywood's most glamorous stars to premières.

"Never," he answered firmly.

"But why not?"

The young man from Broadway shrugged. "My wife won't let me." **END**



HAVE A HEART

Wherein young Bob Mitchum

unwittingly woos his future wife.

■ The marriage of Bob and Dorothy Mitchum has gone through considerable strain in the years since they have lived in Hollywood. Yet it has stood the various tests and is stronger than ever. It could well be they were fated to have such a bond through life, for their romance began, many years ago, through a fluke.

As a boy, Mitch was never the romantic type, but there was a nine-year-old blonde named Nancy who lived up the street, and whose charms overcame him. He thought she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and feeling half ashamed and half worshipful, he kept it a secret love. That is, he thought he did. But his sly glances in school and the covert way he watched Nancy from behind the livingroom curtains didn't escape the attention of his brother John. And John was endowed with as much of the demon as Bob was.

As Valentine's Day approached, Bob spent agonizing, furtive hours over paper lace and hearts, creating a valentine he hoped would be worthy of Nancy. But as fate would have it, February 13 brought with it an attack of measles, and Bob was uncereemoniously bundled to bed. Next day he inserted the valentine into a large envelope and hailed his brother with what he hoped was nonchalance.

"Do me a favor, and take this up to Nancy's house, will you?"

John grinned evilly. "What is it?"

"Oh, just some homework I promised to help her with."

"No kidding?" said John. "Okay."

Any fool could hold the envelope up to the light and see the outline of a paper heart, so John smiled to himself, and promptly delivered the valentine to a girl who lived down the street—a dark-haired girl named Dorothy Spence, who eventually became Mrs. Mitchum.

I was born

(Continued from page 39) say. For my part, I have told about my home, my parents, my first tooth, my dog. I have dug up my earliest memory and my baby pictures. I have told my favorite soup and my most embarrassing experience. Two thousand, five hundred and six people have asked how I got started in movies. And I've told them. Twice that many have asked when I'm going to get married. "Born in 1925?" they say. "How about getting married?" They've asked me what kind of women I like and what kind of women I don't like. And I've told them. I've never been able to understand *why* anybody cares about any of it, but then, this sort of thing is all part of being a movie actor. So I do it. It got so I almost felt sorry for myself, but now I sympathize with the press, doomed to earn its bread by writing about squeezed lemons.

Today's interview was with a female I shall call Jane because her parents did it first. Kate, the studio publicist, phoned me about it yesterday. "Meet us at the Wild Goose at twelve o'clock," she said.

"What's the angle of this one?" I inquired foolishly.

"Angle!" spluttered Kate. "Angle! Are you kidding? There aren't any left." Kate is really a very nice person, one of my favorite people. I like her because she understands this business so well. And she understands me. She ought to. She's been on all 450 interviews. And she insults me quite neatly. "Don't be late," she said before she hung up.

I was late, of course. This is because I got up at eleven, which was too soon, and not being one to waste time, I dropped in to visit the mother of a friend of mine. Honest. And so I got to the Wild Goose fifteen minutes late. Kate and Jane were already there, sitting near the fireplace.

"Hi," said Jane. Jane is the easy-going type, unlike those reporters who have a stabbed look when they interview you. She gives the impression that she doesn't care whether she gets a story or not.

"You're late," said Kate.

"Now, now," I said, easing myself into the booth. The girls had been considerate enough to leave the spot for me that faced the fire. It also faced another booth containing two likely looking females, so I congratulated myself. "Don't rant at me," I told Kate. "I was a little early, so I dropped in to see old Mrs. Jones. I was doing a goodness."

"Well, do your goodnoses on your own time," Kate retorted. "We've got to be at Joe's office at two for pictures, then—"

"Sure," I said. "We'll make it."

"It's been a long time," Jane said. "We've both been places since the last interview. You've been to Europe, I've been to Europe."

"You've been to Europe?" I said. "Isn't it great? Isn't Italy sensational?"

"Jane's interviewing *you*," Kate said.

"Okay," said Jane. "How did *you* like Europe?"

"I loved it," I said.

"He's given five stories on Europe," said Kate.

"Oh," said Jane.

And that reminded me. "What are we going to talk about?" I said.

"I apologize," Jane said. "I'm fresh out. Let's just talk, maybe we'll think of something." Then she gave me an evil grin. "How about women for a subject?"

I picked up a table knife and ran it across my throat. And then the waiter hove to. I ordered lunch for the ladies and speculated on my own. It had to be breakfast-ish. "Eggs," I said. "About three of them scrambled. And sausage—

link sausage—and some potatoes. Hash 'em up a little. And toast."

"How about acting for a subject?" Jane said, and the waiter started to go away.

"Excuse me," I said, and called the waiter back.

"He hasn't finished ordering," Kate told Jane.

"Hasn't finished?"

"Not anywhere near," said Kate. "He eats."

"I want something to start with," I told the waiter. "Fruit cup. A big one. And coffee. And some sliced tomatoes." Then I turned to Jane. "Excuse me again. Would you like a cocktail or some wine?"

"Wine would be nice," she said.

So I ordered some *Chablis*. "Did you ever drink *Beaujolais* over there?" I said.

"How about acting?" Kate prompted.

"Acting? I'm still learning. Which hasn't discouraged six stories on the subject."

"Maybe food," persisted Jane.

"He's done it," Kate said. "All about frogs' legs and hominy grits."

Jane ploughed forward. "Philosophize on life?"

I smiled at her, a little sickly. "Done to a crisp. Discourses on customs, solitude, prayers, fear and fortune. And the writers made me sound like Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer on a bad day, granted, but they did a good gilding job."

JANE STABBED the tablecloth in a triumphant gesture with her fork. "See? You're articulate! You're intelligent! I keep telling you there's something under all your malarkey." Now, Jane always says this. She suspects hidden depths. She thinks because I read an occasional book I

Fred Allen says he's on a strict salt-free diet.

"In fact," he says, "when I returned to New York from Hollywood, I took the northern route—to avoid any contact with Salt Lake City."

—Paul Denis

have a brain lurking somewhere. It's just wishful thinking, because she wants a new slant on me.

"Let's do one," she said now, "on your heretofore unknown brilliance."

"Mine?" I said.

Jane sighed. "About travel—have you told everybody everything about Europe? Isn't there anything left?"

"A bit," I said. "But a gentleman keeps some things to himself."

"I'm not prying, son," said Jane. "Just asking. I recall your first trip was spent on Guernsey Island. With a lot of cows, and that you didn't have time to see anything. But this last summer you must have been all over the place."

"I was," I said, "and to tell the truth there's nothing I like to talk about better." So I told her how, once I got away on my own, and didn't have to stay at plush hotels and such, I'd breezed all over the continent, eating at restaurants that never had seen an American, and hotels the same way. I made it on six dollars a day, not in an effort to stint on spending, but trying to find the places that weren't commercialized. I told her how I'd always hated to be alone, but that in Europe I'd learned to like it. How sometimes, in the middle of the night, I'd go out for long walks, all alone.

And then the waiter arrived with the lunch, which included a ten-inch dinner plate of hashed brown potatoes.

"Are you going to eat all those potatoes?" Jane asked.

"No," I lied. "You want some?"

"Thanks, I'll stick to my chicken *crêpes*," she said.

I shifted in my seat and my shoes landed in a new spot with a crunching sound. "Were those your feet?" I apologized to Jane. "Or yours?" I said to Kate.

"Mine," said Jane with a grimace. "Was it just shoes?"

Kate laughed. "When you sit at a table with Rock, you learn to keep your feet tucked under your chair. We get fewer fractures that way."

"I found a new love in Venice," I said, and Jane leaned forward as though somebody had shoved her.

"You did?"

"Water skiing," I said, and Jane collapsed like a punctured balloon. I told her about it anyway. How I saw the skis for rent on the Lido pier, and thought I'd take a crack at it. I'd tried it once or twice in California, but on the Adriatic it was better. I got so fascinated with it that I went skiing three times a day. And then I tried it on the Bay of Naples, and that was something I'll never forget. It was at night and there was a full moon, and the water was just like glass, so clear that you could see to the bottom. That was the night the Neapolitan Music Festival was going on in Naples, and the whole city was lighted up. I was staying with a friend who owned an island just off the shore and had a villa that took up the whole island. The kitchen and the telephone were on the shore, and they had to row seventy-five feet every time they brought food to the dining room.

"Nobody'll believe it," Jane said. "Wasn't it awfully annoying when the phone rang?"

"You know how they are," I said. "They just shrugged and got into the boat for the voyage."

"I know how they are," said Jane, "but lots of readers would doubt it."

"You want some of my potatoes?" I asked Kate. And dear old Kate came through by saying no, but did I want some of *her* chicken? So I helped myself to her *crêpes*, and Jane's eyed widened.

"Pardon me, I missed my cue last time," she said. "Do you want some of *my* chicken?"

I turned it down—a guy has to draw the line somewhere—and went on to tell her about that night on the island off Naples. The music came floating over the water from the city, and the moon rose just above Vesuvius, and I sat on a balcony of my friend's villa sipping a drink and thinking Italy was a pretty fine place, that it was nice to be alone, and I didn't think I'd ever mind being alone again.

"Now that you live alone over here," said Jane, "are you happy? And don't you find it easier to play your records without having to worry about annoying someone else?"

"They go all the time," I said. "And in Naples I bought recordings of all that wonderful Neapolitan music."

"I know an original question," Jane said. "What picture did you just finish, and what are you going to do next?"

"Just did *Captain Lightfoot* in Ireland. Next *Tacey Cromwell*—I'm a gambler in it."

She bent over her notebook to write the movie titles. "How old are you?" I said, and Kate shot me a dagger from her eyes.

JANE JUST GRINNED at me, but Kate began to lecture. "Rock Hudson, don't ever ask a woman her age!" She turned to Jane. "He did that just once—he loves to shock people—and I could cheerfully have shot him. It was a woman writer older than you—"

"Nobody's older than I am," Jane said. "And besides, it was me. I, that is. It was about two years ago, and I was so surprised by the question that I answered him before I could stop myself."

"I remember," I said. "We were all in

the trailer on the back lot when I was making *God's Country*, and I had my shoes off. What did you end up with for a story that time?"

"It was about women," Jane said. "What else? When are you going to get married, Hudson?"

"You know what I'm going to do?" I said. "I'm going to tell every reporter I see for six straight weeks that I'll never get married, and then I'm going to turn around and do it."

"Dear boy," said Kate.

"I understand," said Jane, "that you've been dating a new girl this week."

I grinned at her. "Phyllis," I said. And then there was a long silence.

"Well?" said Kate. "What about Phyllis? Who is she?"

"Phyllis," I said, and grinned again. "Phyllis."

"Gee, thanks," said Jane. "All right, what don't you like about women?"

"I don't like 'em maudlin," I said. "The kind that start philosophizing about life and look as though they're being wheeled into surgery. They get real sad and deep, and between lipstick applications they tell you how the world is going to pot and nobody really loves anybody else. And when they express an opinion that's nine miles off beam and you ask how they know that, they give you a shuddering sigh and say, 'Because I am a woman.' Me, I like a goin' gal, who's all for laughs."

"Just suppose I trap you on that statement," said Jane. "Once I talked to a girl who told me she'd had many conversations with you on the subject of the ancient philosophers versus the modern philosophers. She had lent you a pile of books and according to her, you came forth with some very weighty thoughts."

"Me?" I said, and refilled the glasses.

Jane sipped at hers. "Some day I'm going to find out what's underneath that front you put on. You can't convince me that you're nothing more than a big lovable clown."

"That's not the way you do it," I said. "This is the way it's done." I leaned over and stared deep into her eyes. "Tell me," I monotoned, "what's the real story?"

She laughed. "I'll bet you get sick of being interviewed."

KATE KICKED ME under the table, so I just smiled.

"Tell me," said Jane, "isn't it pretty awful when you're dating a girl and columnists keep insisting you're going to marry her? I mean, how on earth do you feel when you pick up the girl on the next date? You know she's read the items, and you must be very embarrassed."

"You just answered your own question," I said. "It's awful."

The waiter came over for the dessert order. Girls will be girls so they didn't take any, but I went over the list, a good gooey one, and settled on chocolate cake.

"Some interview," muttered Kate.

"I know what," Jane said. "Tell me about your landladies. You've lived in so many places out here, there must be some stories."

Kate kicked me again, and I said I'd be better off if I didn't go into the subject. Jane persevered. "I'll bet they all think because you're a bachelor and a movie star you'll give wild parties and break up the furniture."

"I don't," I answered. "Scout's honor."

"You entertained in that one place—that was the only time," said Kate, "It was way up on a hill and suited for a party because you didn't have any close neighbors."

"You mean the place on Coldwater?" I said. "Or the one on Woodrow Wilson?"

"It was up on Kings Road, or maybe it was the house."

Weeks ago
no reconciliation
seemed possible
for the Pecks.
But here's the
latest word:

FUTURE INDEFINITE

■ When Gregory Peck was in Hollywood a few months ago, he agreed to be interviewed "provided there is no discussion of my personal life."

Greg and his wife, Greta, had agreed upon a divorce and Greg simply did not want to explain Veronica Passanie or Hildegard Neff or any of the other glamorous women correctly and incorrectly thought to be part of his personal life overseas.

"All I'll say," he admitted, "is that what Greta and I have decided upon is the best thing for the boys."

The Pecks have three sons ranging in age from nine to four, Jonathan, Stephen and Carey.

Greg has always spent as much time as possible with them. He insisted that the entire family accompany him to Rome two years ago before he started *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn.

When the Pecks began quarreling, Greta took the children back to California. Greg grew so lonesome that he cabled and asked if Jonathan could fly over to spend the Christmas holidays with him in Switzerland. Greta allowed their nine-year-old Jonathan to go.

Greg spent almost a month in California last time. He took his boys on a trip to the mountains. But he's soft-hearted and sentimental and he just couldn't explain that he would no longer live in the same home with them. They still don't know about the divorce.

He spoke about *Moby Dick*, the picture he has just finished in Ireland. He told the boys about letting his beard grow and wearing a peg-leg for the part. And he told them about his adventures in Ceylon where he made *The Purple Plain*.

Then he flew back to Europe, *Moby Dick*, and Veronica Passanie, his twenty-one-year-old Parisian travel-

ing companion. According to reports he was unusually meditative, extremely pensive.

One week end he turned up at Claridge's Hotel in London, sat down at a table and ordered a glass of milk.

After a while he was disturbed because people were staring at him. ("If I live to be a hundred," he says, "I'll never get used to being stared at. It gives me the feeling that I've forgotten to put on my pants or something.") Greg got up and walked away. He didn't look happy.

Gregory Peck is scheduled to arrive in Hollywood any day now, and as yet, his wife has not filed for a divorce. And now it seems that Greg may be not too anxious for one.

An agent who knows him well says, "He's changed a lot these last few months. Seems more settled. The thing you have to remember about Greg is that he's a guy who never had a fling until he went to Europe."

"My own opinion is that a year or so ago Greg got taken with European ways, the glamour of something new, the idolatry of the women, the superiority of the men. But all of that is gone now."

"This fellow is no expatriate. He's not going to give up a wife and family and California living and settle down for good in London or Paris or Rome."

"And he loves his boys too much to want each of them to be what he was—a child of divorce. That's why I think a reconciliation is very possible."

Another of Peck's friends insists, however, "That Veronica Passanie has got her hooks in this guy, but good. And European women don't let go of any man without a fight. A fellow needs a lot of will power. Greg's hour of decision is coming very close."



"I think you mean the one with all the steps, I forget where it was."

"What about landladies?" Jane insisted.

"Let's say some were peachy, some were cheeky," I said.

"Let's get back to Europe. I'm safer there," said Jane.

"Amen," said Kate.

So I told about how cold and dismal Paris had been and how I met a guy I knew when I was having lunch there, and how afterward we saw a travel poster about sunny Italy and how the next morning we were in Rome. We went in from the airport along the Appian Way, lined with ruins of old walls and steeped in quiet. Maybe a cow or two along the way. If I half closed my eyes I could see the Roman legions marching along the ancient cobblestones. I told how I'd first gone into St. Peter's and how a shaft of light had come down through the

dome and given a golden light to a piece of marble statuary. And I told how I loved Austria, even better than Switzerland. And how director Douglas Sirk had said, "In Paris work is distasteful, but in Vienna it's unhealthy." And how I'd met Ginger Rogers and her husband in Italy and Ginger and Jacques and I went to the beach and how much fun it was to eat spaghetti washed down with *Chianti* on the beach instead of hot dogs and cokes.

"Hey," said Kate. "How many reporters have grilled you on Europe? Jane doesn't want a story on Europe. Do you, Jane?"

"I don't know what I want," Jane said.

"You like *soufflé*?" I asked. "I almost *soufflé*-ed myself to death."

"Doesn't it take something away from your memories when you *have* to tell so many people about it?" Jane asked.

"What I should have done, when I had time coming back on the *Queen Mary*, was

to write down what I did in each country, and relegate a different country to each writer." I shifted, and again my shoes came down on something that didn't feel like the floor.

"Ouch," said Jane. "What size do you wear?"

"There are some questions I won't answer," I said.

"I'll ask this one again," Jane said. "Don't you get sick of the goldfish bowl existence? Have you ever had your shirt torn off or been asked to kiss sniffling babies or autograph some woman's sneakers?"

"If those things happen, then I'm lucky. The only time I got miffed was when I sneaked out of town to visit my grandmother in Mobile. I flew to New Orleans and grabbed another plane to Mobile, and no sooner got there than a New York paper phoned and wanted to know if it was true I had eloped with Marilyn Monroe.

"A. I was traveling alone.

"B. I never met Marilyn Monroe.

"B. 1. My grandmother doesn't faintly resemble Marilyn.

"C. I hadn't told anybody where I was going and still haven't the dimmest idea how the paper found out, much less got the telephone number.

"Then the local paper sent over reporters and photographers, and soon the front lawn was covered with people. I even caught one kid climbing through a window into my room to swipe my clothes. The paper had printed the telephone number, too, so I finally had to leave so my grandmother could live in peace again."

"The price of fame," said Jane.

"Yeah," I said. "Say, isn't that Joyce Holden over there?"

"Where?" said Kate.

"Over there. In that booth."

"Why don't you wear your glasses?" Kate said.

"I didn't know you wore glasses," Jane said.

"Him?" said Kate. "He can't see wood for trees. Once he was driving me somewhere and when I saw a road sign I mentioned we were seven miles from our destination. 'One mile,' said Rock. I looked again and the seven was as big as a Black Maria but he kept saying it was one mile and I began to wonder if he could see the road."

"Well," said Jane. "I got something new. He wears glasses." She looked at me. "When are you going to open the door and let me know what you're like inside?"

"Maybe sometime," I said. "Did I ever tell you about the place in Palm Springs where I go to get away from it all? It's a one-room shack away off in the desert. Has an outhouse, no electricity. It's wonderful. Real quiet."

Kate sat up. "Is that the place we're going this week-end for MODERN SCREEN pictures?"

"Yep."

"I can hardly wait," groaned Kate.

JANE CLOSED her notebook and looked at me vaguely. "I'm finished—I think." So we stood up and walked out to the parking lot, and then I noticed that Jane was beginning to get that stabbed look.

"You get enough—or anything—for a story?" I said to her.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Let's see. Europe and big feet and glasses and Europe and a hidden brain, I think, and Phyllis and *soufflé* and Europe."

"He's done Europe," interposed Kate.

"Yes, I know," said Jane thoughtfully. "Well, at least he was born."

She wandered off to her car, immersed in thought. I noticed her shoulders were sagging a bit and I felt sorry for her. So I came home and wrote this up and I'm going to send it to her. Maybe it'll give her some ideas. I want to help. I really do.

END

WHO DO YOU DREAM ABOUT?

We want to know which stars you want to read about, what you like and what you don't like in MODERN SCREEN. We want to know all about *you*, because your opinions are carefully tabulated to direct all our future plans. And for those of you who like bargains, here's something extra-special—for a limited time, we are able to offer to *every reader* who fills out this questionnaire a fabulous reader-participation subscription at *less than half price*! Read the details below

THE STARS I WANT TO READ ABOUT THE MOST ARE:

1. _____ MALE

1. _____ FEMALE

2. _____ MALE

2. _____ FEMALE

3. _____ MALE

3. _____ FEMALE

THE THREE FEATURES I LIKED BEST IN THIS ISSUE ARE: (place a check (✓) in the box next to your favorites)

- ☐ Louella Parsons in Hollywood
- ☐ Modern Screen Silver Cup Awards
- ☐ They Say It's Wonderful (Guy Madison)
- ☐ Jane and Pat (Jane Powell)
- ☐ "Nutsy Fagan" at Home (Richard Widmark)
- ☐ Elizabeth Remembers (Elizabeth Taylor)
- ☐ The Tall One (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ You Asked Me So I'm Telling You (Tony Curtis)
- ☐ "I Was Born" (Rock Hudson)
- ☐ Yesterday Nowhere—Today the Most (George Nader)
- ☐ Race Gentry

- ☐ The Gal That Got Away (Ava Gardner)
- ☐ Nothing But Blue Skies (Judy Garland)
- ☐ The Young Dating Set
- ☐ How Marlon Brando Proposed
- ☐ False Start (June Allyson)
- ☐ The Challenger (Shelley Winters-Jacques Sernas)
- ☐ Have A Heart (Robert Mitchum)
- ☐ Future Indefinite (Gregory Peck)
- ☐ Never Say Dye! (Sheree North)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ New Movies

THE STORY I LEAST LIKED IN THIS ISSUE IS: _____

AGE _____ OCCUPATION _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ (street)

_____ (city and state)

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If you would like to get this amazing reader-participation subscription—each issue for *less than half* the newsstand price of \$2.40, enclose one dollar when you mail us this questionnaire and you will receive 12 issues, postage free, for only \$1.00 instead of the regular subscription price of \$2.00. You don't have to miss this wonderful offer if you are already a subscriber. We'll start your new subscription when your old one expires. The offer is limited to the continental United States and Canada.

- ☐ MY DOLLAR IS ENCLOSED. PLEASE SEND ME A SPECIAL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION
- ☐ NEW SUBSCRIPTION
- ☐ RENEWAL

MAIL TO: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

In these 3-hour danger periods your skin "*dies*" a little

There are 1-to 3-hour periods each day, doctors say, when your skin is in danger—open to such serious troubles as stretched pores . . . coarsened texture . . . cracking and "shriveling." These periods of skin "un-balance" occur right after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore these vital protectors. Meanwhile, your defenseless skin "*dies*" a little . . .

Read how great beauties of the social world prevent the damaging effects of skin "un-balance"

After each washing, "re-balance" your skin

Whether you consider your skin dry, oily or so-called "normal", whether you are in your teens or your forties—your skin is susceptible to this problem of "un-balance" after washing—

Your face feels drawn-tight
Looks blotchy . . . often "burns"

Should you *stop* washing your face? "Not at all," skin specialists say—"but after each washing, 're-balance' your skin *instantly* . . ."

60 times faster than Nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming after washing "re-balances" your skin in 1 minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature. It combats dryness. Restores elasticity. Keeps pore-openings clear. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Always a deep clearing at bedtime

Besides "re-balancings" after each washing, your skin needs a thorough clearing at night. A deep Pond's Cold

Creaming dislodges water-resistant dirt from the pores. Keeps skin looking fresh, *vibrant*.

Start now to give your skin this complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon friends will be saying, "What have you done to yourself—you're looking radiant!"



The world's most-famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equaled. Get a large jar—begin giving your skin this simple, *complete* beauty care soon. *More women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made.*

La Comtesse Alain de la Falaise

The Comtesse is the daughter of the late Sir Oswald Birley, England's court painter; and a member of a famous French family, dating back to the Crusades. She has unerring fashion sense, is keenly aware of the rewards of effective skin care. "The most important part of my complexion care comes immediately after washing," she says. "I never leave my skin un-protected an instant, but restore it to normal at once with Pond's Cold Cream. And at night, I always have a deep Pond's cleansing."

(Continued from page 35) fallen behind the headboard. It was *The Little World Of Don Camillo*. I must remember where it is, he thought. But the sadness? He straightened out in bed, looked out the window at the San Fernando Valley and a sky that was cool and blue now, but would soon be hot and blue, and waited for a prompting. Then it came to him that this was to be the last day of *Foxfire*.

Too often, he knew, when an actor is working, he can hardly wait for his assignment to end. He himself had thanked his stars a few times when making films he would just as soon forget. But *Foxfire* had been different. The role had caught his interest and had filled his thoughts as no other had in a long time. Everyone in the picture enjoyed working in it, he knew, from the whole cast to the pleasant girl who starred opposite him (and he saw Jane Russell's face as he had caught it the other day when he happened to be doing a difficult scene with her. Momentarily out of camera range, she had dared to break her expression for a fleeting smile of encouragement).

He couldn't help a reminiscent smile growing on his own face now, in recollection, and probably he would have gone on thinking about Jane and the incident had not his alarm clock given the sudden, ominous click. Quickly Jeff swung his hand over to the clock and choked it off. He felt better because he always liked to beat it to the punch. Chandler wins again! he announced to nobody in particular. Snapping the blanket away from him he swung his body out of bed—as usual unadorned by pajamas—and headed all six feet, four inches of it for the shower. On the way he passed a full-length mirror and sneered at his reflection. That'll keep you from overacting to-day, he told himself.

As the water sprayed over him, he fell to thinking about the apartment he was in—a one-bedroom apartment, with living-room, kitchen and dinette—that was the second (or perhaps third) roost he had lived in since he had left the ranks of the married. First there had been that place out in West Los Angeles—nice, but he had been brand new again to apartment life and somehow he couldn't consider himself set there. Then there was the house out in Apple Valley. He liked that but not until helicopters were as available and practical as cars could he work in a Hollywood studio and live in Apple Valley. So that had brought him to this apartment in Coldwater Canyon, not far from the studio, and he should be satisfied here but he wasn't. And he began to think of a place he had once seen out in Sherwood Forest, deep in the valley, yet not too far for daily commuting. Maybe that would be it. And he would build a house out there. Apartments were not for men of his size and habits.

NINE MINUTES after Jeff Chandler got out of bed he was standing before his wardrobe in a pair of shorts, trying to make a selection from the ten suits and five pairs of slacks. He hummed a few bars from the title song of *Foxfire* (which he had written with Studio Composer Hank Mancini) and then reached to one side in the wardrobe for something that had not even been hanging in sight—a white, terry cloth coverall. He pulled it on, stuck his feet into a pair of loafers and headed downstairs for the car. He was thinking of the open house he and Tony Curtis were to throw that afternoon in their new adjoining dressingrooms.

Yet that didn't stay in his mind by any means. No sooner was he in his car than

he began turning the radio dials, trying to bring in Dick Whittingill, the morning disc jockey at KMPC, who might possibly be playing a certain song recorded recently for Decca records by one J. Chandler. It was always kind of funny to hear your own voice coming out of the ether to you. But he didn't hear his voice. He didn't even hear Whittingill on his first try. On his dialing way to KMPC he heard someone else mention his name. A commentator was telling the world that Jeff had been seen the night before, escorting one of Hollywood's newest beauties—a girl of just the right kind of hazy repute to make her activities ripe subject matter for all the columnists. In a mechanical sort of way Jeff fell to wondering who had seen them. Then he sat up suddenly. Wait a minute! He hadn't been out the night before; he had gone to bed reading a book. Furthermore, he didn't even know the girl in question! Oh, well. He dismissed it from his mind and went hunting for Whittingill again. When he found him Dick was playing Sinatra records. Jeff decided to listen. A fellow can always learn something.

A slight ache developed in his shoulders as he drove and he squared them back to stretch out of it. He knew the cause; he had the slight misfortune of being longer than his bed. When he got that new

Between takes on the set of *There's No Business Like Show Business*, composer Irving Gertz tells Lionel Newman (who's supervising The Monroe's music in this film) of an experience he had with an independent movie producer. It seems that Gertz and the producer were discussing the price for composing an original score for the latter's next movie.

"Remember what they say," said the producer. "A score is good only when the audience isn't aware of the music."

"No argument there," replied Gertz, "but what has that got to do with our financial discussion?"

"Plenty," said the producer. "Do you think I'm going to pay you big money for the music the audience doesn't even HEAR?"

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

house there would have to be an extra-sized bed in it, one in which he could lie full out without touching top or bottom, or hanging partly over the edge. Just as he turned off the freeway, and with the studio only half a block away, Sinatra finished his last number on the radio and the disc jockey, Whittingill, announced the song Jeff had recorded, "Always." Jeff wanted to hear it but decided he was too near the studio to be caught listening to himself sing. And this shouldn't really be, he mused. An actor must make faces at himself and a singer must listen to himself, even as an artist must watch what his fingers draw—yet it would almost always be interpreted as an indication of vanity. He pulled up just inside the gate and headed for the commissary.

ALMOST THE FIRST person he saw inside was Tony Curtis. Jeff waved his sign for "the usual" to the waitress and sat down beside Tony.

"How are the deltoids?" demanded Tony.

"Hardening, really hardening," Jeff replied. "And how are your Latissimus Dorsi? Fine, I heard."

Tony nodded grudgingly. "Well," he grunted, "that's what Marvin says, but I suspect flattery."

Jeff laughed—which was what Tony had in mind anyway, he knew. What they

were talking about, of course, were muscles of the shoulders and upper body, and Marvin was Marvin Hart, a physical trainer whose mission was to keep them in shape. But what tickled Jeff was the picture of Tony even pretending he was worried about this. At Tony's age muscles need little besides being let alone.

"What really interests me," said Jeff, "is something I read the other day."

"To wit?" urged Tony.

"That muscles weigh more than fat," Jeff went on. "Now this must mean that if a person takes exercise because he or she is fat, parts of the body are being developed and enlarged, the muscles I mean, which weigh more than the fat which is being taken off. What do you make of that?"

Tony put his hand to his head. "You can't win!" he cried. But then he got another idea. "The answer may be—don't exercise too hard," he announced.

HIS BREAKFAST came—two eggs over, dry toast and black coffee, and he pitched in, talking to Tony about the party they planned for the afternoon, until Tony had to run off for an early call. One of the boys from the publicity department slid into the empty seat. "Is it true," he asked, "that a certain guy went out with a certain girl like I heard about on the air this morning?"

"It is true," replied Jeff, "that when I go out with some young lady with whom I'm proud to be seen nobody ever seems to see us and nothing is ever said about it. But when I do not go out with someone I would be very unlikely to go out with, there are long bulletins about this event which never took place."

"That's what I thought," said the other. "I just wanted to be able to act as your spokesman with reasonable assurance that I was telling the truth. I knew someone had made a mistake. I'm glad it was the columnist, not you."

Jeff nodded. "My escutcheon remains stainless, or blotless."

HE WALKED to his new dressingroom and felt quite an anticipatory pleasure knowing he was going to see it again. The term "dressingroom" was the understatement of all time, he felt, as a description of this handsome suite of livingroom, den-office, kitchen and bath, which some master decorator's hand had laid out. Every appointment, from the sparkling, full-length wall mirrors to the soft depths of the divan and great easy chairs was on a luxury level. When he opened the door he stood there, as he took it all in, and wondered again how it had all happened.

"It's incredible!" he thought, closing the door and taking off his coveralls to put on the rough khaki outfit, with half Wellington boots, that made up his costume in *Foxfire*. "How did that Brooklyn kid ever get here? Who even let him get a start? Who thought he was worth bothering with?"

HE WAS STILL filled with wonder when he reached the set. Passing Jane's portable dressingroom he put on a show of peeking inside. She was in a chair getting her hair brushed. "Hi!" she waved. "Don't tell me any funny stories when I get out to talk to you. Remember, these are sad scenes we're doing this morning."

"All my scenes are sad!" he countered, as if boasting, and went ahead to his portable dressingroom and started looking over the script. When he felt he had a ready command of the lines he stepped out again and he and Jane talked until a call for them came from the cameras. Jane looked up at him.

"All right, Tall One, let's go," she said, smiling.

As they walked (Continued on page 64)

NEW



Kotex now comes in this soft grey package

Selected by thousands of women as first choice of many designs—this new Kotex* package reflects the quality you've learned to trust. For Kotex gives you the complete absorbency you need . . . the softness you're sure of.

Kotex holds its shape, keeps its comfortable fit. Moreover, this is the only leading napkin with flat pressed ends to prevent revealing outlines. So look for the new Kotex package — soft grey, with a graceful K, symbol of highest quality.

**MORE WOMEN CHOOSE KOTEX
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Your choice of three sizes. Regular — blue panel; Junior — green panel; Super — rose panel. And with Kotex buy a new Kotex belt. They go together for perfect comfort.

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from page 62) together, Jeff reflected that this was her way of reminding him how pleased she had been when she knew they would work together. She had said nice things the first time they had met on the picture—about his voice, his acting, and then, with a thankful sigh, she had finished up, "...and to be working with a real big-sized man at last! You don't know how much it does for me! After all, I need a little realism if I am going to be able to act with any conviction!"

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Jane came to the table and ordered a chef's salad. Her mother, Mrs. Geraldine Russell, was visiting, and joined them for lunch. A little later Aaron Rosenberg, the producer, and Joe Pevney, the director, sat down. Soon Jane was into her favorite subject—how to stimulate legislation easing the restrictions of child adoption. She had become an expert on adoption, Jeff realized, and so interested in it that she was interesting to listen to. As she talked on he found himself thinking about Jamie and Dana, and was warmed by the thought that he would be talking to his little daughters soon.

When Meyer Davis was in Rome he lunched with Fernandel, the French film star. A girl approached them and asked the actor to baptize the stuffed dog she was carrying. "You have seen me as 'Don Camillo,' little girl," Fernandel told the child. "That was a movie. I am not a real priest" . . . "That does not matter," said the child. "This dog is not real, either."

*Leonard Lyons in
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For the next two hours he was too busy being a host to do any thinking. Since it was a working day people didn't stay long; they just dropped in for a sip of refreshments, an inspection of the premises, and an exchange of good wishes as they left. Eventually it was time for Jeff to go back to the *Foxfire* set but someone rushed into the dressingroom. Jeff automatically held out his hand and then dropped it. It was Tony Curtis.

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Tony gesticulated. He waved his arms. He walked up and down the floor. And this was all to illustrate the fact that he was terribly sorry but there had been a delay in the screening and he wasn't able to get away before. "What can I do now?" he asked. "Can I help?"

Jeff considered. "Well," he began, "you might look around the place and see if anyone spilled a drink."

Tony nodded. "And if I find a spilled drink? Then what?"

"Unspill it," said Jeff.

Tony thought a moment and then waved his understanding. "Got'cha, boy!" he said, and went sniffing around the place.

BY THE TIME Jeff got back to the set the shooting was over and Jane's make-up man, Shotgun Britton, was laying out her farewell presents for the members of the crew and cast. Nobody ever got slighted working in a Jane Russell picture because there was no possibility of anyone's name being forgotten or overlooked. None of the gift packages had names. They were all fine gifts, of about equal value, and there were enough for everyone. Jane filled a table with them, stood back and simply said, "Grab one, kids!"

A half hour later he sat with Jane and Dan Duryea and Mara Corday in the projection room to watch the rushes of scenes they had made four days before. When it was over everyone told everyone else that they were great and then Jeff went to Jane and they wished each other "au revoir but not goodbye" because that next picture for them was coming up soon. Back in his dressingroom he phoned his former wife, Marge. She told him she had found the sort of house she wanted out in Westwood. They rejoiced that it was near a good school and then Marge called to the girls to come to the phone and talk to their father.

FEELING BETTER after he talked to Marge and the girls, he drove out of the studio for about a two-hundred-yard run to Storey's where he had dinner alone in a booth. By the time he got out to his office in Beverly Hills it was after seven o'clock. He sat for a few hours answering an accumulation of personal mail. Then he dialed a number. The girl who answered was Dani Crayne, one of the new younger actresses at the studio. It seemed she was ironing a blouse when he called and not unwilling to stop ironing.

Jeff, who thought it might be nice to listen to some hep music remembered that there was a new popular combo, Matt Denis and his group, opening at the Keyboard. Dani liked the idea. "I'll be by and pick you up in fifteen minutes," he told her, and wouldn't budge a minute when she insisted on more time.

When they had left the Keyboard and had gotten something to eat at another late spot, and when he had brought Dani back to her place and had finally gotten home to his place—it was midnight. Some seventeen hours after he had climbed out of his bed he was back into it. He found his book, punched up his pillows and riffled through the pages to find his place. He wasn't feeling sad at all any more. He was in a good mood to learn more about the adventures of the small-town Italian priest, Don Camillo.

But of course, another thought crossed his mind. Don Camillo wouldn't be a bad part for him, would it? And then he was sorry this had occurred to him. A fellow ought to be able to open up a book and read it objectively without tripping over his own career. And he settled back to read.

MAKE YOUR CLOTHES THE WAY THEY DO IN HOLLYWOOD

■ Busy, beautiful Terry Moore, next in 20th's *Daddy Long Legs*, not only finds time for acting, charities and school but for planning and sewing many of her own clothes, too. Terry poses in a two-piece dress with a contrasting cummerbund that she made of Indian Head cotton fabric. Terry also plans other clothes of Indian Head fabrics—has set up her sewing room and is ready to go!

photo by John Engstead

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

Automatic Necchi console model sewing machine. A wonder worker that does plain and fancy sewing without attachments. Necchi machines start at \$98.95. A free booklet about Necchi and Elna machines is yours for the asking (see an Elna on page 67). Write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

On the table—The Ann Baldwin life-size, light-weight, individualized dress form—easily adjustable to your measurements—and only \$3.98! More about it on page 66.

Far right—bolts of colorful cottons—guaranteed not to shrink or fade. By Indian Head Mills. *Gala Stripe* (201-3) comes in six combinations. Gold, brown and white; emerald, white and grey; red, navy and white—just to name a few. All 98¢ a yard. *Solid color cottons*—black (241), *Turqua* (206). Terry's blouse, *Mimosa* (127) and her skirt, *Emerald* (229). There are dozens of other pretty solid shades available, too—all at 89¢ a yard. *Polka Dot* (101-1) comes in red, navy or emerald dot on white background. \$1 a yard. *Peasant Print* (509-6) comes in black, red or navy print on white background. \$1 a yard. Buy Indian Head cottons by name—and number. MODERN SCREEN has arranged to give you a free Indian Head fabric chart of new spring cottons. Write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

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Terry's flats—Jolene
Nylon hosiery—Holeproof
Dress shields—Kleinert
Wonder washable buttons—
B.G.E. Originales
Thread—Coats & Clark
Scissors—Hoffritz

THIS MODERN SCREEN SEWING EDITORIAL WILL BE FEATURED NATIONALLY IN THE LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68. IF YOU CANNOT SHOP IN PERSON, ORDER BY MAIL FROM THE STORE NEAR YOU.

modern screen fashions



MORE →

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Tony nodded. "And if I find a spilled drink? Then what?"

"Unspill it," said Jeff.

Tony thought a moment and then waved his understanding. "Got'cha, boy!" he said, and went sniffing around the place.

BY THE TIME Jeff got back to the set the shooting was over and Jane's make-up man, Shotgun Britton, was laying out her farewell presents for the members of the crew and cast. Nobody ever got slighted working in a Jane Russell picture because there was no possibility of anyone's name being forgotten or overlooked. None of the gift packages had names. They were all fine gifts, of about equal value, and there were enough for everyone. Jane filled a table with them, stood back and simply said, "Grab one, kids!"

A half hour later he sat with Jane and Dan Duryea and Mara Corday in the projection room to watch the rushes of scenes they had made four days before. When it was over everyone told everyone else that they were great and then Jeff went to Jane and they wished each other "*au revoir* but not goodbye" because that next picture for them was coming up soon. Back in his dressingroom he phoned his former wife, Marge. She told him she had found the sort of house she wanted out in Westwood. They rejoiced that it was near a good school and then Marge called to the girls to come to the phone and talk to their father.

FEELING BETTER after he talked to Marge and the girls, he drove out of the studio for about a two-hundred-yard run to Storey's where he had dinner alone in a booth. By the time he got out to his office in Beverly Hills it was after seven o'clock. He sat for a few hours answering an accumulation of personal mail. Then he dialed a number. The girl who answered was Dani Crayne, one of the new younger actresses at the studio. It seemed she was ironing a blouse when he called and not unwilling to stop ironing.

Jeff, who thought it might be nice to listen to some hep music remembered that there was a new popular combo, Matt Denis and his group, opening at the Keyboard. Dani liked the idea. "I'll be by and pick you up in fifteen minutes," he told her, and wouldn't budge a minute when she insisted on more time.

When they had left the Keyboard and had gotten something to eat at another late spot, and when he had brought Dani back to her place and had finally gotten home to his place—it was midnight. Some seventeen hours after he had climbed out of his bed he was back into it. He found his book, punched up his pillows and riffled through the pages to find his place. He wasn't feeling sad at all any more. He was in a good mood to learn more about the adventures of the small-town Italian priest, Don Camillo.

But of course, another thought crossed his mind. Don Camillo wouldn't be a bad part for him, would it? And then he was sorry this had occurred to him. A fellow ought to be able to open up a book and read it objectively without tripping over his own career. And he settled back to read.

END

MAKE YOUR CLOTHES THE WAY THEY DO IN HOLLYWOOD

■ Busy, beautiful Terry Moore, next in 20th's *Daddy Long Legs*, not only finds time for acting, charities and school but for planning and sewing many of her own clothes, too. Terry poses in a two-piece dress with a contrasting cummerbund that she made of Indian Head cotton fabric. Terry also plans other clothes of Indian Head fabrics—has set up her sewing room and is ready to go!

photo by John Engstead

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

Automatic Necchi console model sewing machine. A wonder worker that does plain and fancy sewing without attachments. Necchi machines start at \$98.95. A free booklet about Necchi and Elna machines is yours for the asking (see an Elna on page 67). Write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

On the table—The Ann Baldwin life-size, light-weight, individualized dress form—easily adjustable to your measurements—and only \$3.98! More about it on page 66.

Far right—bolts of colorful cottons—guaranteed not to shrink or fade. By Indian Head Mills. *Gala Stripe* (201-3) comes in six combinations. Gold, brown and white; emerald, white and grey; red, navy and white—just to name a few. All 98¢ a yard. *Solid color cottons*—black (241), Turqua (206). Terry's blouse, Mimosa (127) and her skirt, Emerald (229). There are dozens of other pretty solid shades available, too—all at 89¢ a yard. *Polka Dot* (101-1) comes in red, navy or emerald dot on white background. \$1 a yard. *Peasant Print* (509-6) comes in black, red or navy print on white background. \$1 a yard. Buy Indian Head cottons by name—and number. MODERN SCREEN has arranged to give you a free Indian Head fabric chart of new spring cottons. Write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

ACCESSORIES:

Terry's flats—Jolene
Nylon hosiery—Holeproof
Dress shields—Kleinert
Wonder washable buttons—
B.G.E. Originales
Thread—Coats & Clark
Scissors—Hoffritz

THIS MODERN SCREEN SEWING EDITORIAL WILL BE FEATURED NATIONALLY IN THE LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68. IF YOU CANNOT SHOP IN PERSON, ORDER BY MAIL FROM THE STORE NEAR YOU.

modern screen fashions



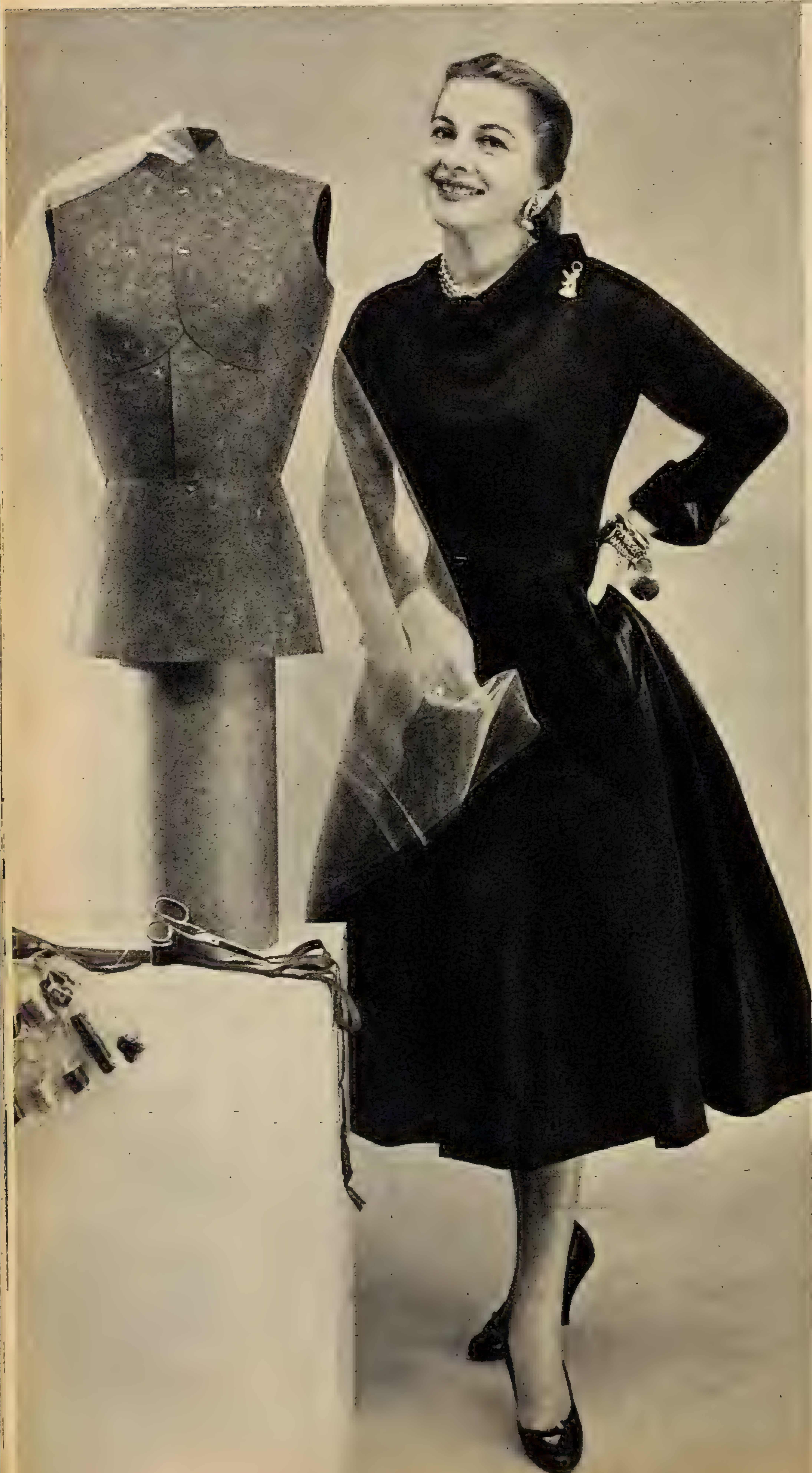
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Photos by Roger Prigent



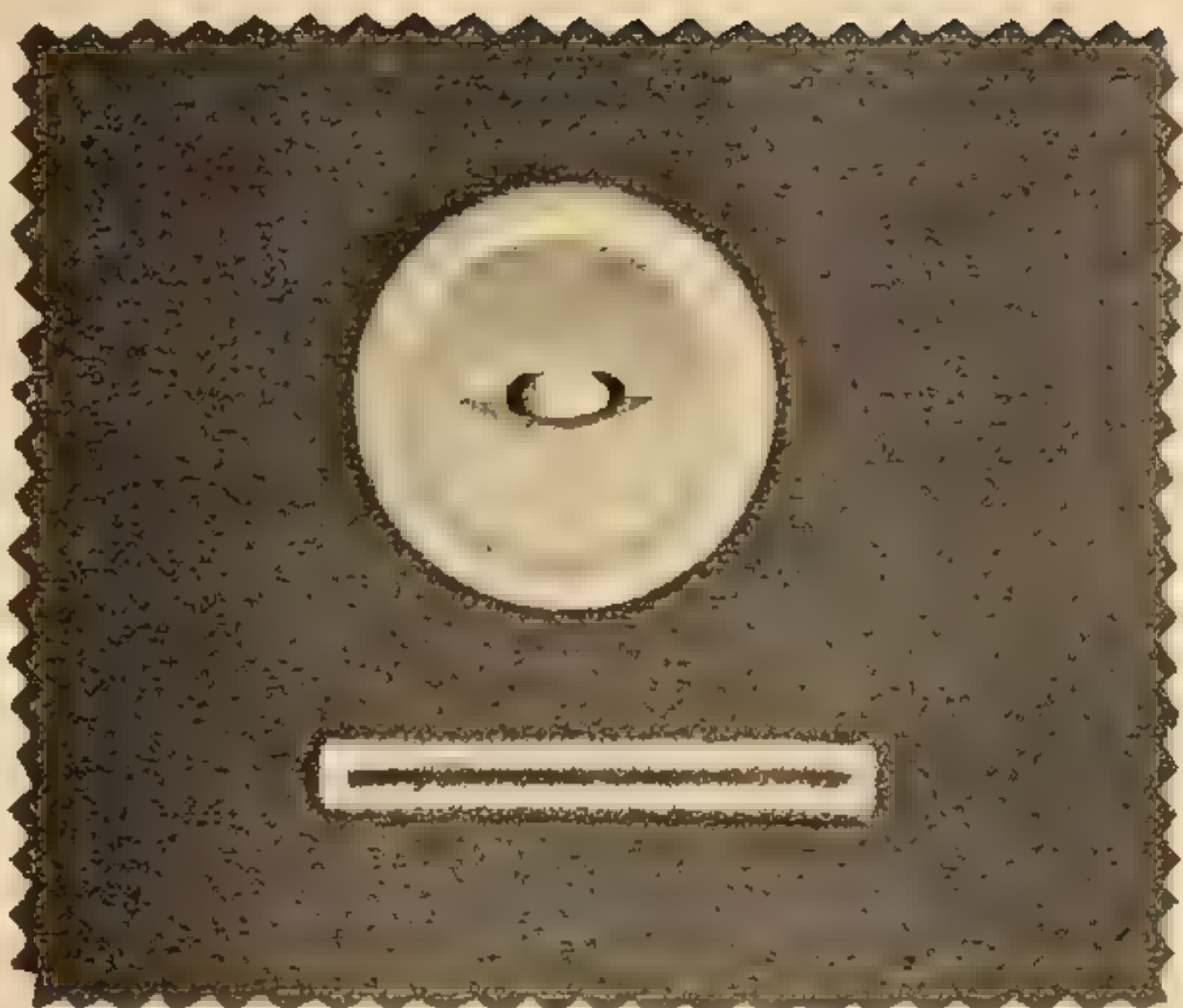
Ann Baldwin chats about clothes and sewing with Joan Fontaine—shows her a miniature model of her individualized dress form.



SEW AND SAVE

■ Joan Fontaine, star of top hit *Tea And Sympathy* on Broadway—like most busy actresses—has her studio clothes as well as her personal clothes fitted on an individualized dress form. Joan poses here with the Ann Baldwin dress form that can be *your* individualized dress form because it is easily adjustable to your measurements. This life-size, light-weight form is quickly assembled—easily dismantled. Drape and design on it, adjust patterns, alter garments—do everything that will assure you that your clothes are just right for you! Purchase by bust, waist, hip and dress size. \$3.98. In the Ann Baldwin handy Spool Bag—Coats & Clark's thread.

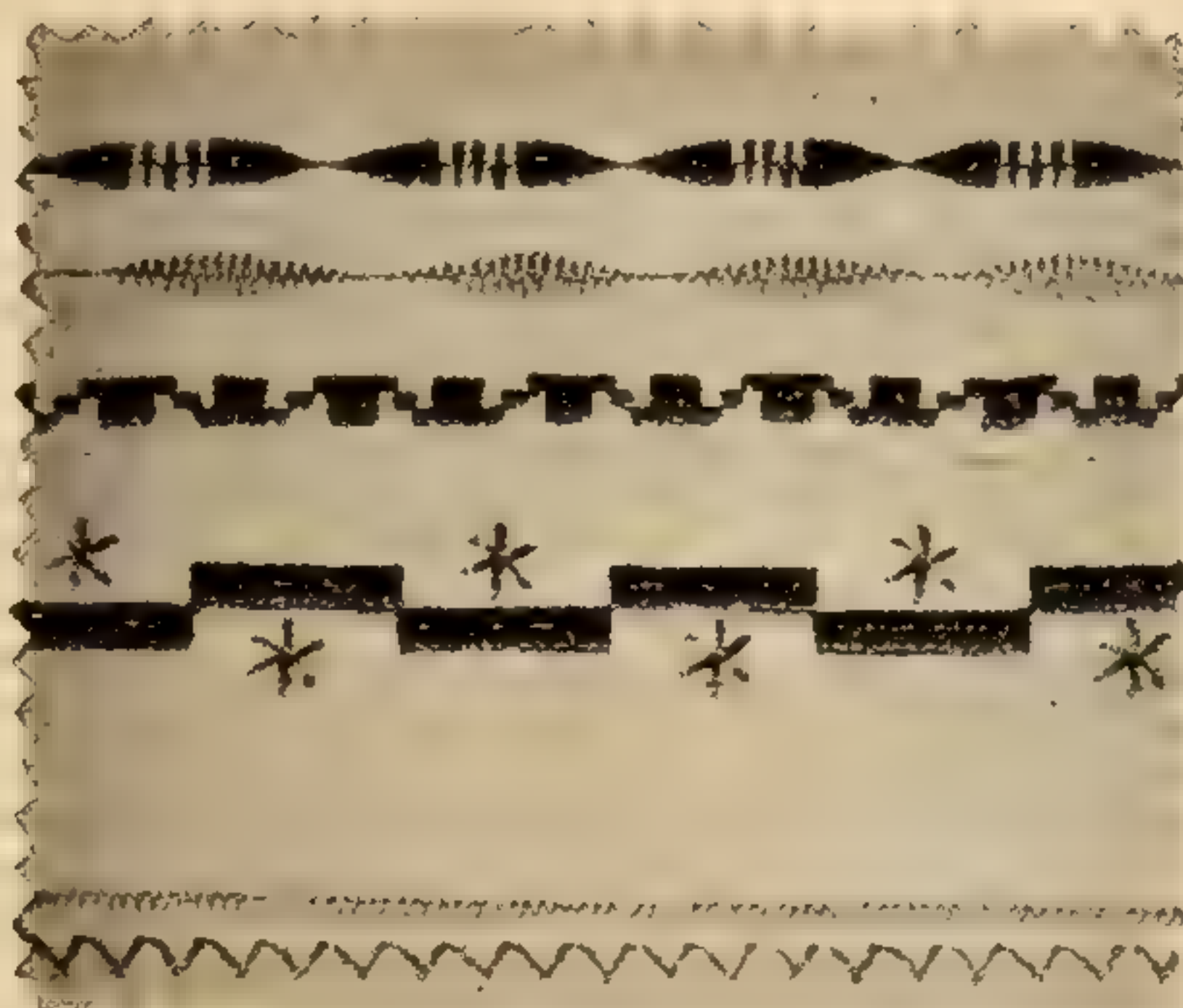
THIS MODERN SCREEN SEWING EDITORIAL WILL BE FEATURED NATIONALLY IN THE LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68. IF YOU CANNOT SHOP IN PERSON, ORDER BY MAIL FROM THE STORE NEAR YOU.



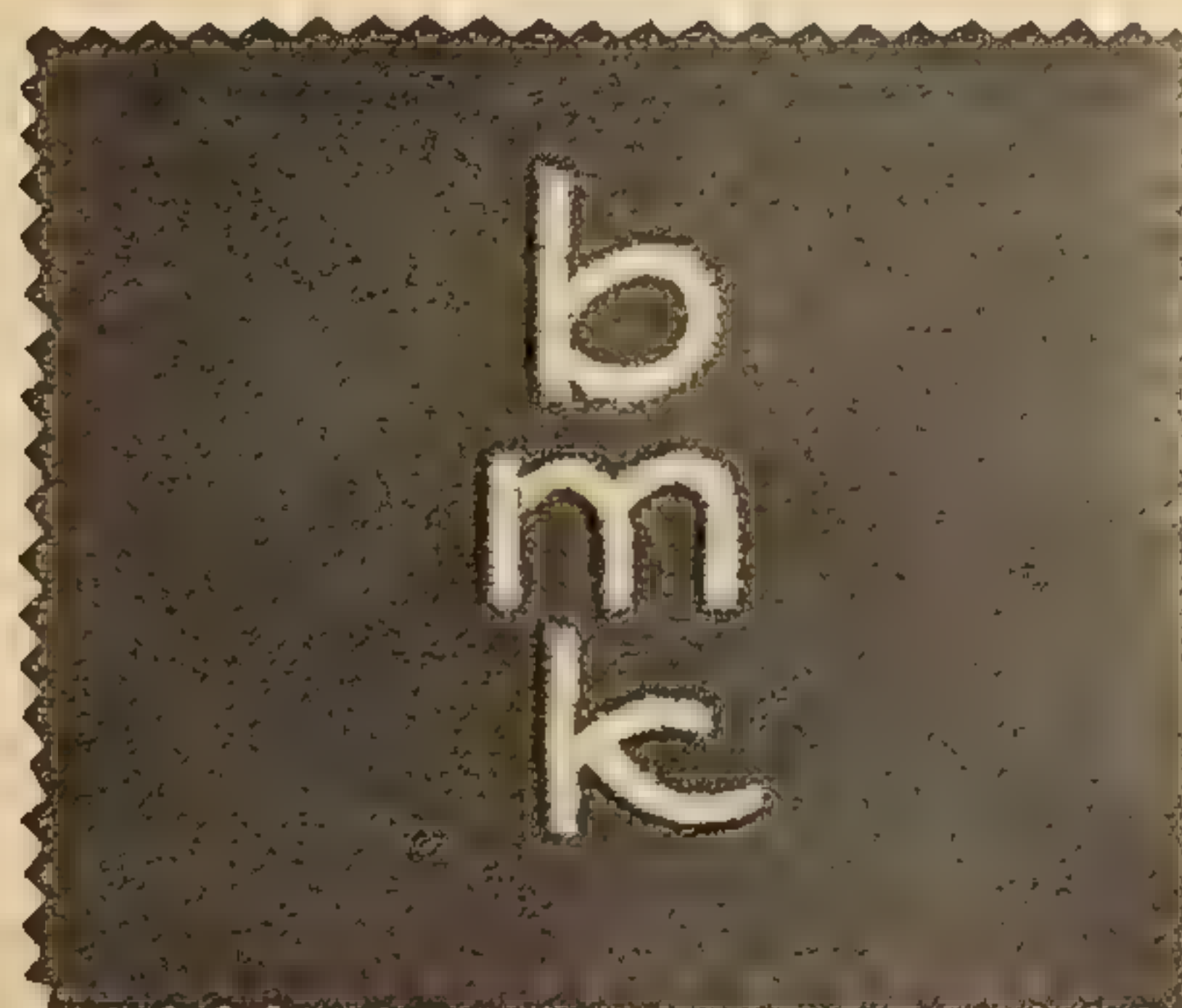
Sew on buttons in a flash—make bound (or thread) buttonholes neat and trim on all fabrics.



Have the most beautiful of appliques on your towels, linen, blouses, underpinnings and party skirts.



You can dream up a million pretty, dainty things with the hundreds of quick embroidery stitches.



Monogram your gifts and your own things—lingerie, dresses, blouses, scarves, towels, linens and such.



Photo—U-I

■ Pretty, red-haired Piper Laurie now in U-I's *Smoke Signal*, takes time out from her many movie tasks to sew handsome gifts and many of her own clothes. Here Piper makes a little gingham apron on a versatile Elna-Supermatic portable sewing machine that is easy to handle, works like a whiz, does tricks like magic—all automatically! One of the many outstanding features of this machine is that it sews on buttons, makes buttonholes and monograms as well as fancy embroidery stitches and appliques all without any special attachments. Elna machines start under \$200. Elna sewing machines—at all Necchi-Elna sewing centers.

THESE ARE THE STORES THAT ARE FEATURING THE MODERN SCREEN SEWING EDITORIAL

**ANN BALDWIN DRESS FORMS—Pp. 64,
65, 66 available at the notion counter:**

Akron, Ohio—A. Polsky Co.
Boston, Mass.—Breck's of Boston
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White Corp.
Bridgeport, Conn.—D. M. Read Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Namm-Loeser's, Inc.
Butler, Pa.—A. E. Troutman Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—Rollman & Sons Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Bailey Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Sterling-Lindner-Davis
Cleveland, Ohio—Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Columbus, Ohio—Morehouse Fashion
Connellsville, Pa.—A. E. Troutman Co.
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris & Co.
Dubois, Pa.—The Troutman Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greensboro, N. C.—The Meyer Co.
Greensburg, Pa.—A. E. Troutman Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.—Pomeroy's Inc.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox & Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage-Allen & Co.
Houston, Texas—Foley Bros. D. G. Co.
Houston, Texas—Joske's Of Houston
Indiana, Pa.—Troutman Co.
Jackson, Mich.—The Field Co.
Jackson, Miss.—R. E. Kennington Co.
Jamaica, L.I., N.Y.—B. Gertz, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.—Geo. B. Peck Co.
Latrobe, Pa.—S. R. Reed
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson Co.
Muskegon, Mich.—Hardy-Herpolsheimer's
New Castle, Pa.—New Castle Dry Goods
New Haven, Conn.—Edward Malley Co.
New York, N. Y.—Goldsmith Bros.
Oklahoma City, Okla.—John A. Brown
Paterson, N. J.—Quackenbush Co.
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Co.
Rochester, Minn.—Donaldsons
Rochester, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards & Son
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.—The Golden Rule
Salem, Mass.—Almy, Bigelow & Washburn
San Antonio, Texas—Joske's Of Texas
Savannah, Ga.—Levy's of Savannah
Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marché
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Ohio—Edward Wren Store
Syracuse, N. Y.—Dey Bros. & Co.
Tulsa, Okla.—Brown, Dunkin Dry Goods Co.
Warren, Pa.—Metzger, Wright Co.
Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Pomeroy's, Inc.
Winston-Salem, N. C.—Anchor Co. Inc.
Worcester, Mass.—R. H. White Corp.

**INDIAN HEAD FABRICS—Pp. 64, 65 &
NECCHI-ELNA SEWING MACHINES—
Pp. 64, 65, 67**

Akron, Ohio—A. Polsky Co.
Batavia, N. Y.—Carr's
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Dubuque, Iowa—J. F. Stampfer
Evansville, Ind.—The Evansville Store
Lewiston, Idaho—C. C. Anderson
Lewiston, Pa.—E. E. McMeen Co.
Lincoln, Nebr.—Gold & Co.
Long Beach, Calif.—Walker's
Memphis, Tenn.—Bry's
Pine Bluff, Ark.—Froug's Dept. Store
Portland, Ore.—Olds & King
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Wallace Co.
Providence, R. I.—The Outlet Co.
Walla Walla, Wash.—Bon Marché

INDIAN HEAD FABRICS—Pg. 65

Beaumont, Texas—Fair, Inc.
Binghamton, N. Y.—Fowler-Dick & Walker
Durham, N. C.—Belk-Leggett Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Corpus Christi, Texas—Lichtenstein's Inc.
El Paso, Texas—Popular Dry Goods
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Wolf & Dessauer Co.
Fort Worth, Texas—Leonards
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson Co., Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wolf & Dessauer Co.
Joplin, Mo.—Christman's
New York, N. Y.—Gimbel Bros.
New York, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
Sacramento, Calif.—Halle Bros. Stores

If you cannot go into one of these stores order by
mail from the store nearest you.

"nutsy fagan" at home

(Continued from page 31) recently as *Broken Lance* tried to murder his brother in cold blood, a certain impression is bound to get around. On locations in Texas rawboned ranchers have inched menacingly up to Dick in cow country bars and muttered, "Don't try anything funny around here, son!" A few years back on the street of a small Nebraska town a righteous lady snatched Dick's arm, whirled him around and hissing, "You nasty little squirt!" let him have her dainty knuckles square in the kisser. Once he was riding a storm-tossed airliner right after he made *Slattery's Hurricane* where he'd guided one himself on film through a tornado. As Dick wandered up into the nose, the craft dropped a couple of hundred feet in a sickening wrench. "Well, Slattery," cracked the sarcastic pilot, "what do we do now?"

EVEN ABROAD, as Dick discovered only recently, they've got his number. After finishing *Prize Of Gold* in England, Dick and his wife Jean bought a Sunbeam-Alpine and took off on a sentimental holiday retracing a bike tour he'd made right after college. Gliding one day on the Grand Canal in Venice, they heard wild shouts, looked back to spy swarms of boats chasing his gondola with gesticulating Italians shouting, "Bandito Americano!"

But despite all this world-wide notoriety, there was still a certain wry truth to his *New Yorker* pal's razz: As a glamorous personality Dick Widmark in person is a flop—and he probably always will be, because that's the way he wants it.

In Hollywood's Mocambo or Ciro's Dick would probably get the same nonentity treatment he received at 21 if he ever stepped inside, which he hasn't in the seven years since he hit town. In that same time he has attended exactly one premiere, where he was so terrified by the star treatment that he swore never again and meant it. By now Dick's tuxedo has nourished generations of moths, and a movie society dictatress recently flattened his social standing for keeps with the remark, "Isn't it a shame about Richard Widmark? When you come right down to it all he is is a great actor!" She didn't know it of course, but she was stating pretty accurately just how Dick Widmark would like things to be for him in Hollywood—if that were possible.

WHEN DICK finally sprung himself from the contract he was "sweating out" at Fox, calls for pictures and interviews shifted from studio buffers to his home and the buzzing telephone almost drove him nuts. In self-defense he hired a press agent. Then the frustrated tub-thumper called Dick's wife, "I'm pretty confused, Mrs. Widmark," he confessed. "Your husband says he wants me to handle his publicity, but he also says, 'Keep them all away from me. Don't mention my private life. Don't make me exciting or glamorous. Don't say anything that isn't absolutely true, in perfect taste, and so forth.' In other words, Dick tells me, 'Go ahead—but don't do anything!' What do you make of it?" Jean couldn't advise him.

Because of his notorious reticence about his private life, his stubborn refusal to mix into the Hollywood social circus or go for any of what he calls "the yak-yak and phony trim" of a Hollywood star's existence, Dick Widmark has sometimes been tabbed an antisocial sorehead, and even a dull boy. He has been termed cynical, humorless and belligerent by people who don't know him. But what people say about him, as long as it's not true, does

not keep him awake nights. Publicity has never raised a worry wart on Dick's Swedish complexion. When he first arrived at Fox after *Kiss Of Death* he was called into a publicity conference where a ballyhoo expert made the mistake of beginning, "Now, how can we sell you?"

"You don't have to sell me," flared Widmark. "I'm not for sale!" Which was his way of announcing right at the start that he was his own man. This means a man with two determinations: (1) to do his job to the limit of his talents and energies and (2) to lead a completely normal life away from it. That's a big order in Hollywood. Dick carries it off only by resolute schizophrenia.

"When Dick makes a picture," his wife Jean says, "he could be all by himself in Times Square. He's strictly Nutsy Fagan—in a world of his own. And if anyone snaps him out of it he blows his top and you could peel him off the ceiling!" At such times Jean, an artist herself (she describes herself as 'a writer of unproduced plays') is sympathetic and understanding. She can hear Dick pacing the floor often all night chewing into his part. She watches him push away his food and lose an average of ten pounds on every job. He came back from England minus twenty after making *Prize Of Gold*. This however doesn't disturb Jean in the least, because she has been used to it for an even dozen years. In fact, it was this all-out concentration of Dick's that made Jean Hazelwood's heart flutter when she first spied him back on the campus of Lake Forest University in Illinois.

"Dick was a lone wolf, even then," she

Peter Donald was doing an audience-participation show on CBS, and he was worried. "I wonder what I ought to do," he told writer Martin Ragaway, "if a contestant says an off-color word." Ragaway answered, "It's simple. Just step to the mike and say, 'This is the National Broadcasting Company!'"

—Paul Denis

recalls. "That's what made him so attractive. He never acquired any social graces; he didn't have time. Teen-age frivolities left him cold. He stalked around the campus, lost in a dozen things—football, debating, honor societies, class presidency, dramatics and, of course, finally teaching. Most of the time he worked, waiting tables at Marshall Field's branch store. It was thrilling just to see the ambition that burned him up so intensely. A guy like that is irresistible."

Richard Widmark went on to Northwestern University after Lake Forest, chasing his Master's degree in speech and dramatics. "Life was real and life was always earnest with Dick where acting was concerned," Jean says. "From the minute he gave up his law course to go after what he wanted instead he was playing for keeps."

WHAT BROKE into Dick's post-graduate was what usually does—no money to carry on. He went to New York when a radio director friend offered him a job in a radio soap opera called *Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories*. By slugging night and day, pretty soon he was racing from one radio show to another and making enough money to marry Jean. The minute he did, the double life he leads today began. With his marriage certificate Dick acquired a stubborn allergy to any and all frou-frou connected with show business intruding into his home.

At the start the newlyweds even moved clear away from it. They never lived in

Price Slashed On Famous Adjustable Life Size Dress Form! ~~\$5.95~~ NOW ONLY \$3.98

New 1955 Model Drastically Improved—Price Slashed $\frac{1}{3}$ —New flexible material makes amazing dress form easily adjustable—larger or smaller—to fit your size. Does virtually everything a \$30 dress dummy can do — and costs only $\frac{1}{7}$ the price.

Last year when it was announced that home sewers no longer needed to pay \$10, \$20, \$30 for a dress dummy that was useless when you gained or lost weight, that home sewers could now get a life size easily adjustable dress form for only \$5.95, orders poured in from every state of the Union to Ann Baldwin, its creator.

And now Ann Baldwin passes on still more new mass production savings direct to you. And best of all on her new 1955 radically improved and simplified model. Simpler, sturdier, even easier to put together, better looking. Instead of raising the price Ann Baldwin has slashed the price $\frac{1}{3}$ saving you \$2.00 on the new low price of \$3.98.

So, if you've felt that a dress form made to your own exact measurements was "too expensive"—if you've held off investing in a dress form that wouldn't fit once you gained or lost weight—if you simply haven't the room to store a big bulky dress dummy . . . NOW YOU CAN GET AN ADJUSTABLE STORE-IT-AWAY DRESS FORM FOR LITTLE MORE THAN A PENNY A DAY FOR THE FIRST YEAR!

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After hundreds of experiments, Ann Baldwin, a well-known Hollywood Designer, has at last created a dress form that does everything you need, yet is so economically priced that every home sewer can afford to have one. In fact, you'll find it pays for itself with the very first dress you make or alter! By use of KRAFTBOARD, a very light-weight material, yet sturdy enough so that in normal use it will not break, chip or crack, Ann Baldwin has created an adjustable dress form that is so light, so handy that you can fit your dress, pin it, baste it . . . and do it all without once getting up from your chair. A full, life-size dress form that is so flexible it can be adjusted in a few minutes to the exact measurements of most figures other than extra special sizes—a completely new kind of dress form that assures a perfect fit—that shows you what your finished blouse, skirt or dress will look like on you before you ever begin to sew and now at a big slash in price that makes it a 'bigger bargain than ever.

And this year's new improved 1955 model is streamlined, better looking, sturdier, simpler, easier to put together than ever.

Scientifically Placed Guides Cut down the Possibility of Making Mistakes

How would you like to remodel your last year's ensemble into this year's latest Paris fashions—and do it quickly, easily and with none of that dreaded amateur "home-made look"? It's so easy with your new lower priced Ann Baldwin Dress Form.

Scientifically placed guides for the side, front, back, shoulder and waist seams, automatically stop you from making a mistake. Simply fit your dress on the dress form and you know that it is perfectly centered to give a more professional look to your garment at the very first fitting. And because you pin your patterns right on your Ann Baldwin Dress Form you see at a glance what your dress will look like on you when finished . . . where it needs more material — where it needs less . . . whether sleeves or shoulder lines need altering—whether the neckline, waistline, sleeves and hem will come exactly the way you want them to. Never again will you need to waste 3 or 4 hours fitting on your dress. Never again will you have to rip out the seams because you couldn't get your dress to hang properly. Never again will you have to twist, turn and bend to get an even hemline.

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Use the Ann Baldwin dress form to design your own high style fashions—use it for alterations—remodeling—or just plain simple sewing. Use it to adjust waistlines—lift shoulder lines—lower necklines. Use it for basting, stitching, fitting—for skirts, dresses, blouses, jackets. And if your Ann Baldwin dress form doesn't give you professional looking, 5th Ave. clothes the very first time you use it—if it doesn't pay for itself on the very first alteration you make—just return it for your full money back. But this amazing new dress form is still so new, so revolutionary that supplies are limited. It's first come, first served. At this big reduction in price we predict a sell-out! So today, rush the NO-RISK coupon below complete with your measurements (bust, waist and hips) to: Ann Baldwin Sales Corp., Dept. G-264, 141 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10, N. Y.



GO ON A DIET AND KEEP YOUR CLOTHES FITTING PERFECTLY! New dress form adjusts to your own personal measurements. Made of strong pliable felt covered KRAFTBOARD for extra durability, this new light-weight dress form costs just \$3.98 and is adjustable within your size range. Just put the clips into self-adjusting holes, and your hip, waist, bust and length are readjusted to your measurements once more. You get accurate fit every time.

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PUT IT TOGETHER—TAKE IT APART IN MINUTES—FOLDS AWAY OUT OF SIGHT WHEN NOT IN USE . . . AND A NEW LOW PRICE!



Amazing Flexibility Permits Easy Slip-On, Slip-Off Of Even One-Piece Dresses!

Your Ann Baldwin Dress Form is scientifically designed so that you can merely bend in the shoulders and slip the dress on or off the form with no extra work of any kind. Shoulders snap back into shape instantly. Yours at a Saving of \$2.00!

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No more aching arches, stiff shoulders or pains in the back from standing hours on end. Now you can do all your fitting, pinning, altering and hemming with your Ann Baldwin dress form right on your lap. (Weighs only 2 pounds, yet is strong enough to last for years.) Complete your whole dress-making operation without having any need to get up from your chair. And because you can use the Ann Baldwin dress form in sections, small garments become so much easier to handle. To sew blouses and jackets use only the torso. For skirts and slacks use only the hip parts.

P. S. Also great for blocking sweaters. Act now before this new low price is withdrawn.

(Continued from page 68) New York. They set up housekeeping in suburban Bronxville, and that's where young Mr. Widmark headed the minute his acting chores were over. "All the other actors haunted Sardi's after shows, yak-ing up the place," Jean recalls, "but not Richie. When I met him at the studio or the stage door it was—whisk—off in his '35 Ford—but not necessarily to sleep. If he didn't sweat his part to tatters the rest of the night he cooked up a project to test something he was curious about."

One of those projects was a bunch of experimental recordings. They're home-written skits and take-offs on Broadway and radio shows, with Dick and Jean the stars, naturally. The dialogue is definitely surrealistic and the sound effects the same. "We used a vacuum cleaner for a tornado and the kitchen pots and pans for the clanking of hospital surgery," reveals Jean. "We did our own screaming." They had to stop it finally when notes from outraged neighbors appeared: "Please find a quieter game to play or get out!"

So the Widmarks got out—to White Plains, New York. They've never hung around cities any more than they could help. Dick hates them and what he calls their "claustrophobia houses."

Coming home through New York Dick tarried only to treat his lowrating pals to lunch at 21, then beat it before nightfall to his in-laws, the John Bainbridges, up in Bronxville. For years, whenever he came east Dick set off into the back country of New England hunting remote dream spots. In their minds the Widmarks, through such tours, have mentally acquired "at least fifty farm houses" according to Jean, and traveled around 50,000 road miles. Last spring when Dick's "freedom" from Fox was finally all set they really bought one. "Widmark's Folly" is a 200-year old house concealed by eighty acres of woods in the Massachusetts Berkshires, officially at a place called South Sandesfield, but don't try to find it. The town is just a rural post office in another house down a winding dirt road and you'd probably get lost, as Dick and Jean have a time or two themselves. The place, which set them back \$10,000, is already completely furnished and set for some future Utopian existence. So far, they've spent just one night there. But they still talk seriously of transferring their home base to that lonely haven, and commuting to Hollywood, which in Dick Widmark's isolationist mind is too crowded for comfort.

Mandeville Canyon, out Santa Monica way, is the farthest Dick has managed to remove himself so far. His castle there is a sprawling yellow ranchhouse set in a cup of woodsy hills, with about everything on the two-and-a-half acres that a home-loving guy could want—swimming pool, barn, guest cottages and a mammoth patio.

After the head of steam he works up for every movie job has simmered down, Dick Widmark studiously flops his personality over with a Jekyll-Hyde switch. First thing he does is to completely forget his last picture. Often he doesn't bother to see them; in fact, has yet to look at *Broken Lance*, never did see *Garden Of Evil* or the one he did with Marilyn Monroe, *Don't Bother To Knock*, among others. One reason is because he believes no artist can afford to look back. Another is that viewing himself on the screen is painful because everything he does is, in Widmark's opinion, "horrible." The one picture Dick actually admits he liked was *Panic In The Streets* which Elia Kazan, his Guild mentor, directed and in which Dick played a normal, next-door character.

But it doesn't mean that Dick Widmark scorns the medium that has been so good to him. Actually, Dick is a rabid movie

fan from away back and probably one of the keenest students of movie history and techniques. He courted Jean in Chicago movie houses, and could always be lured into Manhattan for the old flickers at the Museum of Modern Art. "I know them all back to the *Great Train Robbery*—and beyond," he boasts, "even to John Bunny and Flora Finch in *The Kiss*." A photography nut, he brought back 2700 feet of his European tour and one of his biggest extravagances in Hollywood is film rentals. Because he always runs them off on his own projector—especially his own—he never goes out where audience reactions could make him squirm.

TURNING TO THIS and other hobbies—the voluminous library, his paint box and his hammering and sawing jobs around the place—Dick's good nature returns. In his relaxed spells the high-tension concern with his own acting which has sometimes made him sharp and explosive with colleagues he suspected of goldbricking on the set vanishes. "When he's off the hook, Dick mellows like a persimmon after an October frost," one friend puts it. "Suddenly he loves everybody."



GURGLE, GURGLE, LITTLE MARGIE

Celebrities are the norm in the Neiman-Marcus Beauty Salon and I am always pleased to serve them. Recently one came to my table unannounced and, in reply to one of my comments, she gurgled. I said she'd be good competition for Little Margie. "It would be some accomplishment, wouldn't it?" she said, rather disparagingly. I resented that and said I'd tried to imitate it and had heard others try it, too. It wasn't until I received my tip envelope and saw that it was from Miss Storm that I realized who had made light of My Little Margie.

Katherin Faye Sherill
Dallas, Texas

"Personally, I've never witnessed the terrible-tempered Widmark in my life," says his closest pal, actor Henry Morgan, who lives up the canyon. "The only blow-up I know about, Dick told me himself—and the joke was on him." That was when Dick came home one week end from a Sierra location to drive his daughter, Ann, to the Griffith park zoo on a Sunday and got caught in a crawling traffic jam. Monday he showed up back at Lone Pine with a neck so stiff he couldn't move it. "I got sore in that traffic jam and yanked my tie loose," Dick explained sheepishly. "Nearly broke my neck!"

Henry knows both sides of Dick Widmark probably better than anyone except Dick's own family. He has worked with him and played with him too. Like the rest of Dick's small group of intimates—Karl Malden, the actor, Bob Ardrey, the playwright, composer Adolf Green and writer William Saroyan—he feels free to barge in any time and, if Dick isn't working, whip up a storm. "Sure, Dick's an intellectual," says Henry, "absolutely concentrated on his

job, ambitious, sincere, and on the other side of the card, a very serious citizen. But that doesn't mean he can't cut loose and have fun. People who think Dick's a square just don't know him. He packs a terrific sense of humor."

Sometimes for no good reason at all the above bunch collect at Dick and Jean's and when they do they're usually there until morning. Dick sets up his drums, Bob Ardrey pounds the piano and Henry sings—or rather they all do, helped along at times by tone-deaf Bill Saroyan bawling Armenian folk songs. When things really warm up Dick and Henry go into their soft shoe specialty.

WHILE DICK will scrap for every dime due him at a studio as a matter of principle, he's surprisingly disinterested in the stuff that makes the world go round. "We'll never be rich," predicts Jean cheerfully. "Dick doesn't want to be. Thinks it would be dangerous." He has no business manager to dole out spending money and collect oil wells like most stars in his bracket. He has refused all tv gravy so far. He doesn't want to produce his pictures. And where Dick's dough goes is seldom on himself. He has only five conservatively tailored suits and a pile of old work pants that Jean swears are "ready to walk away." He doesn't own a piece of jewelry beside his watch. His personal extravagances are his hi-fi, records, five cameras, the antiques he loves to track down and bring home, the oil paintings he can't resist. Once he gets something, however, try to get it away from him.

For instance, Dick still owns the '35 Ford phaeton he commuted in from Bronxville, way back when. The station wagon his in-laws use in Bronxville, was driven back on one trip, is still there in his name. The gray Sunbeam-Alpine he and Jean drove through Europe has just arrived at Mandeville Canyon and will doubtless never depart. On his last trip to England Dick brought back an MG, but because it cramped his long legs he reluctantly sold it. As the buyer drove away, Dick chased him down the street yelling, "Hey, come back! I've changed my mind!" but it was too late. Smack in the middle of their rich antiques sits a battered table Dick bought for twelve bucks when they were married. He won't move it out of the living-room.

DICK'S PRIVATE nature is possessive and hyper-loyal to anybody or anything which has ever been close to him. All of the pals he sees constantly today Dick knew back in New York. Another should be added, Pete Simon, a gutsy fellow who gets around in a wheel chair but runs a popular college hangout near UCLA. Dick met Pete, learned he had a tough time making a living and lent him the money to open "Dude's." Until he got rolling Pete lived for two straight years in the Widmark's guest cottage. Another marathon houseguest is "the dog who came to dinner," a collie named Trigger that Dick kept when a friend went to Europe. The friend, Warren Stevens, soon was back, but Trigger continues to pad happily around the Widmark's with another inky pup, Choo-choo, and a pet chicken christened Claude. All have free run of the house. The only time Dick balked at an aspiring member of the Widmark family was when Annie brought in a mangy baby 'possum from the hills. He hustled that one right back.

Ann can make her shy dad do things he'd never normally dream of doing in public. She traveled right along when the Widmarks went to Europe and had her last birthday in Copenhagen where she lured Dick to the Tivoli amusement park and made him dance with her as the Danes gawked happily. In Berlin where part of

Prize of Gold was filmed, she actually talked him into an excursion behind the Iron Curtain into the Red Zone. In looks Annie is a half-and-half copy of both her parents, which is as it should be. Because Jean and Dick Widmark are a perfectly blended team that Hollywood gossip has never been able even slightly to crack.

Nobody who knows Dick could imagine his existing without the quiet, capable and intelligent woman who's his balance wheel. "Jean is Dick," as one friend puts it, "and vice versa." But even Dick Widmark would be the last person in the world to argue that his wife has had a soft touch in the chameleon role of switching back and forth with the alternating storm-and-sunshine of his work and leisure.

JEAN GOT HER initial shock on their first wedding anniversary. It happened that Dick's first Broadway play, *Kiss And Tell*, opened the same night, April 5. He forgot all about the anniversary, of course, and, Jean recalls, "there was a heck of a lot of more dramatic scene after the show than there was up on that stage—with tears."

That wasn't the last time Dick skipped either—and you can throw in a few birthdays, Mother's Days, and scattered events close to a wife's sentimentalities. But Mrs. Widmark doesn't regard herself as a martyr. "I'm really lucky. Life with Dick is always a Third Act," sighs playwright Jean. "The suspense is terrific." Because despite his militant longing for hearthside normalcy actually around the house Dick Widmark is unorthodox.

Jean, for instance, never knows exactly what time it is; Dick sets all the clocks ahead in varying degrees. Long ago she gave up planning breakfast together; breakfast for Dick, who can owl it all night with a stack of books, might be at four the next afternoon. He pays no attention whatever to the conventional holidays if he's wrapped up in a job. If he isn't, Jean might walk in loaded with groceries to find the car warming up, bags packed and Dick impatiently urging, "Come on, let's get going!" Exactly where he doesn't know. Once they started off for San Francisco and wound up in Death Valley. Nobody was more surprised than Jean when Dick finished reading a script the other night and asked her next morning, "How would you like to go to Africa?"

Jean Widmark cherishes the cozy self-deception that this is really all very normal, and she succeeds in passing that illusion on to Dick because—well—she loves him. If she walks in on a train of moving vans backed up in the drive someday with the antiques being stowed aboard for Widmark's Folly back east, it wouldn't wrinkle her freckles too deeply. She could be a Massachusetts farm wife as easily as a Hollywood star's backer-upper, and Dick could work off his chronic acting hangovers splitting rails instead of his personality.

Such a rustic resettlement, however, seems a long way off for Dick Widmark the way they're roping him down with starring deals. When you back him against the wall he'll grin and admit, somewhat garrulously for him:

"I have no real kicks. This is a great business and it affords me and my family a pleasant life. I've served my movie apprenticeship. I'm grateful for what I've learned. There's a lot now I want to do here. I'm lucky to be making my living at what I love—acting. I'm not mad at anybody. So I want to stick around until I've had it. When I fall apart and they don't want me any more—I'll move on."

But it's hardly likely that he'll be asked to do so. While they'll undoubtedly park glamourless Dick and his pals right back with the dirty dishes next time he lunches at 21, it looks like "Widmark's Folly" will have to wait. **END**



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(Continued from page 42) John, whose father, Guido Papiro, has lately retired as a small manufacturer of costume jewelry, grew up in West Los Angeles with never a thought of becoming an actor. Even now the business of having make-up applied to his face makes him wriggle with distaste. He was one of those neighborhood kids who are always busy trading. He would leave the house in the morning with, say, two spark plugs and a Chevrolet hub cap, return by nightfall with a sea-eroded outboard motor. In his small-boy years he built and swapped skate-boards and coaster wagons. In his teens it was hotrods and "drag" assemblies. There isn't any doubt but that he would be wheeling and dealing in jet planes or rocket ships by now had he not gotten himself a job a few years ago in a filling station patronized by many film people. The right man came along, one thing led to another, and soon Race was making a brief appearance at U-I.

Playing the role of Rock's son he was seen in only the last five minutes of *The Lawless Breed*, but with his deep-set, brown eyes and warm Latin face, his shock of dark brown hair and remarkably light carriage for a sturdy, near six-footer (5' 11"), he didn't need any more time than this. The picture hadn't been released a month before feminine fans began writing letters to the studio by the thousands. Some of the girls said that if they could have him for Easter they wouldn't need anything at all for Christmas. He was signed to a long-term contract.

SINCE THEN, Race, appearing in another picture, *Black Horse Canyon*, co-starring Joel McCrea and Mari Blanchard, has completely clinched his status as a romantic screen personality. Even more than that, he not only reassured his studio that he can be somebody in the film world—he convinced himself as well. He is finally taking his career as an actor seriously.

Piece by piece, he is forgetting old projects; a Model A Ford motor block he was going to overhaul and soup up, a seam-sprung speed boat he was going to replank, caulk and race, a 1937 Auburn he planned on modernizing. He is a member of the U-I school for its younger players, and he even supplements his studies there by private tutoring in essentials of drama.

"Take it from me, Race means business!" an old friend of his, Dean Marlo, said the other day. "He never got into anything in his life without giving it all he's got—and Race has got a lot!"

One thing that Race has a lot of is the kind of masculine good looks Rock Hudson has. That's why he was cast to play Rock's son in *The Lawless Breed*. And, curiously enough, Rock has been like a sort of father to him ever since. It was Rock who discovered a sure-fire way of putting Race at his ease during the first days at the studio when everything seemed strange to him. Seeing Race sitting stiffly in the commissary one lunchtime, not talking, and looking neither right nor left, Rock went over and whispered in his ear. What Rock said was that he had spread word to all the girls in the studio describing Race's silence as brooding because he was deep in a family vendetta and had sworn to kill three men before the year was out.

"Now don't let me down!" warned Rock. "Keep on stalking around the studio like you do, never saying a word and looking kind of grim!"

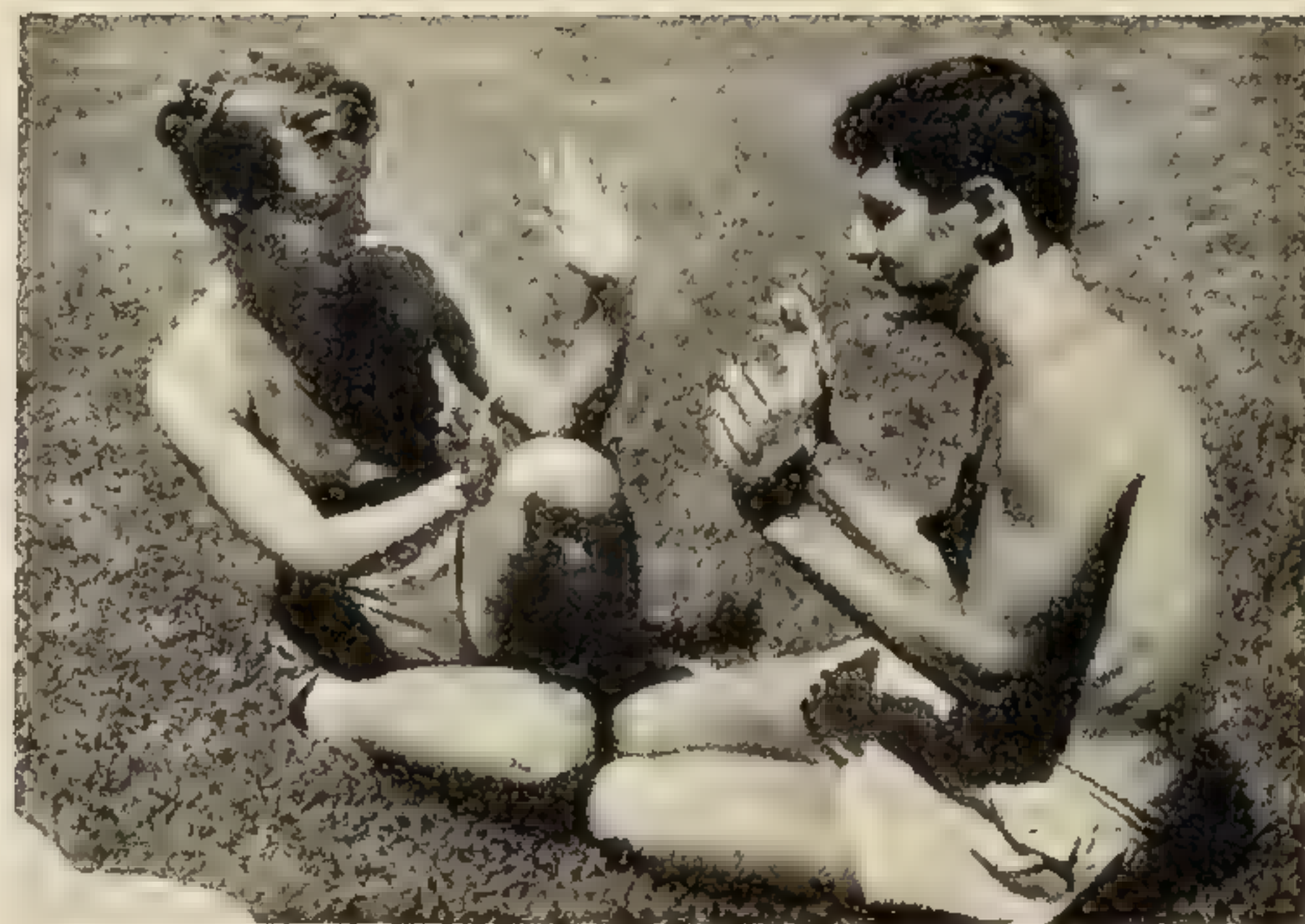
Race laughed so hard at the idea that he slid off the chair and under the table. When he got up again his self-consciousness was gone, for that day anyway—which was what Rock was after. Now, every time

Rock sees Race under possible tension he has only to start whispering.

UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL is the first studio Race has ever entered via the front gate. He used to drop in on 20th Century-Fox regularly by climbing over the fence when he had nothing better to do; he lived only a few blocks away. As this sort of uninvited visitor he watched dozens of pictures being made and got a liking for the way adventure stories were filmed. He would like to play the John Wayne type of roles if he gets to the point where he can do the choosing.

Stars like Gene Tierney, Dan Dailey, Faith Domergue and Dick Long lived either next door or across the street from Race's home during his boyhood, but that meant nothing to him. He remembers that his mother once invited Dailey to dinner to cheer him up after Dailey's dog, Duke, had been killed in an accident—and Dan cried for nearly two hours.

Race remembers this only, he thinks, because he, too, loves animals. When he was fifteen he visited the dog pound and fell in love with a puppy that appeared to be part Irish Setter and part Golden Re-



MODERN SCREEN'S CRYSTAL BALL

A hint of things to come appeared in MODERN SCREEN's first story about Eddie Fisher in the November, 1953, issue. Now that he is engaged to Debbie Reynolds, let us quote from that story:

"There was a chance to he might go to Hollywood, the tv star said. His agent was talking over a one-picture-a-year deal with Paramount.

"If I made a picture, I'd like to play opposite Debbie Reynolds," he said, "but I don't suppose Paramount could borrow her."

"It was the first time in all his conversation that Eddie had mentioned a girl."

triever. He wanted to buy the pup but when he got back with his mother and the nominal fee, the pound was closed. Since the next day was a Saturday, and Race had the idea that that was the day the pound exterminated the week's accumulation of unclaimed dogs, he couldn't sleep all night. At dawn he ran to the pound, climbed the fence and kidnapped his love. The dog's name is Ruggie and Race still has him. There is only one sad angle to the story. The dog Race stole was in effect "stolen" from him soon afterwards. Ruggie loves Race's dad first of all, not Race.

FOR A BOY who was going to be an actor Race showed an aptitude for the wrong subjects when he went to school. At St. Paul, the Apostle, in Los Angeles, where he got his elementary education, at University High in nearby Santa Monica, and during a year and a half's attendance at Santa Monica City College, he was good

in math, physics and chemistry, but poor in English. It has been pointed out to him that this is quite characteristic of fellows who get to be stars in the kind of outdoor action type of pictures he likes. You could say about the same thing of the scholastic records of Clark Gable or Guy Madison, and certainly of John Wayne. This doesn't mean Race is all beef; he has a love for history, a fine sensitivity for mechanical design, and plays a fine, analytical game of chess. But mainly he is one for stretching his muscles; he was a busy if not a great athlete in school.

Up to the time he was signed for the movies Race was considered a pretty lucky boy by his family because he won a baby contest when he was a year old, found \$125 in cash in a storm drain when he was twelve, beat out a case of inflamed appendix when he was thirteen and never got drowned sailing the old boat wrecks he wangled in his trades. All through high school he lived well on double lunches; after eating his own he would steal some girl's lunch.

During one semester at Santa Monica High he stole the same girl's lunch for three weeks, not because he was mean but because it became some sort of fetish with him and he couldn't stop. One noon he took off as usual with her lunch box and sat down in a selected hideout to eat it. His first bite on a sandwich told him he would have to look for a new victim—what looked like a fine slice of ham between the bread slices was actually a slab of red inner tube.

THESE DAYS, when Race reads of vandalism in the schools, he wonders if they could be talking about guys like him. Race's gang never broke any windows in school or chopped up any desks—they confined themselves to stunts like gluing up the pages of the teachers' roll books and sneaking in the gym during the girls' dancing lessons to watch them prance around, reportedly in "daring" costumes.

Race got that job at the gas station where he was discovered because he wanted to save money to buy a twenty-foot speed boat. He was seventeen and by this time his trading was beginning to worry his mother, Mrs. Frances Papiro, who wanted him to settle down. She must have been afraid that his business habits would affect his personal ones because she issued a warning to him one day. "If you change women like you change cars, when it comes time for marriage you'll never be happy," she told him.

One day when Race was at the station a man drove up in a '41 Chevy sedan and told Race to put five gallons of regular gas in the tank while he went into the washroom to change his shirt. This man could have discovered Race if he wanted to and made a big star out of him; he had made big stars out of other people—the biggest, in fact. But he just came out of the washroom, paid for his gas and drove off. His name was Howard Hughes.

BUT THERE WAS another man, an agent, who had been watching Race and who talked to him one day. His name was Henry Willson and among his discoveries and clients are stars like Rock and Guy Madison. He began trying to talk Race into taking a test and perhaps because Race had lived among movie people all his life he wasn't impressed. Then one day Willson tried a new approach. "Look," he said, "if you knew you could make as much money in a week as an actor as it takes you in six months here, would you pass it up?"

"No," replied Race, instantly, his trading instinct aroused. This was different. This was dickering, man!

Race is still not making in a week what

used to make in six months . . . but he isn't so far from that figure either. Willson took him to Raoul Walsh who was to direct *The Lawless Breed* and Race demonstrated his complete ignorance of even the rudest rudiments of acting. "Fine!" beamed Walsh, who is best known for hurling thunderbolts of wrath when he is displeased with any member of his cast. "He looks the part and we never have run out of film yet. We'll keep him at it until he does it right—out of sheer exhaustion if not talent!"

Oddly enough, Race, who couldn't act for beans in his first few scenes, caught onto the business quickly enough to be turning in passable performances by his third day before the cameras. A very strong asset which he possesses is a quick and accurate memory. Another is a flair for mimicry which can stand a lot of development yet but does come to him naturally.

ALL THE TIME Race spent fixing up cars and driving them in his youth has been of little help so far to him in his career. He would have been better off learning to ride a horse which, of course, he had to do the moment he was signed. His horsemanship is reported as mostly lacking so far but he has shown he has the courage to ride if not the seat. In *Black Horse Canyon* he obeyed a director's injunction to "Let him all out!" while riding a pony downhill, with the result that the horse tripped and went into a full front flip in which Race was fortunately thrown clear, but, unfortunately, right on his face. He climbed right back on the horse to finish the scene before his bruises swelled.

Some weeks after Race began work at the studio he realized one day that he had not as yet been to a Hollywood party—the kind he had read about in the papers. At just about this time he got an opportunity to escort Susan Cabot to Ciro's, and this proved to be the famous affair at which Darryl Zanuck, head of 20th Century-Fox, stripped to the waist and vainly tried to demonstrate to everyone present that he could chin himself one-handed. The story goes that Zanuck got the idea for his gymnastics because Race confessed to him how he used to climb the fences at 20th. Zanuck is supposed to have replied that he could go over those fences one-handed, while reading a script with the other.

Actually Race's social life is not much different from what it was before he turned actor. The truth is he goes out with the very same friends, old pals from his high school days. One of these is Dean Marlo, who has also turned to acting. Another is Sylvan Cole, who divides his time between attending Santa Monica College and working at an aircraft company. A third friend is Dave Schweitzer, who works for the telephone company. Dave was along the first evening Race was ever asked for an autograph by a stranger. They had dated two girls from their high school days and were seated in Coffee Dan's, a popular eatery, when a young lady came to their table.

"Please forgive me," she asked Race, "but I'm in California only on a short visit and someone said you were in pictures. Could I have your autograph?"

Unused to anything like this, Race was blushing by this time. He reached for a napkin (the girl hadn't offered anything to write on) and scribbled his name. The girl thanked him even as she looked down at his signature. Then her head jerked up.

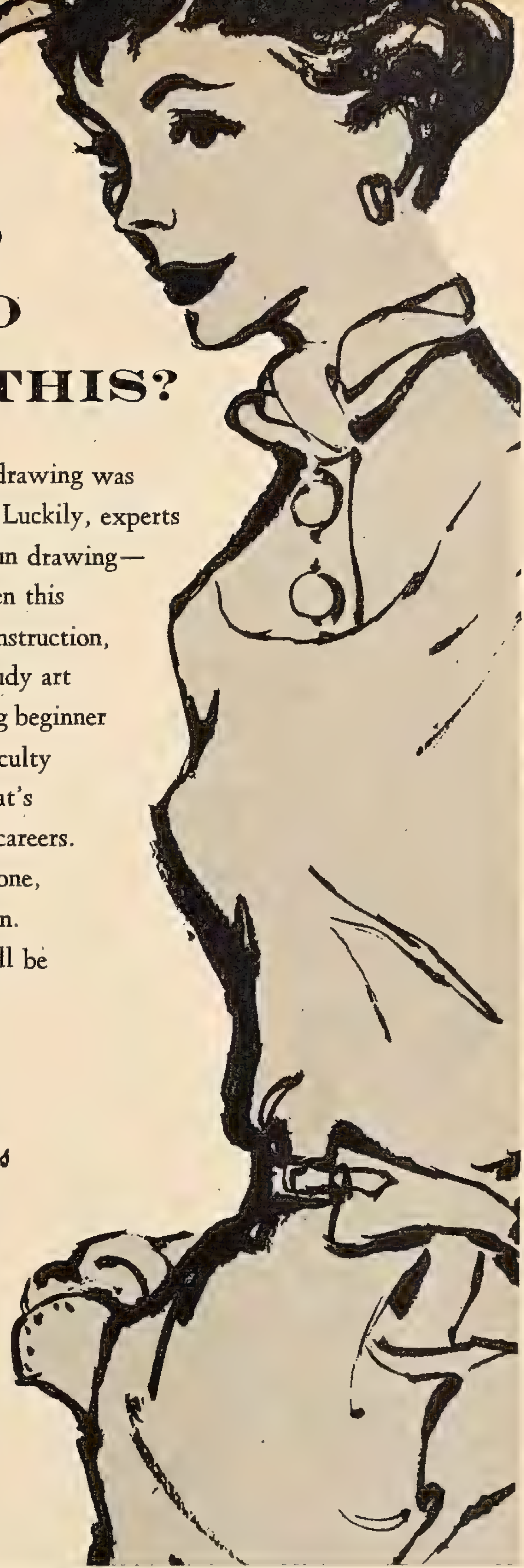
"Race Gentry?" she cried. "Who's he? I thought you were Rock Hudson!"

He decided later that if anyone again ever asked for an autograph he would joke about it first and accuse the person of not even knowing who he was. Well, someone did ask Race for his autograph a few weeks later, at a picture premiere.

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"G'wan!" he laughed at the girl. "You don't even know whose autograph you want. What's my name?"

Sure enough the answer came back, "Rock Hudson, silly!"

Race isn't giving out any autographs these days. He is waiting to decide whether to grow a mustache or a beard for stronger personal identification. Rock's suggestion is that they get into a saber fight and give each other distinguishing, and, of course, romantic, scars.

RACE, TOO YOUNG for active military service up to now, has been a member of the Naval Air Reserve for the past three years, reporting for training two weeks every summer and the first week end of every month. Between this and his new career he is a busy boy but this doesn't mean he hasn't any time for girls. He will

always have time for girls.

NOT LONG AGO Race went down to a beautiful little promontory in the Pacific Ocean a few miles north of the Malibu Beach colony and bought an acre and a half of land. Some of his pals think this is quite a significant move. They point out that Race's parents married young, that Race has a brother, Pete, who married young, and a sister, Carmen, who married young. And Race's maternal grandfather, Salvador Carese, was one of the founders of the harbor town of San Pedro and lived there until he was killed in an automobile accident at the age of ninety-six.

"It's all very clear," says Dave, Race's pal. "Race has to obey family tradition. He has to marry young, live somewhere near the water with wife and family, and keep living out there until he is around a hundred."

END

they say it's wonderful

(Continued from page 27) filed in California, a state in which it takes one year for a divorce to become final. The parties to any California divorce are always warned by the Court that they cannot marry until the decree is final or the offending party may be held for bigamy.

So naturally, no one expected Guy Madison to elope to Mexico with Sheila Connolly. But that's exactly what he did.

Why would he refuse to wait a year for the final decree?

The answer is simple. When you're young and you're sure you've found the one girl who will make the perfect wife, when you believe the time to be together is now—then you start looking for legal loopholes.

You say to yourself, "I'm in love with this girl, and I'm going to marry her now. I'm sure the lawyers can work everything out. Thousands of couples have been married in Mexico before their divorce decrees became final."

Guy Madison and Sheila Connolly felt that way last October. "So on Saturday, October 23," Sheila remembers, "Guy and I got in the car and drove to San Diego. Then we took a plane to El Paso which is across the river from Juarez."

"Guy had the marriage ring with him. He had asked me what kind I wanted and I had said, 'Just a simple gold wedding band so that people can see I'm married.' The ring is a quarter of an inch wide."

"Anyway, we were supposed to get married on a Tuesday. The Mexican judge who was scheduled to perform the ceremony, called and said, 'Let's make it Monday instead.' Guy said that would be fine with us."

"Came Monday and we got a call from Juarez. A friend said, 'The judge is ready to marry you. Better come over right away or he'll take off for lunch. Then we may never be able to find him.'"

"Guy and I rushed down to the bridge that crosses the Rio Grande into Juarez. We applied for a permit to cross and get married in Mexico. The man who gave the permits wasn't there. We had to wait ten minutes. Finally when we got the permit, we raced over to the judge's office. It was too late. He was gone."

"Our Spanish-speaking friend began to call the restaurants around town. He located the judge and said, 'Come back. These people are waiting to get married.' But when a Mexican judge is at lunch, he's not going to suffer indigestion over a little thing like marriage. So Guy and I waited. Only the judge never showed."

"We waited and waited until finally our friend got a bright idea. Wise in the ways of Mexico, he drove over to the judge's house. Sure enough, the judge was there, taking a *siesta*, I guess. He brought him back, and we were married a little after three in the afternoon."

Guy and Sheila had their wedding supper that night in a Chinese restaurant. Then they went to see Debbie Reynolds in *Susan Slept Here*. They spent their wedding night in an El Paso motel, and when morning came they flew to Miami where Guy was scheduled to appear at the Kellogg convention. Kellogg is the breakfast food company that sponsors *Wild Bill Hickok*, the television program that brought Madison back to show business.

While the Madisons were on their way to the Biscayne Bay Hotel in Miami, Stan Musgrave, Guy's publicity man, released the wedding news to the press.

The response in Hollywood was surprise. Following surprise came such approval as, "If ever any man deserved a little happiness, it's certainly Guy Madi-

son. This fellow has been through plenty."

THE REFERENCE, of course, was to Madison's unhappy first marriage to actress Gail Russell.

After their marriage in 1949 Gail began to drink, first a little, then more and more.

Madison is quiet, moody and withdrawn, stubborn and determined, simple and shy. For years he lived with Gail, wondering why she could not control her weakness. Her indulgence caused him great anguish.

Was it *his* fault? Was *he* responsible in some way for Gail's behavior?

He searched his own soul, and he could find no answer. At the same time his marriage was foundering, his professional career was declining.

"Madison was okay during the postwar era," one studio executive confided three years ago, "but nowadays business is rough and we must separate the professionals from the amateurs."

It's a tribute to Madison's fortitude and courage that when things were rough both in and out of home, he did not complain nor bemoan his fate.

Worrying about Gail, he lost weight, a good twenty pounds. He became nervous and edgy. He suffered mentally and phys-

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

At the Yankee Stadium a friend and I exchanged a few words about the game with a familiar-looking man, but we couldn't place his face. At a particularly tense moment, we were distracted from the game by the frantic movements of the man next to us; he was practically turning his pockets inside out. Suddenly he leaned over and blurted out "Listen, could I bum a cigarette? I'm all out and I just can't leave the game now to get some!" Of course we gave him a smoke—and were we glad afterwards, when a couple of girls came over and asked for Guy Mitchell's autograph!

Frances Manfredi
New York, New York



ically, but he never succumbed to self-pity. For Gail there was always understanding and money and another chance.

Last year Gail and Guy finally agreed to separate. Guy moved out, and Gail consulted a psychiatrist. The doctor recommended a sanitarium in Oregon. Gail agreed to go. Apparently it wasn't enough. On November 25, 1953, Gail was arrested on suspicion of drunken driving. Ever faithful, Guy went to his wife's aid. He posted bail and gave her all his support.

When asked about the status of their relationship, he told a reporter, "I'm still devoted to Gail. Anything she needs from me she can have. I don't expect I'll ever again get involved emotionally with another woman."

THAT, OF COURSE, was before Guy ran into Sheila Connolly, who came out to Hollywood in 1952 after making a fair success of modeling in New York.

Ever since she was a child, Gail Russell has been an unhappy, mixed-up girl. This is mentioned so that no one will imagine that Guy Madison was in any way re-

sponsible for her tragic alcoholism.

As a child in Chicago, Gail used to hide from guests. She used to avoid parties. Her shyness reached the proportions of a dangerous neurosis. As a teen-ager in Santa Monica she suffered from frequent periods of abnormal elation and depression. Her timidity was tremendous.

When Paramount gave her a contract in 1942, one casting director said, "She is the most scared, the most petrified kid I have ever met in my life."

Gail never should have become an actress. There is nothing of the exhibitionist in her make-up. She never had the confidence nor the ability to take the hard knocks that go with the career.

They say that she drank to bolster her sagging ego. Whatever the reason, her marriage to Guy Madison was a painful failure, a searing experience.

That's why when the news of Guy's second marriage broke on October 25, Hollywood agreed that Madison did the right thing in reaching out for his happiness. Hollywood also agreed that Sheila Connolly was a lucky girl. Husbands like Guy Madison aren't easy to find.

SHEILA KNOWS this. Before her marriage, she dated dozens of the most eligible men in Hollywood. None of them seemed to click. Neither did her career.

In coming to Hollywood in 1952, Sheila hoped, quite naturally, for a successful screen career. She had studied a little at the Dramatic Workshop in New York. She had "made" a handful of magazine covers. But in the film capital the best she could do was a couple of parts in television.

She was extremely popular, however. One of the places she went was the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles. Last April Sheila was invited to attend the Sportsmen's Show there.

Guy Madison is an outstanding archer, a crack hunter, a versatile athlete, possibly the best outdoor sportsman in movie-town, so naturally he was there, too.

Jim Byron, a good-natured press agent who from time to time used to "plant items" about Sheila, asked her if she'd pose with Guy in a speed boat.

Sheila quickly agreed, and that's how she met Robert Ozell Mosely of Bakersfield, California—screen name: Guy Madison.

As Sheila tells the story, "Guy was very much alive the first night we met. He usually isn't, you know. He's very quiet, very controlled. I liked him instantly. He took me home in his car that night and asked if he might phone. I said sure."

"He phoned a couple of times, and we talked over the phone, and you know what? After these conversations I stopped going out with other fellows. Now mind you, I'd never been out with Guy on a date, but somehow just talking to him and thinking about him—well, I just began to hope that he'd ask me out."

"The day after Gail applied for a divorce, Guy dated me. We drove out to the Holiday House for dinner. That's near Malibu, down by the beach."

"Maybe I shouldn't say it. But I fell for him almost immediately. He was so sweet, so thoughtful in a very kind and natural way. After that date, I just sat around and waited for him to call again. When he did—well, I just felt wonderful."

"We began to see each other every day. We went down to the beach. We went fishing. He introduced me to his friends. Rory and Lita Calhoun told me a good deal about Guy. They love him very much."

"Guy and I never got engaged but we certainly fell in love. One night we spoke about his immediate plans. Guy said he was going into a Columbia picture, *Five*

Against The House. When that was over, he planned to go fishing in Colorado. In January he was scheduled to go to Mexico for another picture. The more he spoke, the more we realized that in the months to come we'd probably be separated. That's when he decided that we'd better get married. Next afternoon on the way to the beach he proposed.

"The minute he asked me I said yes."

AFTER THE ELOPEMENT to Juarez, the Madisons spent one week of their honeymoon in Miami. It wasn't much of a honeymoon, because Guy was working. He was spreading good will among the Kellogg representatives.

From Miami, Guy and Sheila flew back to San Diego, picked up their car and drove to Bakersfield. Here, Guy introduced his wife to his parents, hard-working, God-fearing Baptists.

Sheila, of course, is Catholic. She has four sisters and one brother. She was born in New York City, but her family returned to Ireland in 1931. In 1946, Timothy Connolly, a jockey, took his family back to New York. Tim is now a popular horse-trainer in the east. As of this writing the Connollys have yet to meet their newest and most famous son-in-law.

Sheila has abandoned all attempts at a show business career. "Being Guy Madison's wife," she claims, "is career enough for me. I just want to spend as much time with him as I possibly can. Fortunately, I love outdoor sports just as much as he does, and I don't mind going on location trips with him one little bit."

In line with this, Guy was ordered to Reno less than two weeks after his marriage. Sheila went along, and the newlyweds were given the bridal suite at the Pony Express Motel.

IN RENO Mrs. Madison, accompanied by her black poodle, showed up every day at Harold's Club to watch her husband perform in *Five Against The House*.

When one reporter asked if she intended to follow Guy on location even after her marriage was blessed with children, Sheila said, "I'm going to follow him straight down the line, children or no children. That's the best way to keep a marriage together. When the babies are born, they'll go on location, too."

In his own quiet way, Guy feels similarly over-possessive which, of course, is only natural for newlyweds. During his Reno location, Guy's eyes sparkled, his smile shone, and he looked happier than he has in years.

END

the gal who got away

(Continued from page 45) went around together. Ava got into the bullring with me. Together we worked a bull. As for marriage, I am afraid you are making a big thing of a little thing."

Denials in Hollywood are a dime a dozen, so when the Spaniard went to Lake Tahoe two days later, much of the community expected an eventual Gardner-Dominguin marriage.

But Ava never does the expected. That's why she's such a puzzle.

When her residence requirements for a divorce were filled, did she file for divorce from Frank Sinatra and fly back to Madrid with Luis Miguel?

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time she was in love with love. But no more. When she marries again, she is going to be absolutely certain that the odds for a happy marriage are with her. In the past she has hoped against hope. She knew that marrying Rooney or Shaw or Sinatra was no cinch, but she was seriously in love with each of them. Young and optimistic, she thought marriage would change them.

"Now she knows that marriage rarely changes any man's basic character. I'm sure Dominguin is mad about Ava and would marry her on a moment's notice. But Dominguin is a devout Catholic who doesn't believe in divorce. And Spaniards are not brought up to give a wife much freedom.

"Ava has come to the point where she looks beyond the first flush of romance. The gap between her way of life and Dominguin's is too wide and she knows it. That's why she and Luis will be close friends and nothing more. That's why nothing came of his visit to Lake Tahoe. They just swam around together, listened to records, and laughed it up with Ava's two sisters who were staying with her.

"I'm not sure why Ava didn't pick up her divorce. I think she and Sinatra are being stubborn about who pays what."

Whether this explanation of Ava's behavior is entirely accurate, no one knows.

All we do know is that after Dominguin had spent a week up at Lake Tahoe, Ava diplomatically sent him back to Hollywood.

A few weeks later she climbed into a private plane supplied by a well-known producer and flew to Miami. With the prominent executive beside her, she made a round of the Florida hot spots.

Is she in love with the producer? Is she running away from problems?

Ava won't even tell herself the answers. A seething body of conflicts and neuroses, she keeps on the go.

NEXT STOP—HAVANA. Then Ava decided to tour South America to promote *The Barefoot Contessa*. Practically anything is better for her, she reasoned, than returning to Hollywood.

There are many versions of what happened to the persecuted Miss Gardner on her South American junket. In Brazil several newspapers claimed that Ava imbibed one drink too many in Rio de Janeiro. They said that she was ordered out of the Gloria Hotel for breaking champagne glasses, conducting a wild party and throwing a glass at the hotel manager.

The truth is that Ava Gardner was and is immensely popular in every South American country except Brazil. Thousands of screaming fans swarmed all over her in Chile. She was enthusiastically welcomed in Argentina.

In Brazil, however, she was subjected to the most deliberate harassments.

Many Brazilians blame the suicide of their late President Getulio Vargas on the indirect influence of the United States. Ava arrived in Rio when anti-United States feeling was at its zenith, less than a month after Vargas' death.

Here is an eye-witness report: "Ava Gardner, her secretary and her publicity man arrived at the airport in Rio de Janeiro. Because she had been received cordially in other South American countries, Ava thought she would be passed through the customs, police and immigration departments very quickly.

"Instead, the Brazilian authorities really went to work on her. They opened up every single piece of luggage. They were more thorough than usual. After all, what would Ava be smuggling into Brazil?

"As the customs authorities searched, the actress grew increasingly angry. At one point she said, 'Why don't you guys get a microscope?'

"Apparently this remark infuriated the customs inspectors, and they really gave Ava the business. It was most unfair, and she had every reason to be resentful. When the customs men finally finished dragging every article out of the suitcases and jamming them back, Ava was furious.

"Let's grab the first plane and get out of this place,' she demanded. 'They're a pack of savages here. I don't want to stay.'

"Ava was prevailed upon to catch a cab to the Hotel Gloria, but before she could make her way out of the airport, crowds of Brazilian fans descended upon her. It sounds incredible but many of these fans deliberately tried to trip her and kick her. That's how mad they were at everyone and everything from the United States.

"When Ava reached the hotel in Copacabana she was assigned to suite 901. She was still angry and she tried to soothe herself with cognac.

"Presently the hotel manager was called by other guests and told that Ava and her party were making too much noise. The manager went to suite 901. Someone tossed a glass of cognac at him. So he ordered Ava and her friends out of the hotel.

"Indignant, the actress hired a cab, drove down the road three blocks and checked in at the Copacabana Apartments. I have never seen her so angry. She was boiling.

"The next day she held a press conference and tried to be very gracious. When a reporter asked her how she liked Rio, she said, 'I've always wanted to come here. It's a really lovely city.'

Arthur Godfrey and Julie La Rosa met in the elevator in the CBS Building. Godfrey said, 'Julie, now that you're on your own, I've got some advice. Don't play all those benefit shows. There's no money in them.' —Paul Denis

"Another reporter asked her if she were drunk the night before, if that's why she was thrown out of the Gloria Hotel. 'I never drink,' Ava fibbed."

The following afternoon, Ava caught a plane to Buenos Aires where she was treated in a manner befitting a movie star of her stature. A few days later she showed up in New York where in response to press inquiries she said, "I never intend to go to Brazil again. . . . I didn't throw that cognac glass at the hotel manager. I threw it on the floor. . . . The fans in Brazil weren't friends. I was deliberately tripped. The whole thing was horrible. After the hotel incident I got several telegrams telling me to get out of the country."

AVA WOULD NOT TALK about whether she was or was not in love with the aforementioned producer, whether she had agreed to a rendezvous with Luis Dominguin in Majorca next year, nor whether or not she planned to make only one picture a year in Hollywood.

These are just a few of the questions Ava's fans would like to have answered. There are many more. Does she use travel as an escape mechanism? Has she renounced marriage? Why has she been suspended so frequently?

Interest in the glamorous Miss Gardner is sympathetic and endless.

Ava's fans know that more than anything else she craves a family. She wants babies and lots of them. Ava has said so over and over again.

If ever any girl deserved a sober, reliable, good-natured, fun-loving husband, that girl is Ava Lavinia, whose soul is as beautiful as her face.

But she has been unable to find such a man in Hollywood or in show business. Whether she can find one in some distant land, those of us who love and admire her will have to wait to see.

END

elizabeth remembers

(Continued from page 34) to trip her, pick her up, grin, "Hi, Beautiful," and vanish, leaving her in a spin. His name was Derek Harris. It's now John Derek. And that's all she remembers about the Pacific Palisades because, on the heels of this romance, they moved to Beverly.

Her first ambition was to be a ballerina. So ardently did she practice as to throw her foot completely out of joint. "There's a great lump on it, sort of an extra bone. You can still see it. That's probably why I have to wear size sevens, which is all I have in common with Garbo. But the truth finally dawned that I just wasn't that graceful, so I settled for horses."

Her second ambition was to be an actress. She could easily have been laughed out of it, and almost was. She was a shy child with little assurance. To Elizabeth, who had seen a total of three movies, this brought pleasant visions of getting dressed up in all kinds of harem outfits. So one day, when the teacher asked what they wanted to be, she said, "An actress." The titters that swept the room threw her into such confusion that she decided to be a nurse.

It wasn't in the cards. The Taylors signed with Universal. Whatever happened was all right with Elizabeth, so long as her kingdom of dreams remained inviolate. She remembers the singing lessons at the studio which she rather enjoyed. She remembers a director's crack which she failed to enjoy. "The only reason that kid's under contract is because her folks know the vice-president. She can't act worth a cent, and she's a hideous little girl, to boot." She never had thought of herself as pretty. It never bothered her when people, staggered by Howard's good looks, spoke their tactful minds. "What a shame he isn't the girl!" She agreed with them. Among Howard's admirers, Elizabeth topped the list. But she did find "hideous" rather unfriendly. "I decided maybe I didn't want to be in pictures after all."

UNIVERSAL dropped her, MGM picked her up and tested her for *Lassie Come Home*. Getting the part, she was pleased. Losing it would have been no great disaster. Even as she grew older, her attitude toward her work was mixed. Stardom *per se* held little lure for her. She didn't belong to the sisterhood lashed by ambition. She liked the thrill of new costumes, new people, new places. She liked acting, too, though in a secondary way. Not till *A Place In The Sun* did she feel the true fire. She felt it again in *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. "Unless I can have enthusiasm for the role and the whole thing, then I don't really enjoy it in the fuller sense. Now I'd like to learn to be a good actress."

The one part she craved before *A Place In The Sun* was *National Velvet*, but with no conception of how it might hop up her career. Elizabeth was horse-crazy, not career-crazy. She had read the book and identified herself with Velvet. She'd have to grow three inches, so she ate, drank and slept herself taller. She found and fell in love with a horse named King Charles, and talked MGM into using him as The Pi. The picture made millions and made Elizabeth, but from her point of view King Charles remained its center. On her thirteenth birthday, Benny Thau phoned. "Happy birthday, Elizabeth, and we're giving you King Charles." It was the high point and the end of childhood. Two years later she was a glamour girl.

SHE DRAWS THE line at talking about her looks. Compliments embarrass her and drive her into her shell. To friends she

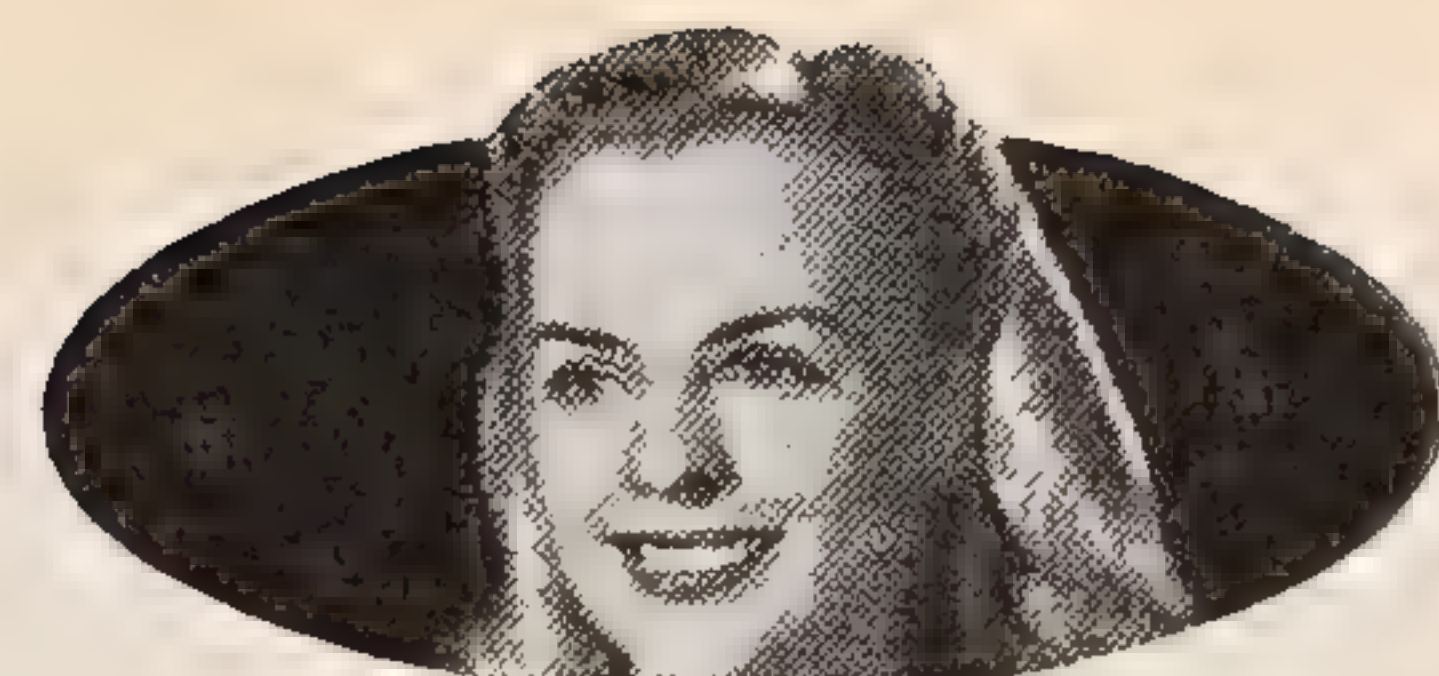
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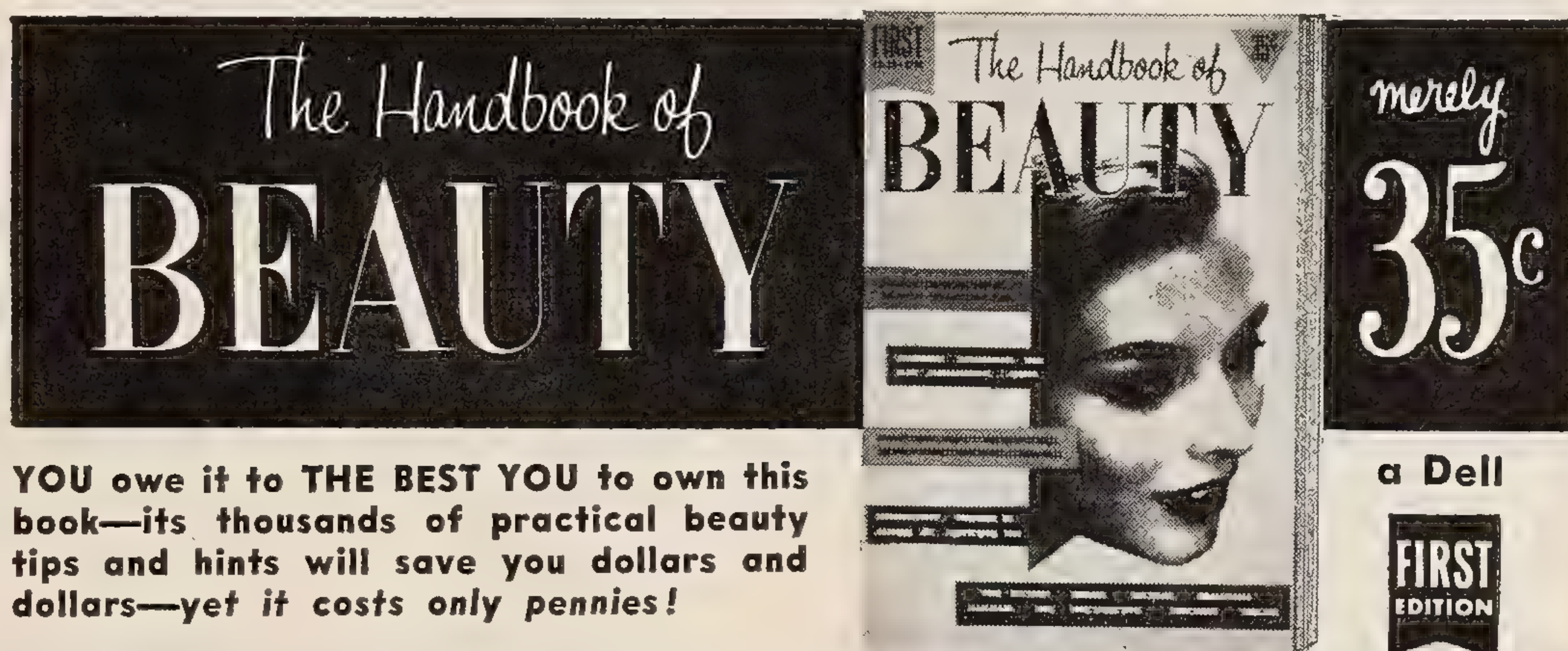


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has said: "I might have a disfiguring accident. I want people to like me for me, not for what I look like." She's as conscious of her appearance as any attractive girl, neither more nor less. Strange as it may seem to the rest of us, the combination of great beauty and stardom can have its drawbacks, if you're no exhibitionist. Being stared at becomes hateful. Being told you're the most beautiful girl in the world leaves you standing around with egg on your face. Through early adolescence Elizabeth was set apart, when all she wanted was to be one of the gang. "My girl friends were dating and going to junior proms. Nobody asked me. They considered me a bit of a freak, which I could well understand, but it frightened me a little. Like a girl at high school who doesn't make a sorority. You feel shut out. It didn't last long, but it wasn't good. In the end I made my own circle of friends, and gave up trying to be a high school kid."

A solid nineteen to her fifteen, Marshall Thompson pierced the invisible ring that hedged her around. With both mothers as chaperones—which rather dashed the grown-up feeling for Liz—he escorted her to the premiere of *The Yearling*, and she floated on air in her first blue organdy formal. A few nights later, without maternal supervision, he took her to a plain movie, treated her to chocolate sundaes at Wil Wright's and to her first kiss. They went steady for two weeks. Elizabeth broke it up for the best of reasons. A high school boy had asked her to the senior prom.

TORRENTS OF WORDS have seen print on the subject of love and Elizabeth—too many words. Away from the limelight, she could have gloried and suffered through her normal quota of crushes, even made her marital mistake in peace and caused nary a ripple. As it is, every sigh was stalked, every tremulous emotion laid bare on the clinical table. It's the price of Hollywood stardom and Elizabeth, doubly beautiful, paid it double. A host of indefinable pressures harried her to grow up before her time, forced decisions when she should have been left to dream. She's got no beef. As she sees it, the decisions were her own. On the subject of love—before Michael—she's frank, if concise.

"Marshall Thompson was the first boy I ever dated. I went steady with Glenn Davis and wore his little gold football around my neck. I was devoted to him. It was a phase. I got over it. I was officially engaged to Bill Pawley, and devoted to him. That was a phase—palm trees and moonlight and things. They couldn't be nicer boys—all of them. I was officially engaged to Nick and we were married, which proved to be a mistake. I'm still very fond of him. After that I haven't been engaged to anyone but Michael, who's a living doll and the nicest man I know. Meaning I like him as dearly as I love him, which is probably the bedrock of a good marriage."

HOLLYWOOD ECHOES her appraisal of Michael. In a dog-eats-dog town, he has carved himself a unique niche for kindness, gentle dealing and the gift of putting himself in his fellow's place. Wit, however deft, at somebody else's expense, makes him wince. Lightly, without priggishness, he maneuvers to turn the dart against himself. Mention his name where you like, and eyes light up. Vic Mature, no sentimental, offered the ultimate sacrifice. "If I had a part and that guy wanted it, I'd move heaven and earth to see that he got it."

In 1948 she went to London for *Conspirator*. All she remembers about the picture is playing big love scenes with Bob Taylor, then being dragged off to school, which amazed the British. About Michael,

working at the same studio, she remembers more. His smile, his lovely sense of fun, the way he treated her. "Not like a sort of child, nor like anything but a human being he enjoyed talking to." They visited back and forth on the sets. At lunch she would manage to walk past his table, and maybe have to go by again for a fork or something. Or she'd just happen to stroll down the corridor when, wonder of wonders, Michael was turning the corner. At sixteen, she thought herself pretty subtle. He telephoned her a couple of times and even gave her a photo of himself. "Which I undoubtedly asked for, as I can't imagine his doing it otherwise, he's so over-modest. I gave him a couple of flowers, which was just a romantic whim."

Those were the months when she wore Glenn's football. One day Michael said: "You really shouldn't marry that fellow, you know. You should wait for me." He was kidding, of course, though now and then she let herself slip into reveries of what it might be like if he weren't. "But a gossamer dream," she sighs, "is as far as it went."

Three months after her eighteenth birthday she married Nick. Seven months later she divorced him and took an apartment with her secretary, Peggy Rutledge. "I didn't want to hurt my parents. But you can't learn responsibility under somebody else's wing. It's hard for parents to realize that children must grow up. I had been married and divorced. It was high time I grew up."

THE FOLLOWING June she returned to England for *Ivanhoe*. Her picture graced the papers and her telephone rang. A man named Wilding. "I thought possibly you mightn't know anyone here, so I wonder if you'd care to have dinner with me."

"That's a gallant way of putting it, and I would."

They dined that night and the next and the night after and all the nights to come. To Elizabeth, it was like reaching home. Especially the night Michael said, and this time he wasn't kidding: "Let's end this getting engaged to other people. You see, I told you you should have waited for me."

This was their real (though unofficial) betrothal. Her picture finished, she returned to America. His picture finished, he followed as a guest of the Stewart Grangers who invited Elizabeth to stay with them too. One legend irks her. It tells how Michael couldn't afford to buy her an engagement ring, nor so much as a hot dog. "As an Englishman, he was allowed to bring only seventy-five pounds into the country. Which covered lots of hot dogs—with mustard. My mistake, when we went to the jeweler's, was in writing a check. Michael borrowed money from friends and paid me back exactly the same afternoon. I don't relish the idea that I paid for my own engagement ring. I relish it less since it happens to be untrue."

Shortly thereafter, work called him back to England. Their marriage was planned for his return. But Elizabeth's decree went through in January, and they couldn't summon up one sensible reason for wasting months apart they might spend together. So she flew the ocean to her love and on February 21, 1952, married him at the Registry Office in Caxton Hall.

"The office was like a little schoolroom, with floral wreaths all over it, looking as though they had been used for innumerable weddings. For once in my life I was actually on time, and there I stood quivering, small bouquet in hand. Michael's mother and dad and about seven others were lined up in these straightbacked wooden chairs. The man who married us got behind the desk. He began, 'We are now gathered together,' and his voice came

glurking from deep down in his throat so exactly like Richard Haydn's that it broke me up. I started giggling away till I finally had to cover my face with my gloves. Before I could really compose myself, the whole thing was over and I was gazing at Michael, all pale and shaken. To buck him up, I announced I would now kiss the groom. Outside, we were separated by the crowds jam-packed into this tiny narrow street. A great kind policeman picked me up and carried me to the car, where my husband joined me. People swarmed all over the front and back and hood. One girl was practically fainting. We leaned out and asked if we could help. Fortunately, somebody else undertook that. We had been told to drive around for fifteen minutes, so everyone else could get to the reception before us. Instead, we stopped at a wineshop and, all by ourselves, toasted the Wildings in champagne. Our wedding supper—the menu somehow leaked out—consisted of split-pea soup, bacon and eggs. Not on account of austerity, but because we like split-pea soup, bacon and eggs. We had a honeymoon in Europe for eight days, after which Michael went back to work and I spent five rapturous months being nothing but wifely."

HER RAPTURE was undimmed by self-appointed crepe-hangers who nailed most of their crepe to the difference in age. Michael's urbanity is proof against all such croaking. "Since I happen to be mentally retarded," he observes gravely, "it works out very well."

This reduces his wife to laughter, but under protest. Any hint, even in jest, that he's less than perfect sits ill with Elizabeth.

"All right, let's be serious," he soothes her. "Let's take the big deal about when she's forty, he's sixty. What's wrong with a hale sixty, which I propose to achieve one of these days? If it were eighty now, I might have been cautious."

"If it were eighty," she retorts, "I'd have snagged you still."

In London one morning the phone rang at seven. "When the test comes through," they had told the doctor "even if it's blackest midnight, call us." The test was positive. They danced wildly around the room till Liz bethought herself that she was pregnant and maybe shouldn't carry on like a dervish. Michael smote his brow and decreed breakfast in bed. This lasted two days, when Liz pronounced it pure foolishness.

IN SANTA MONICA hospital on the night of January 6 she remembers the screen shielding her face and the cotton in her ears by request, since she didn't care much for the sound of surgical instruments. She remembers her son at five seconds old, a bright purple, one of her favorite shades. She remembers asking, "Is he all right?" and her huge sigh of relief when they told her he was. She remembers calling, "Michael, Michael, Michael!"

"He's upstairs," they said. "You're going right up to him now."

But the cry in her heart continued to rise to her lips—"Michael, Michael, Michael," all the way up in the elevator and down the hall, where he came running to meet her. Not till his hand clasped hers was the cry hushed. "And they wheeled us in together," she recalls. "Or at any rate, in my hazy state of mind, that was the general impression. And highly satisfactory to me."

MICHAEL, JUNIOR, his life and times, prove a never-ending succession of thrills to his parents. Of all his prodigious achievements, perhaps the most spectacular occurred in London while Liz was

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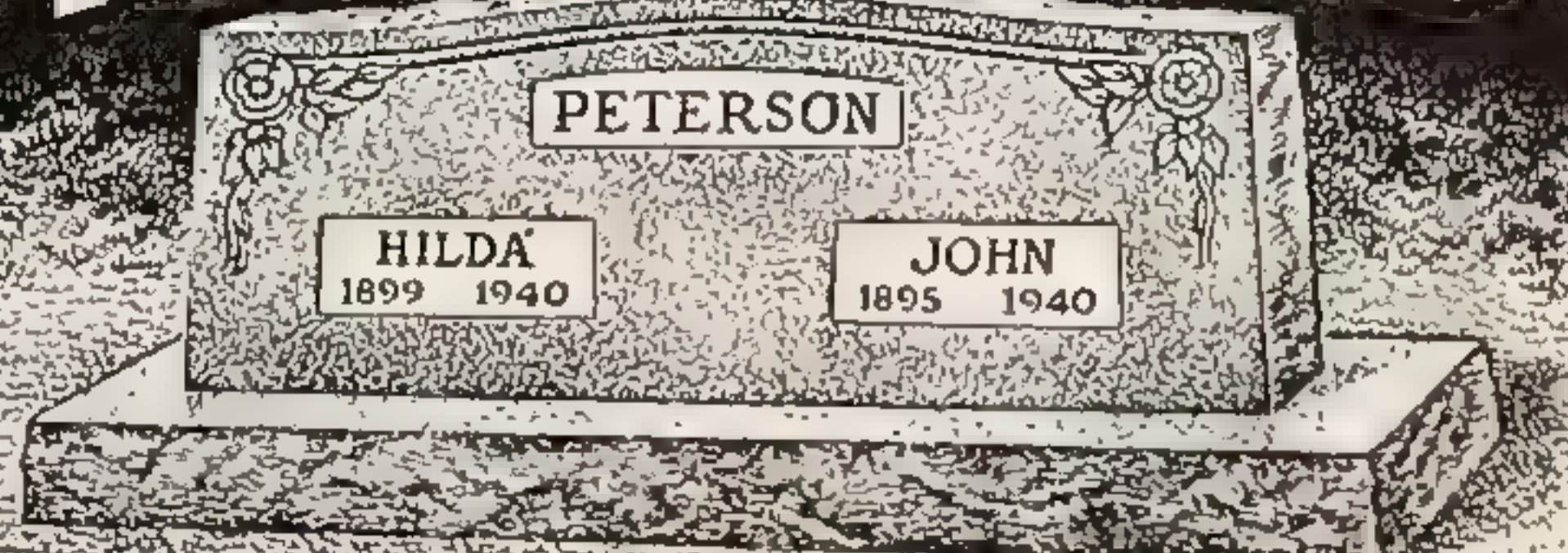


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making *Beau Brummell* and Michael was spending a week-end with his brother in Ireland. He was due in at eight that evening. "By the time Daddy gets back," Liz informed her son, "you've got to do something special." Nothing to it. Never having taken a step before, he rose obligingly to his feet and took twelve all at once. Between ecstasy over this performance and dismay over Michael's missing it, Liz threatened to lose her mind. "Let's put him to bed extra early," suggested the nurse, "and wake him when Mr. Wilding gets in."

Mrs. Wilding flung herself into Mr. Wilding's arms. "He walks *alone*!"

Mr. Wilding blanched, but kept a stiff upper lip. They stationed themselves at a distance from Junior. "Come, darling," coaxed his mother.

He came. "One, two, three," counted his father, and up to six, when the walker flopped, emitting a curious noise. "He said *seven*," gasped Michael.

Elizabeth rocked with joy. "It just sounded that way."

For the record, Michael concedes that she's possibly right. In private, he's firmly convinced that Baby said seven.

THE NEW BABY is due in March. A girl would be nice, but it doesn't really matter. They've picked tentative names—maybe Christopher, maybe Virginia. People have confused Elizabeth with Virginia for no good reason. In *National Velvet*, the director called her Virginia until she rebelled. "My name's Elizabeth. I won't answer to Virginia." But her daughter may.

Having gone through one childbirth, she feels more casual this time. Instead of pickles, she craved a miniature Schnauzer. Michael put his foot down. "We can't have another animal." He likes animals. She's a real sucker for them. He'll pat any pooch he passes and scratch any cat behind the ear. She pines to give them all house-room. Moving into a home with white carpets and furniture, he said: "We must really keep the dogs outside." She said: "They're part of me. If we keep them outside, I might as well not have them."

They're kept inside. They include a new miniature Schnauzer, name of Shnorkel. Not that Michael yields to her every whim. But he's wise enough to recognize that a deep and compassionate love for the four-footed goes beyond whimsy.

WITH A SECOND baby coming, they needed a larger house and had it all figured out to buy an older place, fix it up, save money, and look forward to the distant day when they could afford to have George MacLean build them one. George MacLean is their ideal architect.

Michael went looking. According to Liz, he's a frustrated real estate agent. Even when they don't need a house, he looks for fun. One day he came home in a quiet British dither over a brick-and-glass fairy tale built by George MacLean, exactly the right size, and of course they couldn't afford it but Elizabeth must see it. "There's no point in seeing it," she wailed. "I know I'll love it. I'm afraid I'll love it too much."

Against her own fears she held out for a week. Then they drove up and found they couldn't get in, so they peered over the wall at the pool, which proved to be their undoing. "This wall," said our heroine, "is low enough to climb." A few minutes later they went pussyfooting through the rooms while Elizabeth flipped even harder than she'd expected. That night they did a repeat, risking capture by the cops or Mr. MacLean. Next day Michael said, "Let's be legal," and called the architect. "We've been breaking into your house."

"That will never do," said the other, and

gave them a key. They used it.

Between we-can't-afford-it and we-can't-give-it-up, they haunted the place for three months. Till three in the morning they would sit beside the huge window that forms one wall of the livingroom, watching the lights of Beverly wink out. They would take picnic baskets and eat their lunch on the floor. The approach of prospective buyers would be the signal for Elizabeth to lilt: "Just look at this awful hole, Michael. Those mice we saw must be raising a family here." In lipstick she scrawled at strategic points a scarlet SOLD.

THEN CAME the dire rumor of an actual sale. It was only Elizabeth's lipstick boomeranging, but it sent them chasing and pleading to their business manager, who turned grey-green. "I can't keep you from buying it. I can only point out that you'll be paying for the rest of your lives."

"We don't care," chorused the delirious Wildings.

In all soberness, they don't. "A home you love," said Elizabeth, "is terribly important, especially in this business. It's true that if you love each other, outsiders

can't hurt you. But you can never afford to be that smug. Marriage isn't just flitting round in an organdy apron. There are always things that have to be worked out. I believe you can work them out more easily in Pismo Beach, where you're left alone, than in Hollywood where people keep pawing at you. Well, they can't paw at us here. Our home is our castle. Moreover," she added, the glint returning to her eye, "this one has a special advantage. Michael saw it first."

"Which means," he explained, "that whenever I call her extravagant, she's got an ace in the hole to whack me with."

SHE HAS GROWN into a woman of grace and dignity. Happily, something of the child remains. As when she calls Michael on the set of *The Scarlet Coat*. "It's at least two hours since you told me you loved me."

"Darling, I'm surrounded by a hundred people."

"Does it matter?"

"No. I love you, Elizabeth."

It's her favorite line, never staled by repetition. It crowns the years of her life that she loves best to remember. **END**

nothing but blue skies

(Continued from page 47) bothers me—and I mean nothing.

"I sleep like a lamb, never even think of a sleeping pill. My appetite is great, although I try to skip the fattening things."

"For instance, I eat poached or soft-boiled eggs for breakfast with two strips of crisp bacon, Melba toast and a large glass of grapefruit juice."

"For luncheon I'll have lamb chops or a small steak with a salad and a green vegetable and a custard or fruit Jello."

"Dinners I eat steak, roast or broiled liver, usually with half a baked potato, vegetable, and fruit. Healthy, what?"

She went on seriously, "But the important thing is the way I feel mentally. I am so completely at peace, relaxed, almost remote and untouched by worries, when I'm going to have a baby. Maybe this is why I have such good, well-behaved children," she said in a lighter vein.

If she had timed her last remark, it couldn't have come at a more appropriate moment. Lorna and Liza promptly burst through the door.

Liza threw herself on Judy—and of course, Lorna followed suit. The tiny girl imitates everything her older sister does. For a moment the three of them seemed to be one ball of tumultuous motion on the large divan. Judy came up breathless after a session of tickling Liza and letting Lorna perch on her shoulder.

"Girls," she said, "I was just telling Miss Parsons how well-behaved you are. Now unwind yourselves and say 'hello.'"

I have seen the two lovely brunette, big-eyed daughters of Judy many times—eight-year-old Liza, the child of Vincente Minnelli, and doll-like, nearly-two-year-old Lorna, Sid Luft's pride and joy, but I was surprised to note how tall Liza is growing and what a beauty she is becoming with her big, dark eyes and creamy skin. Both little girls came over and shook my hand.

"What's going on?" Liza inquired, but not in a fresh manner.

"Ya! Ya! Ya!" piped up Lorna.

"I'm doing a story on your mother for MODERN SCREEN Magazine," I told Liza.

"You going to put us in it?" the little girl asked. I nodded.

"If you are," she went on, "maybe I better change my dress and get my room straightened up. Want to see my room?"

"Me, too," piped Lorna, rather vaguely.

Judy laughed. "You hams!" she said af-

fectionately. "We'll take care of you later. Now go play some records or something."

Liza obediently headed for the door followed by her shadow, Lorna. Suddenly, without warning, Liza turned herself upside down and stood on her head eyeing me owlishly from the floor.

"This," she announced seriously, "is good for the circulation."

With this sage observation and without waiting for comment from me, she and Lorna disappeared as suddenly as they had entered.

"Characters," said Judy, "just characters."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE, I thought to myself, is Judy's wonderfully natural association with her children as compared to that of some movie queens who insist on their children's dropping curtsies and behaving like dancing school pupils—particularly when I'm around.

"With those adorable little girls, I suppose, Judy, you and Sid are hoping for a boy," I suggested after law and order had been restored to the den.

Judy shrugged. "It really doesn't matter. Another little girl will be just as welcome. You see, Sid has a son by his previous marriage which gives us a little boy in our lives."

"Come to think of it," Judy mused, "a little boy would be nice around the house all the time. I have names picked out for both. We'll call her Tina, if it's a girl and Joshua if it's a boy. That is, if I can get Sid to agree to Joshua." I told Judy Joshua was my father's name and that it comes from the Bible.

"Tell Sid," she laughed.

I said, "Judy, how will this being out of circulation until the baby is born in March affect all the plans you had for your career? I know you had a lot of things lined up."

"They'll just have to wait," she replied firmly. "Sid and I went to New York and Chicago to exploit *A Star Is Born* for ten days and remained six weeks!"

"You can't imagine what it was like with my figure changing shape every day and with only a few clothes. But my friends took pity and sent me new maternity dresses."

"Pregnant or not—funny-looking or not—I worked like a soldier for *A Star Is Born*, not for my sake, but for Sid's. It just isn't fair that he isn't getting more credit. Without my wonderful husband there would not be a Judy Garland in *A Star Is Born*."

I know as well as Judy does just how



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big a part Sid has played in her triumphant return to the screen.

As far back as 1951 when Judy was playing the Palace in New York, Sid made up his mind that his wife was coming back to her first love—the movies; and the only story he wanted for her was his pet, *A Star Is Born*, in which David Selznick had starred Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

At first Judy had protested, "But honey, that's a drama that calls for heavy acting. Shouldn't I have something with music?"

"You can act it," Sid insisted, "and you'll have music, too."

Acquiring *A Star Is Born* became their one object in life. And it wasn't too easy.

When Sid first approached the Selznick agent, he got a serious setback. Selznick had already sold the story to another producer, Eddie Alperson, for \$200,000!

This alone might have discouraged a less determined man than Sid. In the first place, he and Judy had been through some rough going financially—and they didn't have \$200,000 to give Alperson should he want to sell his prize—which he didn't.

Sid decided, "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em"—which means that he went to Alperson, offered to go partners with him in what later became the Transcona Company, and nominated Judy not only as the star but also for a spot on the Board of Directors. He also guaranteed a release.

Alperson agreed to these terms—and the partners decided they would shoot as high as two million dollars!

When Sid and Judy came to Hollywood, several studios expressed interest in the venture, but Warners showed the most enthusiasm. They were even game to go as high as three million dollars on the picture!

Production had been rolling less than three weeks when Jack Warner called Sid and said, "I've looked at what you've shot. I think this is the finest material I've seen in years. I have so much confidence in you—and in Judy—that we're going to shoot the works. Go to it, Sid."

As you know, Sid went to it to the tune of over \$6,000,000 in cash and almost a year of shooting time. But the result is one of the best pictures ever to come out of Hollywood and everyone is saying it may sweep the Academy Awards.

"Without Sid beside me, constantly encouraging me, helping me, lifting me up to heights I never suspected I could reach—I never could have done it," Judy said.

Luft has been a wonderful influence in her life from the day she met him. I don't feel it is necessary to go back over the black times Judy was weathering when Sid came into her life. The story has been told. All the heartache and bad times are behind this girl. I am sure of this. She seems to have such inner strength.

"It's wonderful that the road ahead of you is so bright, Judy," I told her. "I hear that Rodgers and Hammerstein are after you for *South Pacific*."

"So I read in your column," she said, laughing but not committing herself. Her eyes grew big and wide, "Wouldn't that be great? Of course, any final decision will be made by Sid. Papa knows best."

IT WAS TIME to make my departure and as Judy walked toward the door with me, the heads of Liza and Lorna appeared over the bannister.

"You didn't see my room," reminded Liza.

I told her it was getting late and I'd get around to her quarters on my next visit.

"Come any time," the little girl remarked. "There's always something doing around here."

My final glimpse was of Judy hurrying over to her daughter and catching her up in her arms, laughing as she said:

"I hope I have another one—just like you and Lorna."

END

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you asked me so I'm telling you

(Continued from page 37) who doesn't care about actors, because she is going to marry a doctor in a couple of months, so I'm talking fast and a little incoherently.

FIRST OFF, a lot of people wanted to know if I ever gave Janet an engagement ring. I did. But the ring she is most fond of is the one I gave her this Christmas—a diamond-studded white gold job with a pretty pearl in the center. In any event, maybe this will give you an idea that we are very fond of each other. The reason I say that is because every now and then Hollywood reporters have to ask movie stars if they are still happy. I don't mind. Every day you pick up the newspapers and find out that a lot of people are divorcing. The statistics are something like three divorces for every four marriages. If most people were like us it would louse up the statistics.

One question we grin at and won't answer is: "Are you going to stay married?" This is like a lawyer asking a witness if he has stopped beating his wife. If you had to answer, you probably would say, "We're certainly going to make a college try at it."

I guess there must have been a thousand or more letters asking me who my best friends are. This is really tough to answer.

LITTLE BELLY LOST

While in California I boarded an elevator in a department store. There was one other passenger, but I scarcely glanced at him. When we reached the street floor, he turned to the operator and said, in a familiar voice.



"That was some ride, young lady! Now, would you mind going back for my stomach?"

I looked at him again. It was Bing Crosby.

Mrs. J. D. Auld
Palestine, Texas

All I can do is to apologize in advance and name just a few. For instance, there's a fellow named Irving Glassberg, a cameraman and one of my best buddies. Then there's Jeff Chandler. He occupies the dressingroom next to mine, with another swell guy, Audie Murphy on the other side. Rock Hudson—he's the guy with the corner suite and I don't know whether I should talk to him now that he's just won the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Award and made Jeff and me settle for getting in the money in a photo finish. But there's always next year, and it's nice to know that our home lot, U-I swept the male popularity awards clean.

To get back to friends. I got 'em in a list so long the magazine isn't big enough. That's one great thing Hollywood has done for me. For instance, there's Jerry Geršwin, an agent-type fella with MCA, and Rock, and José and Rosie (Rosemary Clooney) Ferrer, who maybe will make me a godfather to their expected if I play my cards right. If they don't, I'll still come over with Janet and burp the sprout or baby-sit. I'd like to be able to say that the President of the United States is a crony of mine. Truth is, I've never met him. I do know one of his best friends, though. That's Governor (maybe he isn't any more) Dan Thornton of Colorado. He once took me up to the

top of the Gold Dome on the State Capitol in Denver, and there were so many steps I got a Charley horse. About Mr. Thornton, he's proof that the bigger a man is the better he is. I've never seen him since, but every now and then he drops me a card, with a note to Janet telling her to keep me in line. I feel that he's sort of a second father, and if I really got down on my luck he'd take me on as a ranch hand.

NOW HERE'S ONE. A girl writes and asks, "How does it feel to be a movie star?" Someone walked through here a minute ago and said, "That's a silly question." I don't think so. The answer, so far as I'm concerned, is that it feels swell. In more ways than one. Let me explain. Once I was another guy named Bernie Schwartz. He was a kid brought up in New York City, along with a few hundred thousand other guys. His father, and mine, was an actor in Hungary who couldn't find theatrical work when he emigrated to the United States, so he opened a tailor shop, and most of the time he darn near starved. This Bernie Schwartz loved his dad and didn't give a whoop whether he had a dime.

How does it feel to be a movie star? Well, all I can say is that nothing that has ever happened to me in Hollywood was more exciting than the time I delivered a package for a Park Avenue doll and she gave me a five-dollar bill. I look at it this way. I can't get into my Cadillac convertible in the morning and say I've got it made because a lot of you folks go to see my pictures and have made me that something they call a star. I have to be a human being, looking for success and happiness each day.

Maybe I can say it better by what Jeff Chandler was telling the MODERN SCREEN cameraman just this morning before I started this letter. "Funny thing happened to me yesterday," he said. "I went into the supermarket to buy some groceries, and when I brought the stuff to the cashier I said to him, 'I feel real good today. Just moved into a brand new dressingroom at the studio.' The cashier looked up, surprised, and said, 'For the groceries you owe me \$6.12.' 'I'm Jeff Chandler,' I told him. 'Four of us got new dressingrooms. Set the studio back ten grand apiece.' 'Well good for you,' the cashier said, 'now give me \$6.12. I'm busy.'"

Now, Jeff dressed the story up a little. He's the least impressed with himself character I ever knew. Maybe he even invented the yarn, but a little while ago this morning we sat out on the front stoop of our dressingrooms and watched the carpenters working away at a building across the street. All of a sudden there was a big roar and a cloud of dust. About six Cadillacs went roaring down the studio street, followed by a police escort. One carpenter turned to another and asked, "What's that?" The second nail pounder replied, "Oh, I dunno. Just another Crown Prince, I guess."

That's probably the answer to how it feels to be a star, or a Crown Prince. You may figure that you've got it made, but there's always someone who watched you go by fast who has it made better.

WHICH LEADS to answers to a lot more questions. They seem to fit together. I think it's fine to be a movie star. But Janet and I want children. God hasn't blessed us yet. Sure, I have a Cadillac, but I want a son. I don't know what kind of car my friend Irving Malak, who is an electrician, drives. Maybe a Ford. Maybe a Cadillac '55. Mine's a '54. Anyhow, Irving's got what I don't got. His wife just gave birth to a ten-pound baby boy. How about that? Ten pounds, yet.

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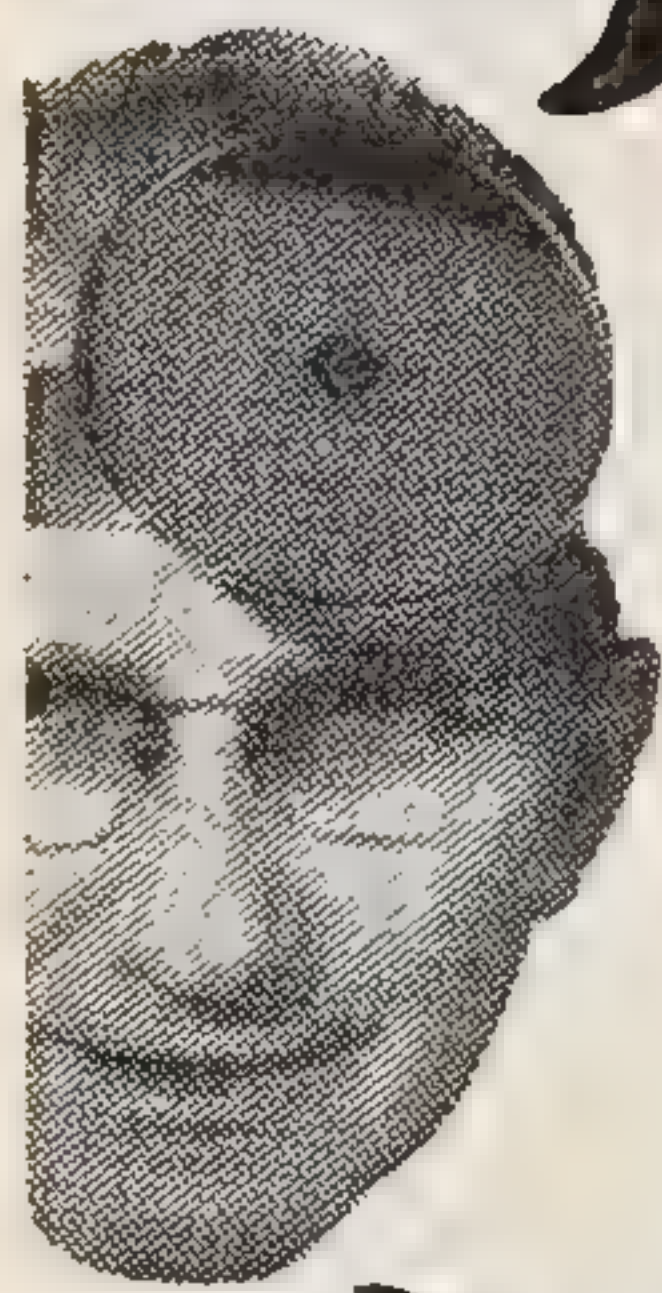
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Irving, who named his boy Patrick Vincent, asked me, "What are you going to call your son, when you have one?"

"It's a lead pipe cinch," I replied, "that I'm not going to make him a junior. I won't call him Tony or Bernie, because most kids hate to be called Junior. Christopher, maybe. A kid can't wince too much if they call him Chris."

"You're getting ahead of yourself, like all actors," Irving told me. "Give it a name. If it isn't right, he'll change it, like you did yours."

UP TO THIS point, the questions have been pretty sensible. But here's one: *How do you stay in love?* I'll draw a bye on that one. I do know, though, that I'm going to spend a lot of time this year making love to my wife. How I do that is nobody's business. There's no recipe like saying, "Kiss her twice every night when you get home," or "Bring her breakfast in bed every morning." If I tried that last idea right now I'd have to get in bed to use up the scrambled eggs and bacon, because I'm not on a picture. I sleep until anyway eight A.M. She's up and out of the house, headed for the set of *My Sister Eileen* by six.

One thing we are going to do that might be sort of romantic. We're going to Europe in May. The places we most want to see are Paris and Rome. I'm going to dip into my savings account and make a present of a whole new wardrobe for Janet when she gets to Paris. Chances are ten to one she'll buy one dress, come home and spend the rest with her own dressmaker.

We've been planning this trip for a couple of years and never got around to it. The other night a friend of mine name of Joe who is a grip at the studio and who has only lived in this country about ten years said to me. "Say, Tony, when you get to Rome, you just have to go into the Excelsior Bar. Don't miss it."

"Okay," I said, "but what's so great about the Excelsior?"

"Nothing much," he said. "Just ask for Steffano. He's a bartender there. Tell him I said hello." See? Already I got a friend in Rome.

As I said when I started this letter, when eleven million people walked into my livingroom on the Ed Murrow show, it was a real big deal for me. Matter of fact, it's changing my whole life. After Janet and I get back from Europe I'm going to go up front at the studio, hammer on the executive desks and insist on at least a month off between pictures. Then I'm going to get into my car and start visiting a few places that people have been telling me about in their letters.

TO SHOW WHAT I mean. I got a letter yesterday from a guy up in Port Angeles, Washington. Know where that is? I didn't until I looked it up on the map. Darndest place for a city you ever saw. You can get there in a half hour by plane, but if you go by car it takes you eleven hours, because it's on a peninsula. When you get up there, he tells me there's the most beautiful forest you ever saw, and Lake Crescent, which makes California Lakes look like small puddles. And in that lake they have a thing called Beardsley trout, named after an admiral who discovered them. The fish really are landlocked salmon that got stuck up there a few million years ago. They are whoppers, who act like trout and taste like salmon. Don't tell me actors don't know anything. I got more sources of information than the Almanac.

A place I'd like to take another look at is Minneapolis. I've got a lot of newspaper pals, but up there in Minnesota there's a guy by the name of Cedric Adams who gets a lot of fun out of living. In his ter-

ritory he's as popular as Clark Gable. Anyway, Cedric gets away from it all by going out on his boat on Lake Minnetonka. And what I want to do is to get Cedric to take me around about a week, to lie in the sun, to lie about Hollywood, and to fish for those famous Minnesota sun fish with my foot hanging over the side of the boat and a line tied to my big toe.

I want to go back to Dallas, Texas, too, and see if we can't make a quieter trip this time. If you never encountered Texas enthusiasm, you ain't seen nothin'. Last time I was there, I think it was in the Baker hotel, a gang of enthusiastic kids decided they wanted to see me. I wasn't in at the time, but they didn't believe it, so one of the kids took a fire ax off the wall and chopped the door down. I'm not going back to pay for the door. I just want to leave it open so we can have a nice calm talk without me losing my shirt.

OF COURSE, it is presumptuous of an actor to address a letter to the public. I'm not the guy for international fireside chat hookups. I wasn't born to the White House. But there's just no way of answering all the letters I receive, so you'll have to play along with me. If you're reading this and happen to have asked me something, or just written a note, I hope you'll bear with me. I know a lot of actors who worry because they get nasty notes from people saying, "I asked you for an autographed picture. You bum, you didn't send it to me." The truth is that actors can't afford to send them on every request.

Studios and a lot of others have tried to solve the problem. I personally don't like the idea of anyone sending a dime or a quarter for a picture of me. Frankly, you can get much better ones in movie magazines like MODERN SCREEN, and in color, and on top of that maybe the same issue will contain pictures of a lot more of your favorites. The point is, if you don't get a personal letter from an actor in reply to yours, don't mark him down as a louse. Most letters I get, particularly those as a result of the Ed Murrow show, are the real thing. For instance, a girl in Iowa wrote me this: "One thing bothers me. In one magazine I read that you are doing this or that and in another I read the exact opposite. How does this happen?"

Now that's a normal question and deserves a straight answer. In the first place, the contradictions about actors are not the result of inaccurate reporting so much as the fact that life goes on for people everywhere. If your name is Smith and you live in Brooklyn and a guy asks you how you're doing, you might say you're dead broke. But three weeks later you get a job and everything's fine. When it comes to actors, a reporter may ask if he's happily married. He says he sure is. Three weeks later another reporter asks the same question. The guy just got back from divorce court and feels terrible. Or the girl, as the case may be. Both times, the actor gave an honest answer. He's not responsible, and the paper isn't either, if it's wrong by the time somebody reads it.

ONE OF THE LETTERS I liked more than any other I've received in a long time was a short one. Boiling it down, the moviegoer asked this: "Confess, now, do you really mind honest criticism about your performances?" That deserves the most honest answer I can give: of course I do. I'm upset when someone tells me they thought I did a lousy job in a picture. And I've done some which I knew about, even when people were bringing me reviews saying I was terrific. Everyone has an instant resentment to criticism. If you're a secretary and the boss tells you to watch your spelling when he has caught you with two boners in one letter, you want to

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BEFORE



AFTER

■ When 20th Century-Fox hired Sheree North, they did so primarily because of her spectacular dancing in Broadway's *Hazel Flagg*—but they knew, Sheree knew and everyone who ever read a gossip column knew that the movie moguls had other motives also, distinctly in the ulterior class. Sheree was hired to be A Threat to one Marilyn Monroe, then giving her studio considerable trouble. The newcomer's popcorn ball hair and incendiary-blonde personality made her a musical natural. No one could replace Monroe, but no one would object to Sheree as compensation.

But Marilyn came home and for a moment people thought Sheree might be looking for a new place to rest her tousled head. Sheree didn't think so, though. Busily at work in *Pink Tights*, she took time out to use said head for something other than the wild wobblings and tossings it took in her dances. She came up with a new look—which was actually her old look—brunette! She doesn't look like Marilyn any more, but then, no one wants her to. Slightly subdued, definitely darkened, Sheree is making her own career now. She'll never need to ride to fame on someone else's.

flare up. You want to tell him that after all he works you too hard. Besides, you were worried about a boy friend. Or the typewriter is on the fritz, so how can you deliver a perfect job? Same way with actors. But like you, when they go home and settle down a little the small voice inside lets you know where you sloughed off and what you did wrong. In the end you realize your mistake and the next time you watch it. The most successful executive I know is a man several times a millionaire. When I asked him how he did it, he replied, "I made more mistakes than anyone else in the company. And I never forgot them."

Another discerning friend wrote me, "Do you still get stage fright?" I do. The odd thing is, though, that I'm usually scared pink during rehearsals. When I get in front of the camera I have the feeling ice is flowing through my veins. I'm cool outside and a volcano underneath. When a scene is over it's as though I had a nightmare and someone woke me up just in time. For instance, while rehearsing the duel scenes for *The Purple Mask* I was in a cold sweat all the time. My timing was off so badly that I lunged when I should have faded, and I wound up with a nasty two-inch scar on one cheek. The doctor told me it could be covered by make-up. All I had to do was to take a sun lamp treatment. I was so unstrung that I fell asleep under the sun lamp. The scar came out all right, but I was burned so badly that my face puffed up and I had to stay off work two days. On the picture, though, I got along fine. It must be something like an athlete who is lousy in scrimmage but on the day of the game gets signals right after all.

I COULD GO ON like this forever. Some of the best questions I've been asked can be answered easily. Like—

What do you dislike most about working in Hollywood? Answer: People who tell me I was simply swell in a picture when I know I wasn't.

How much has success changed you? Answer: I've got forty-three monogrammed shirts, five of which fit me. I have a high fidelity music system, a few bucks in the bank, and most of the friends I had when I first came to this town. Should I have a swelled head? Success changes everybody. Some a little. Some a lot.

Do you think an actor's private life should be 100% private? Answer: No.

What role have you liked most recently? Answer: My one in *Six Bridges to Cross*. I think (I hope) that I played a thief like one should be played.

Did you ever have the temptation as a boy to join a gang, and did you? Answer: Yes. I was part of a gang. Taking it one step more, I never did anything so bad I could be locked up for it, except once when I stole a trolley car and gave it a ride for a couple of blocks. They didn't catch me, and it kept me straight from then on.

Were you ever broke? Answer: Yes. Once I sold a blood transfusion for four bucks. I was undernourished at the time and whoever got it was short-changed.

Do you feel you owe your fans much? Answer: A great deal. I don't agree with actors who say that all they owe their public is a good performance.

THERE YOU HAVE IT. There are dozens of questions left unanswered, I know. But reporters will get around to it sooner or later if I'm still worth talking to.

Wait a minute, there's one last question. I've saved it for what actors call "a line to get off on." This is it: Tony, how could you tell for the first time when you were in love with Janet? Answer: That's easy. I knew the minute I fell apart at the seams.

Thanks.

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yesterday nowhere—today the most

(Continued from page 40) broker, George was interested enough in dramatics to have constructed his own puppet theatre, complete with lighting, scenery and curtain, while still a grammar school student. By high school age his mind was made up: he would be a producer-director. He would have gotten richer faster if he had stayed with that ambition, but shortly after he went to Occidental College, there was a brief but brisk inner struggle between technician and performer and George emerged an actor.

But not quite yet. This was 1943, and first there was to be a three-year hitch in Uncle Sam's Navy. It is chiefly memorable to young Mr. Nader because it provided one of the most embarrassing incidents of his life. "I was a ninety-day wonder," he remembers, his thin, brown face breaking into a wide grin, "when it happened. I had just got my commission and assignment to the South Pacific. On the way we stopped at one of those man-made islands used as a jumping-off place, and I decided to stretch my legs by walking around the island."

Very stiff and proper and self-conscious in his new glory, he was pacing it off—when he fell right through a camouflaged installation that the Marines had dug for an anti-aircraft gun. Three tough, salty Marines were down there, covered with dirt, leaves and what-not as a result of George's goof, and one of them looked up, deadpan, to ask, "What's the password?"

"I thought he was only rubbing salt into the wound," says George, "but it turned out that he wasn't kidding. It also turned out that the password for the next day was always given at the evening movie. I hadn't been to the movie the night before, so my goose was cooked. In full view of the entire personnel these three enlisted Marines marched me up before the commanding officer to explain why I had entered that installation—incidentally through the roof—without giving the password. They all had trouble keeping straight faces, but I didn't; I was numb. And when I think of the spectacle I must have presented, I still shudder."

AFTER HIS DISCHARGE in 1946 George applied himself to his chosen art at the Pasadena Playhouse, from which he wrested a Bachelor of Theatre Arts degree three years later. By this time he had appeared in more than twenty-five plays, highlighted in his memory for a two-week stint he did on the road with a legitimate stage actress. That was when George became a realist.

"Everybody in the company was out to get her," he recalls with awe, "and she thrived on it; she was deliberately impossible to get along with. I thought, boy, this is too much for you—you're going to be busy enough with your lines without getting into anything like this!"

So he refused to give the actress an argument of any kind. When she took over the direction of the play and practically annihilated his role, he submitted to the indignity without a word of protest. She upstaged him, she had him deliver his most important lines with his back to the audience, and her youthful leading man showed not one trace of rebellion.

They did it her way opening night. She was suspicious, alert to any attempt he might make to steal a scene that was rightfully his. Nothing. "I think she was baffled," George says, and again there is the slow grin. "Afterward she patted me on the arm and said, 'That was good, very good. I believe you'll do.'" George did so well that for the remainder of the show's

run she permitted him to play his role as it had been written.

"Tough to get along with, temperamental as the devil, she was still great," he sums it up. "When she walked into the theatre every night, knowing that the whole company would try to foul her up if it got a chance, it seemed to be a challenge, an inspiration. There wasn't one performance that she didn't knock herself out and give the audience more than its money's worth."

His early experiences with the facts of an actor's life prepared George Nader for everything except the typical indifference of Hollywood. So he had some good reviews. So who cared? George may not have starved, but he did plenty of futile struggling to gain a foothold in this man's town. Then he met Ralph Acton, later to become one of his best friends. Casting director at a studio where a number of top tv shows are filmed, Ralph was able to steer his protégé into a number of these and also into a picture made in India, *Monsoon*. It was a start. George Nader isn't the sort to sit around waiting for a big, tailor-made break. A little one would do.

MORE AND MORE often George's deep, intimate voice came to be heard, his lean good looks seen in important television dramas. Seven times he appeared on the Loretta Young Show, four times for *Fireside Theatre*, twice for *Cavalcade Of America*, the Ann Sothern show, *Chevron Theatre*, *The Hallmark Hall Of Fame*. In television he had it made, but for movie roles George still had to range far and wide. He flew to Sweden to co-star with that country's leading actress, Anita Bjork, in a fine picture called *Memory Of Love*. That stirred up a modicum of interest. Then, at last, there was a strong co-starring role for George with Anne Baxter in *Carnival Story*, filmed in Munich, and he had Hollywood made, too. Hard on the heels of his success in that picture, George was given a long-term contract by Universal-International and his career cut out for him.

Nowadays, if you mention the name of George Nader around town, you are more than likely to get into a discussion of zoing. Zoing, in case you didn't know, is the quality that causes women to turn their eyes away from Marilyn Monroe with a hopeless groan and men to moan hopelessly without budging an eyeball. It's Ava Gardner, even discounting her incredible beauty. It has made Gable the king for twenty years and in Marlon Brando is currently dazzling the younger generation. For an actor talent helps, but zoing is like money in the bank—and George Nader has it with chimes.

It's true enough that if you had a date with him, he wouldn't roar up in T-shirt and jeans on a motorcycle. He wouldn't take you to dinner in a place so romantically out-of-the-way that your tender memories centered around ptomaine in years to come. While other couples danced, and you itched to follow suit, he wouldn't brood into his beer and tell you about drama.

He'd make the date well in advance, and he'd be on time, wearing a well-cut suit fresh from the cleaner. His thick, brown hair would be combed, his white shirt immaculate, his shoes polished. He'd hand you into his Ford convertible—top up to protect your coiffure—and take you to a restaurant where both food and music were excellent. You'd dance when the beat was slow and smooth. If there was talk about tv and the movies, it would be because you indicated that you were inter-

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ested. He'd say with his quiet enthusiasm that television is a great medium for young talent to gain both experience and recognition, that it establishes a beachhead for picture work. He might cite his own case: "When I went on my first public appearance tour, I didn't expect any of the fans to recognize me—but they did. Of course I wasn't well-known in the way that Tony (Curtis) was, but I was agreeably surprised at the number of them who knew me from my television work." He might talk shop thus if you encouraged it. Otherwise you could pick your own topic of conversation, and on most George would be equally well informed.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR that he is, George has definite ideas but no prejudices about the fairer sex. He says that beauty is of secondary importance, that the content of the package intrigues him more than gaudy wrappings—nevertheless, his two favorite dates stack up pretty well in the pulchritude department. They are Barbara Stanwyck, a longtime booster of his career, and Julie Adams, whom he got to know when they made *Six Bridges To Cross* with Tony Curtis.

Mention either name and watch Mr. Nader's face light up. His kind of girl, and he thinks they have a lot in common. "Mostly that there's no sham about them. And they don't go through chameleon-like changes from one date to the next, so you always know what they're like and where you stand with them. They're both very direct. If you ask Barbara's opinion about something—well, you're prepared for the truth, I hope, because you're going to get it. Same way with Julie, who likes to laugh, likes people and can spot a phony in two seconds."

This is his kind of girl, but nobody has ever heard George say, "I wouldn't date a girl who—" or "I can't stand girls who—" As a bachelor should, he keeps an open mind about all kinds of girls—and plague take it that any of them should change. "I don't believe in a person's attempting to change himself in order to attract other people," he says soberly. "You lose your real identity, you never really acquire a new one, and you add up to nothing. I believe a genuine human being, faults and all, is a lot more appealing than some nebulous gal who has succeeded in submerging all the rest of her personality characteristics along with her faults."

Being an only child hasn't bothered George very much. Probably, as he explains it, because he has so many other relatives that there were always about twenty-four of them in the house and he never had time to miss brothers and sisters. His parents still live in Pasadena, but George resides in solitary, ranch-style splendor in the San Fernando Valley. Sharing his bachelor quarters are two black cats, Sam and Susan, acquired through an impetuous and unlicensed incident in the life of a Siamese cat owned

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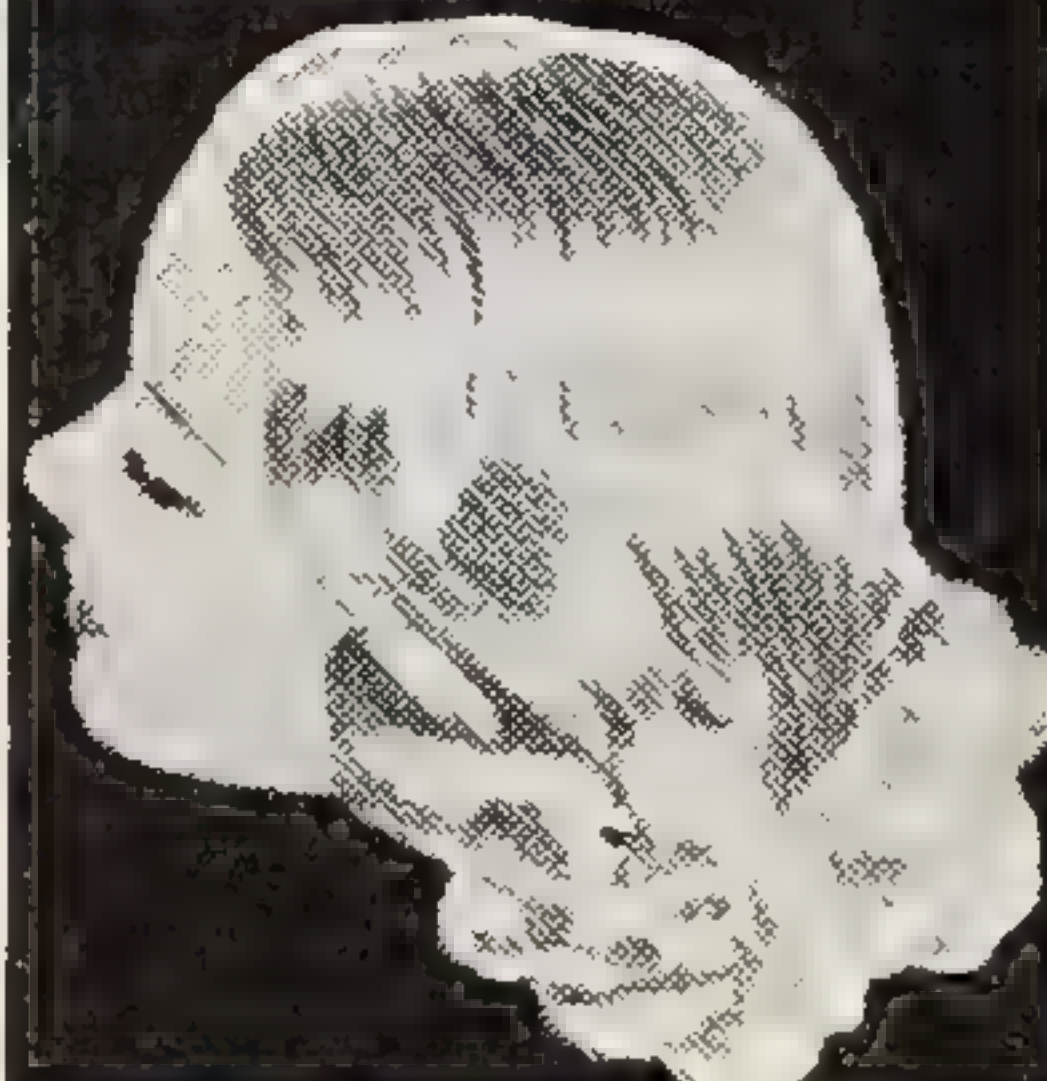
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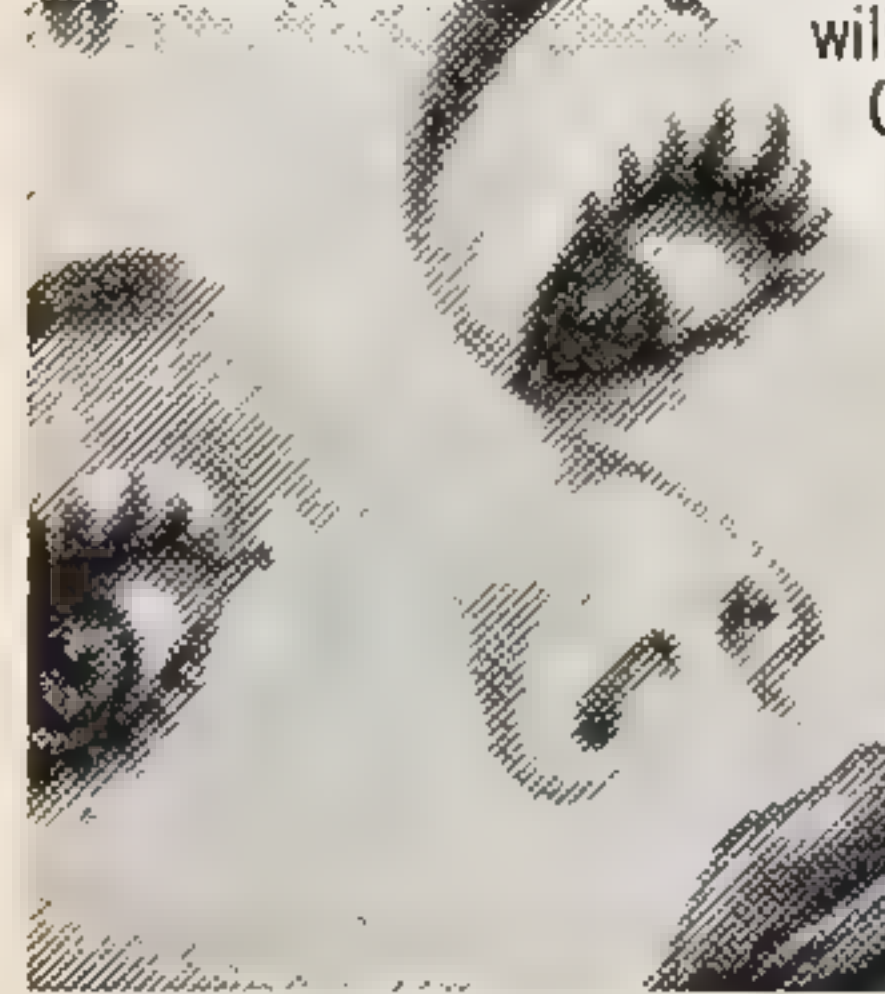
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BETTER THAN EVER

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by George's close friends, Lita and Rory Calhoun.

AN **EARLY RISER**, George habitually hits the deck at six in the morning. He makes his own breakfast of fruit juice, eggs, toast and coffee. Fortunately, he is naturally lean of form; a typical favorite menu includes fried pork chops, creamed corn, green salad and milk, which is not the sort of diet one with a weight problem enjoys. Around the house he's a plaid shirt, levis and mocassin man, this being suitable apparel for working his garden early in the morning. "In every generation of my family there has been one person who had to get close to the soil. I guess I'm it." But not on the family ranch; he prefers grubbing in his own little patch of dirt. He also occupies himself long hours of every day by answering his mounting fan mail.

jane and pat

(Continued from page 29) to be playing successfully throughout France." This was from *Paris Soir*, by the way.

All the papers made hash out of Nerney's name, and they were pretty confused about what he does for a living, as you can see. The Italian ones were even worse—one said he was a car manufacturer—which didn't upset him. Pat isn't at all sensitive about the fact that selling cars is not as glamorous or as well-paid as Janie's work. They have simply accepted the fact that she earns five times as much as he does, and let it go at that. Since Pat has long since proved that he's a young man of ability and energy, more than capable of holding a responsible job, no one sees any reason why relative incomes should turn out to be a disrupting factor in their marriage. On that general subject, though, one of the French papers took a swing at Jane's ex, Geary Steffen. Catch this:

"The actress is certainly one of the sweetest of all Hollywood stars to visit Paris . . . She did not bring any of her children on the honeymoon. She has, however, two by her first husband, M. Geary Steffen, of whom it is said he spent too much time at water sports!"

This, it is assumed, refers to the divorce hearings, when one of the complaints was that Geary seemed to care more about water skiing than about Janie and work.

No one took any cracks at Pat, though; a nicer, better-natured fellow it would be hard to imagine. Being married to Mona Freeman, even though it didn't work out, must have given him an idea of what makes actresses tick, and he and Jane got along like—well, like honeymooners.

AFTER PARIS, they headed straight for Venice. Hey—I was going to describe Jane's wedding dress, wasn't I? For this, Venice can wait.

MGM's ace designer, Helen Rose, made it especially for Jane, and it's rumored that it cost \$800. The gown was of mist-blue chiffon, very high-necked, over a tightly-fitted blue taffeta bodice, with a full, flaring skirt draped over a stiff petticoat. It was trimmed with small bows and blue satin ribbons—I hope you have the photos of it, because Jane never looked so cute. With her hair cut short and those sparkling blue eyes—as they say over here, "*Comme elle est mignonne!*" Free translation: "What a doll!"

Back—or rather, on—to Venice!

If any city can rival Paris as a honeymooner's dream spot, this is it. Venice is built on a series of small islands at the edge of the Adriatic Sea, and its main

Physically he loves swimming, mentally he loves science fiction, and spiritually he loves classical music. Going out is fun; so is staying home. Big affairs he can take with aplomb, but small parties are more to his liking. He can be as serious as you like, but he has a well-developed sense of the absurd. If you want to amuse George Nader, don't clobber him with the obvious; it's drollery, off-beat and subtle, that makes him smile.

This is the new star for whom Universal will be pounding a few drums. He's obviously intelligent and well-balanced, simple rather than longhaired by inclination. He underplays everything in life except his deep interest in people and what they think. He's easy to work with and he's one of the most unaffected men in Hollywood. Top-heavy with talent and truly masculine—well, as they express it here—zoing!

END

streets are lagoons and canals. Its standard form of transportation is, of course, the gondola. You can walk from here to there if you want to (Jane and Pat didn't) but you aren't allowed to bring a car into the city. Couldn't drive it if you did; the streets are narrow, old and winding.

What a city! You know how "*Stardust*" is the tune more people get proposed to during than any other—well, Venice is the city where more Hollywood stars fall for more foreign beauties than any other. That's not very grammatical, but who can concentrate on grammar in a gondola?

Jane and Pat (the luggage went by speedboat; there was quite a bit of it) er—gondolaed to the Gritti Palace, once a Venetian royal residence, now a very beautiful hotel on the Grand Canal, checked in, changed clothes and got right back into a gondola. They took pictures of everything, the Bridge of Sighs, a street dance, their hotel, other gondolas. . . . The only time they disembarked, in fact, was to see St. Mark's Cathedral and feed the thousands of pigeons in the square. Again, the citizenry didn't recognize them at once, for which they were very grateful, but the numerous gentlemen who prowl the Plaza in search of tourists spotted them as Americans right off and invited them to tour a glass-blowing factory. So they got to see something of the streets of Venice, too. Janie's reaction: "Well, the most fabulous thing—we saw a woman lean out of an upstairs window and lower a basket on a string so the postman could put the mail in. And then she drew it up again . . . it was just wonderful!"

THE ITALIAN newspapers recorded their arrival with a great deal of joy and even more errors per inch than the French. Here's a sample (very free translation; my Italian is rusty, to say the least):

"Miss Powell's husband is Signor Noonni, (no comment from Pat, who was used to it by now) a young-looking man with red hair and glasses, who was formerly married to the actress Mona Freeman. . . . It is perhaps strange to report that while Jane Powell and Pat Noonni are enjoying their honeymoon in Venice, the world's most famous honeymoon spot, Mona Freeman is enjoying her freedom in London. She is preparing for a Command Performance show, while in Venice it is love who is commanding Jane Powell and her car-manufacturing husband, Pat Noonni."

Ah, these Italians. . . .

On November 22, two weeks after they were married, the Nerneys left Venice and headed for Rome, via Florence where they spent a day. Rome got a full week; but it wasn't really long enough to see that fabulous, ancient city, ("And we wanted to see

most of it," Janie sighed, exhausted, as they left) so every day was a mad scramble of sightseeing and ducking in and out of the wonderful little shops for leather goods, perfumes and souvenirs for the kids (even though they are a little young yet). Then there was a quick trip to Madrid, a brief goodbye visit to Paris and, a month after Janie clasped her hands at the wedding and said ecstatically to the twenty-five guests (including Mrs. Marshall Thompson, her matron-of-honor, best man John Nerney, Pat's brother and two lucky—and nameless—friends from MODERN SCREEN) "We're going to Europe! All over Europe!" she and Pat were home again.

Not a bad honeymoon. In fact I never saw a more ecstatic Jane Powell than the one I tracked all over the continent—except twice. One was the radiant Jane who stood in the Ojai Community Presbyterian Church in Ojai, California and said "I do" to Pat on November 8, one year after their first date. The other—well, that was the Jane who flew home from Europe, caught her breath with excitement as Pat unlocked the door of their house—and opened her arms to her kids.

Have you ever met those kids? Again—what dolls! Geary is three now, and even Suzanne, a round-faced little cutie the family calls "Sis" is getting to be a big girl. Jane is dying to have more children; she can't bear the thought of being without a baby around the house. She refers to "the next four" without blinking an eye. I suspect she chose Pat with as much of an eye to his qualifications as a good father as to his romantic appeal. She and Pat's little girl, Mona Nerney, get along famously, and Pat has already established himself as head of the house where Jane's kids are concerned. Step-children will never be a problem in this marriage.

At the moment, it's hard to see what will—or could be—a problem. When Jane married Geary she was a youngster, more in love with the idea of marriage than with her groom. They tried hard to make the marriage work, but when it was no longer possible Jane risked loneliness, lost her career-built reputation as the "perfect little housewife" and paid considerable money (because California is a community property state) to end their relationship. The love affair with Gene Nelson that followed the break-up was an honest, but a transient romance, and it left Jane hurt, bewildered, and stunned by the unfriendly attitude of the press and the public just when she had needed help most. But it also left her a more mature person.

So her romance with Pat Nerney was more than moonlight and roses. It grew very slowly for Jane. Why, back when Pat was announcing "I'm crazy about Jane and I don't care who knows it," Janie was still waiting, watching her own reactions, wondering if she might be on the rebound. And at the point when Pat was planning their African safari honeymoon (!) Jane was still changing the subject adroitly, making sure that this time it was love indeed. But by the time her divorce from Geary became final last August, Jane knew. The safari, despite Pat's happy mutterings and the urgings of hunter Pat de Cicco, went by the boards. Janie wasn't sure she could lift a gun, much less shoot one. But she was sure of the one vital thing—she wanted Pat, she needed him and loved him. If such a thing is possible, she's even surer now.

So they're back in Hollywood and I'm back in Paris. And thus endeth the first part of the honeymoon. Here's hoping the second part lasts Jane and Pat another eighty years or so. . . . Regards to all,

Susan

(Jane Powell can now be seen in MGM's Athena.)

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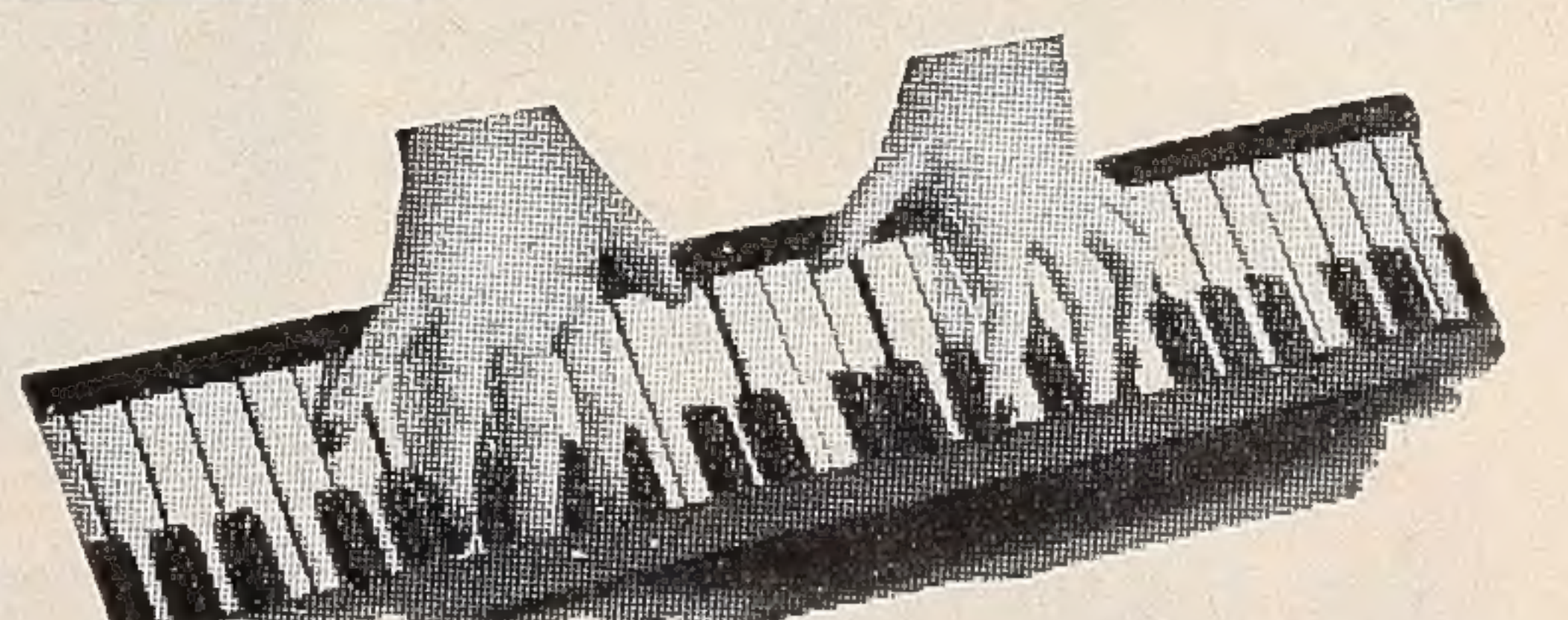
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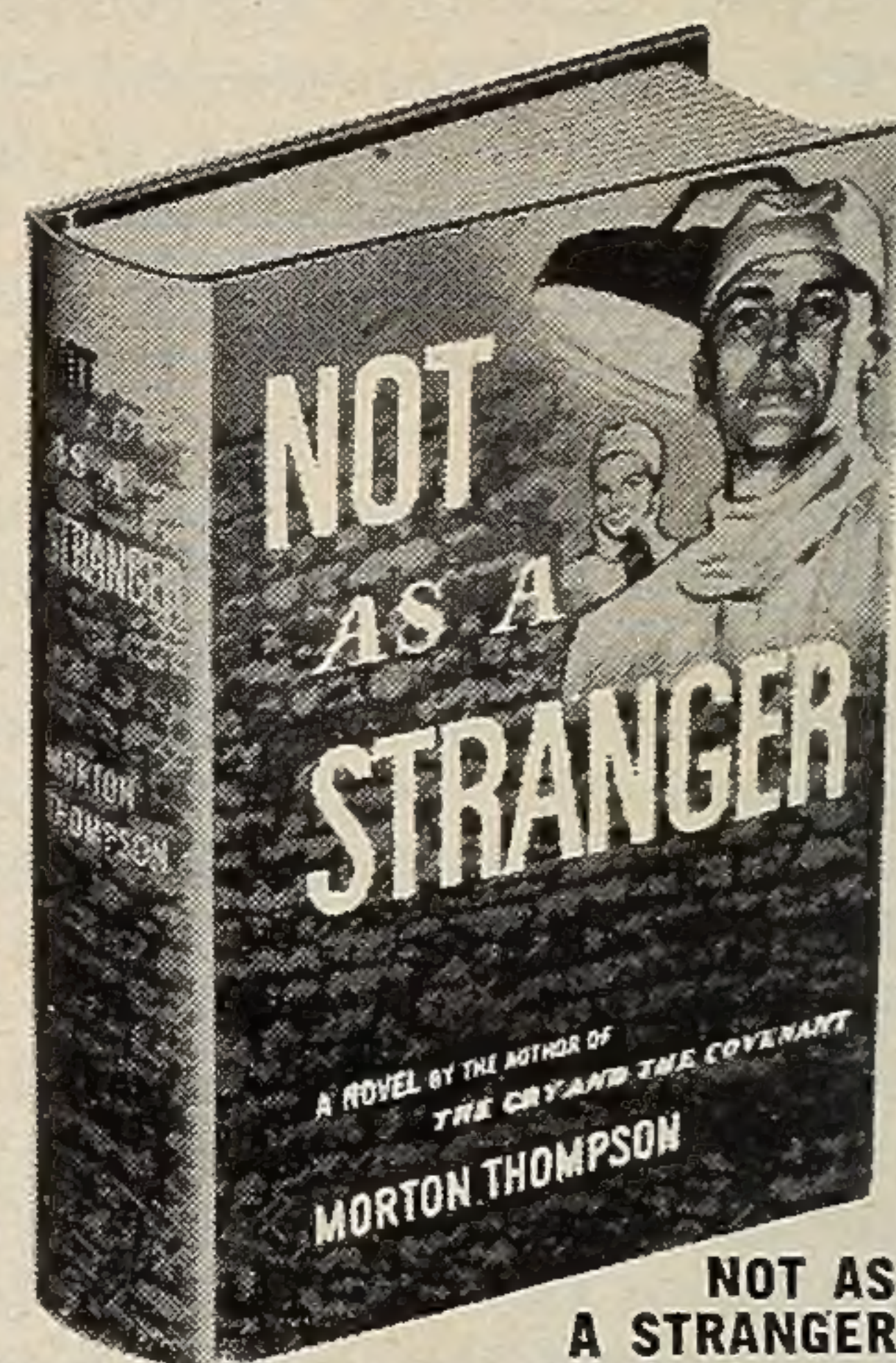
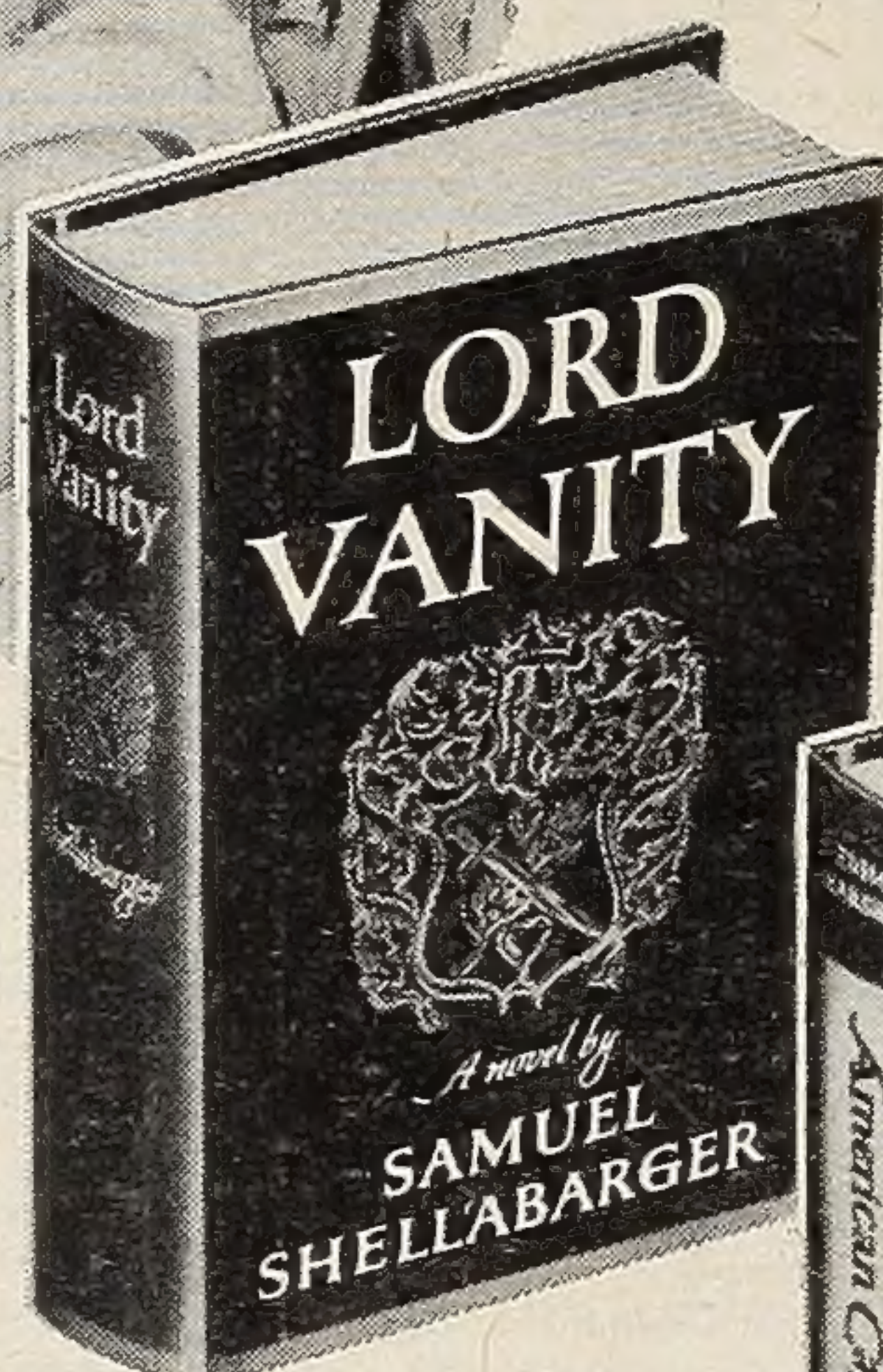
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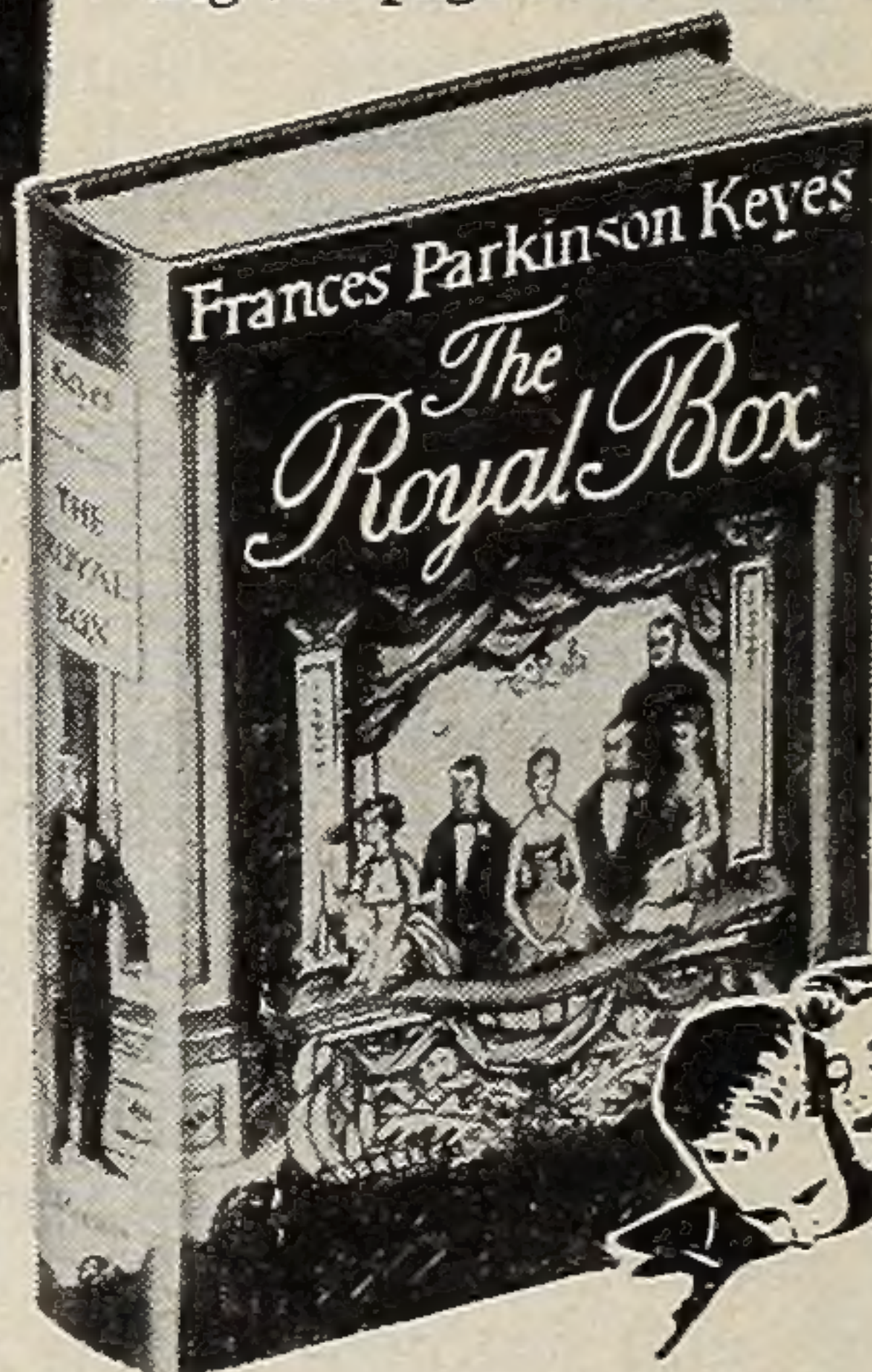
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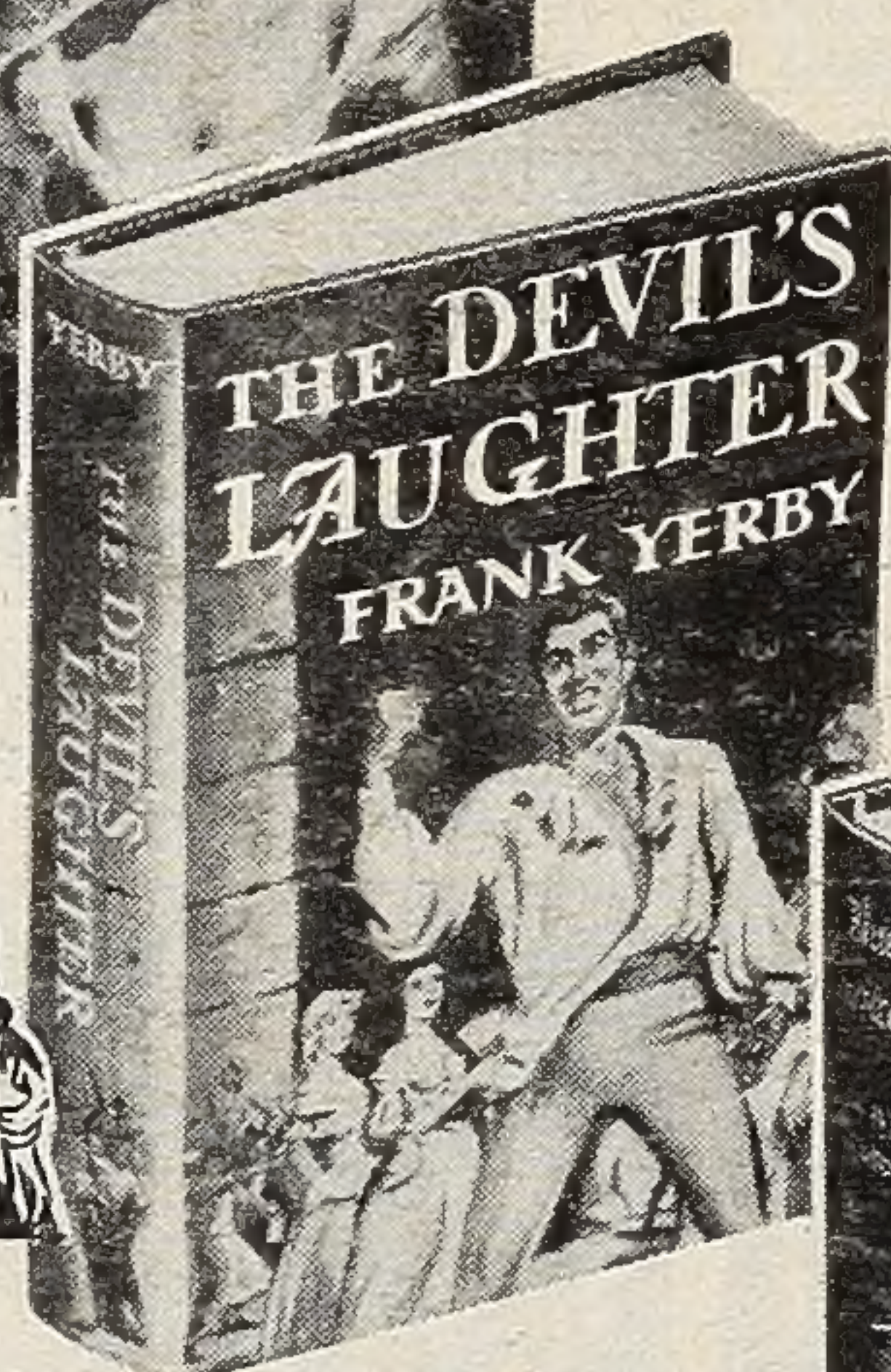
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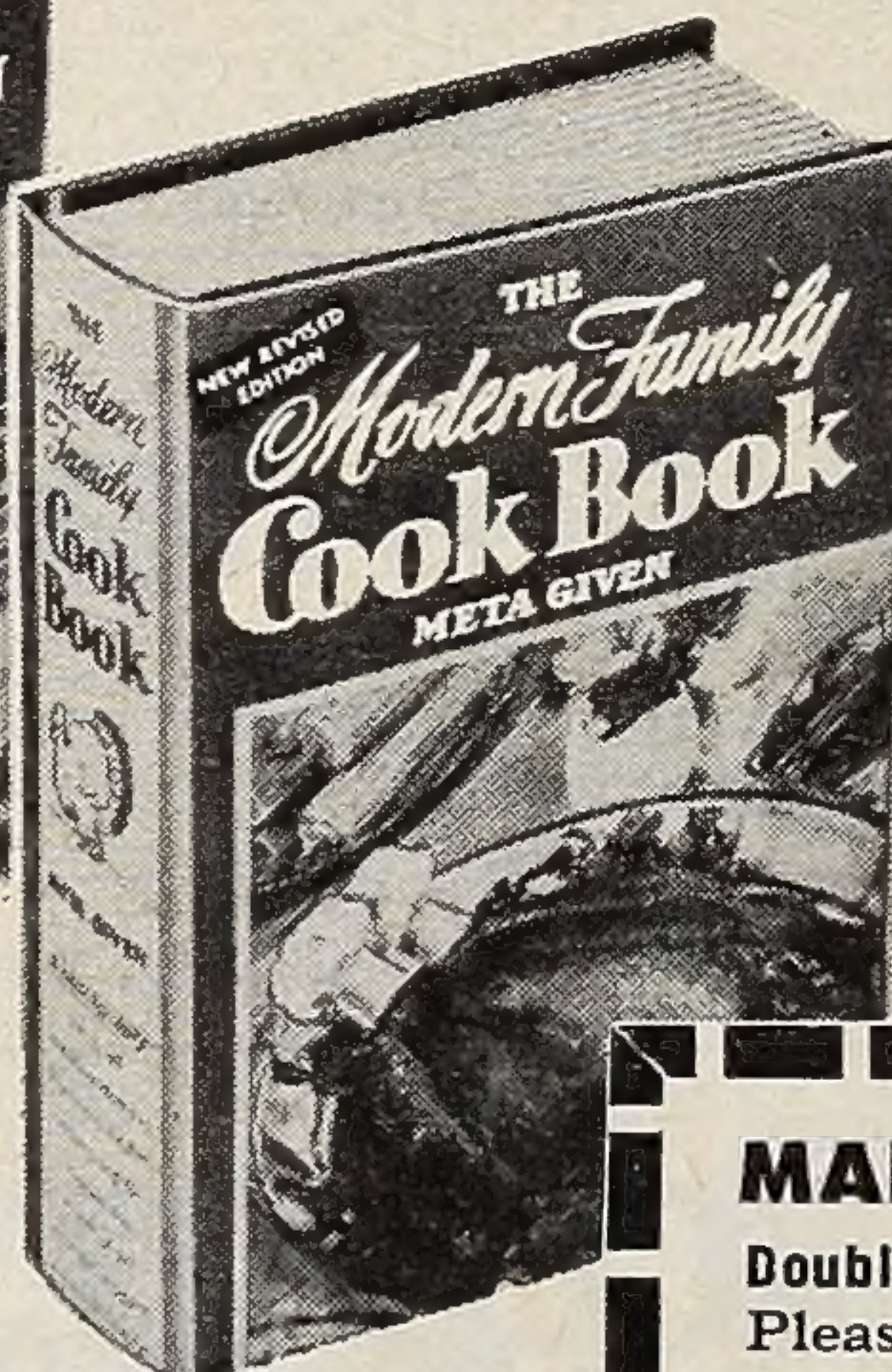
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